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OLIVER CROMWELL

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

II

THE LONG PARLIAMENT AND THE CIVIL WAR

KING CHARLES'S theory was that Parliament had met to grant him the money he needed. The Parliament's conviction was that it had come together to hold the King and his servants to accountability for what they had done, and to provide safeguards against a repetition of the tyranny of the last eleven years. Parliament held the whip hand, for the King dared not dissolve it until the Scots were paid, lest their army should march at once upon London.

The King had many courtiers who hated popular government, but he had only one great and terrible man of the type that can upbuild tyrannies; and, with the sure instinct of mortal fear and mortal hate, the Commons struck at the minister whose towering genius and unscrupulous fearlessness might have made his master absolute on the throne. A week after the Long Parliament met, in November, 1640, Pym, who at once took the lead in the House, moved the impeachment of Strafford, in a splendid speech which set forth the principles for which the popular party were contending. It was an appeal from the rule of irresponsible will to the rule of law, for the violation of which every man could be held accountable before some tribunal. About the same time Laud was thrown into the Tower; but at the moment there was no thought of taking his life, for the ecclesiastic was not—like the statesman—a mighty and fearsome figure, and though he had done as much evil as his feeble nature permitted, he had unquestionably been far more conscientious than the great Earl. Strafford had sinned against the light; for he had championed liberty, until the King paid him his price, and made him the most dangerous foe of his former friends. He now defended himself with haughty firmness, and the King strove in every way to help him. But the Commons passed a Bill of Attainder against him; and then Charles committed an act of fatal meanness and treachery. There was not one thing that Strafford had done save by his sovereign's wish, and in his sovereign's interest. By every consideration of honor and expediency Charles was bound to stand by him. But the Stuart King flinched. Deeming it for his own interest to let Strafford be sacrificed, he signed the death-warrant. "Put not your trust in Princes," said the fallen Earl when the news was brought to him, and he went to the scaffold undaunted.

Cromwell showed himself to be a man of mark in this Parliament; but he was not among the very foremost leaders. He had no great understanding of constitutional government, no full appreciation of the vital importance of the reign of law to the proper development of orderly liberty. His fervent religious ardor made all questions affecting faith and doctrine close to him; and his hatred of corruption and

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oppression inclined him to take the lead whenever any question arose of dealing, either with the wrongs done by Laud in the course of his religious persecutions, or with the irresponsible tyranny of the Star Chamber, and the sufferings of its victims. The bent of Cromwell's mind was thus shown right in the beginning of his parliamentary career. His desire was to remedy specific evils. He was too impatient to found the kind of legal and constitutional system which could alone prevent the recurrence of such evils. This tendency, thus early shown, explains, at least in part, how it was that, later, he deviated from the path trod by Hampden, and afterward by Washington and Washington's colleagues, showing himself unable to build up free government or to establish the reign of law, until he was finally driven to substitute his own personal government for the personal government of the King whom he had helped to dethrone and put to death. Cromwell's extreme admirers treat his impatience of the delays and shortcomings of ordinary constitutional and legal proceedings as a sign of his greatness. It was just the reverse. In great crises it may be necessary to overturn constitutions and disregard statutes, just as it may be necessary to establish a vigilance committee, or take refuge in lynch law; but such a remedy is always dangerous, even when absolutely necessary; and the moment it becomes the habitual remedy, it is a proof that society is going backward. Of this retrogression the deeds of the strong man who sets himself above the law may be partly the cause and partly the consequence; but they are always the signs of decay.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

From the miniature at Devonshire House. By permission of the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

The Commons had passed a law authorizing the election of a Parliament at least once in three years; which at once took away the King's power to attempt to rule without a Parliament; and in May they extorted from the King an act that they should not be dissolved without their own consent. Ship Money was declared to be illegal; the Star Chamber was abolished; and Tonnage and Poundage were declared illegal, unless levied by Act of Parliament. Then the Scotch army was paid off and returned across the Border. The best work of the Commons had now been done, and if they could have trusted the King, it would have been well for them to dissolve; but the King could not be trusted, and, moreover, the religious question was pushed to the front. Laud's actions—actions taken with the full consent and by the advice of the King—had rendered the Episcopal form of church government obnoxious. The House of Commons was Presbyterian, and it speedily became evident that it wished to establish the Presbyterian system of Church government in the place of Episcopacy; and, moreover, that it intended to be just as intolerant on behalf of Presbyterianism as the King and Laud had been on behalf of Episcopacy. There was a strong moderate party which the King might have rallied about him, but his incurable bad faith made it impossible to trust his protestations. He now made terms with the Scotch, in accordance with which they agreed not to interfere between himself and his English subjects in religious matters. He hoped thereby to deprive the Presbyterian English of their natural allies across the Border. This conduct of itself would have inflamed the increasing religious bitterness; but it was raised to madness by the news that came from Ireland at this time.

Inspired by the news of the revolt in Scotland and the troubles in England, the Irisn had risen against their hereditary oppressors. It was the revolt of a race which rose to avenge wrongs as bitter as ever one

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Drawn by Frank Craig.

Prince Rupert and his Flying Squadron Plundering a Village.

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people inflicted upon another; and it was inevitable that it should be accompanied by appalling outrages in certain places. It was on these outrages that the English fixed their eyes, naturally ignoring the whose action drove all those who believed in the Episcopal form of church government into the party of the King. He threw himself with eager vehemence into the Party of the Remonstrance, and after

John Pym.

From the portrait by Cornelius Janssen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

generations of English evil-doing which had brought them about. A furious cry for revenge arose. Every Puritan, from Oliver Cromwell down, regarded the massacres as a fresh proof that Roman Catholics ought to be treated, not as professors of another Christian creed, but as cruel public enemies; and their burning desire for vengeance took the form, not merely of hostility to Roman Catholicism, but to the Episcopacy, which they regarded as in the last resort an ally of Catholicism.

In November, 1641, the Puritan majority in Parliament passed the Grand Remonstrance, which was a long indictment of Charles's conduct. Cromwell had now taken his place as among the foremost of the Root and Branch Party, who demanded the abolition of Episcopacy, and it was passed told Falkland that if it had been rejected by Parliament he would have sold all he had, and never again seen England.

For a moment the Puritan violence, which culminated in the Grand Remonstrance, provoked a reaction in favor of the King; but the King, by another act of violence, brought about a counter-reaction. In January, 1642, he entered the House of Commons in person, and ordered the seizure and imprisonment in the Tower of the five foremost leaders of the Puritan party, including Pym and Hampden. Such a course on his part could be treated only as an invitation to civil war. London, which before had been wavering, now rallied to the side of the Commons; the King left Whitehall; and it was evident to all men that the struggle between him and

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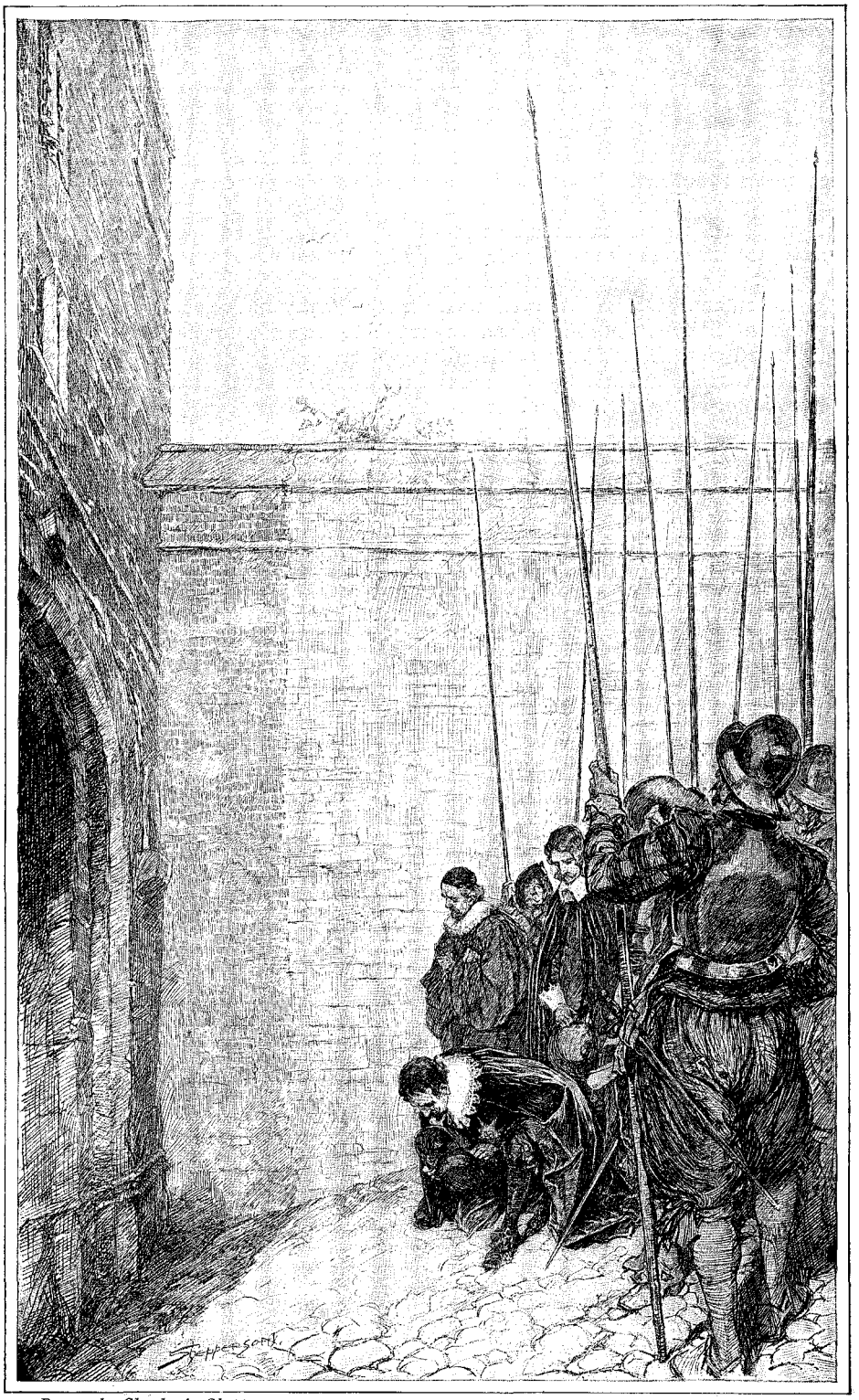

Drawn by Claude A. Shepperson.

The Earl of Strafford on his Way to the Block.

As Strafford passed the cell in which Archbishop Laud was confined he knelt and asked for the prelate's prayers and blessing.

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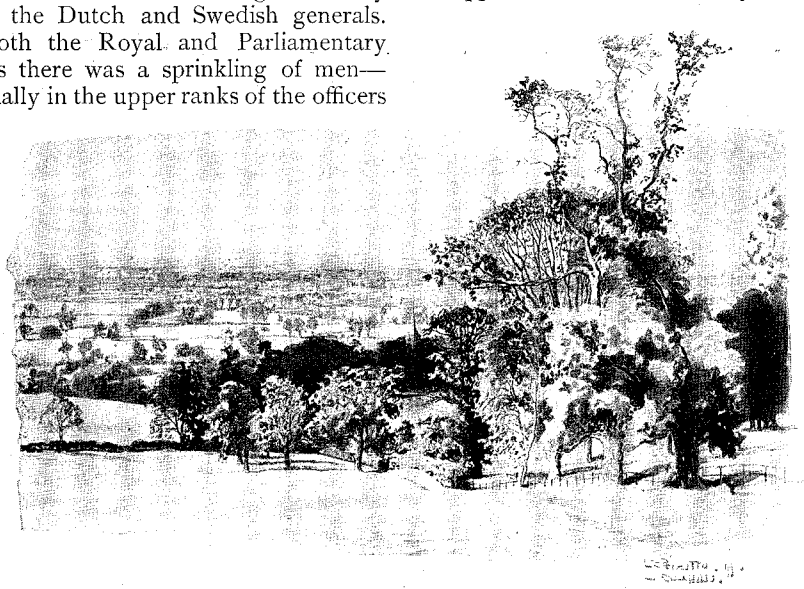
the Parliament had reached a point where it would have to be settled by the appeal to arms.

In August, 1642, King Charles planted the royal standard on the Castle of Nottingham, and the Civil War began. The Parliamentary forces were led by the Earl of Essex. They included some 20 regiments of infantry and 75 troops of horse, each 60 strong, raised and equipped by its own captain. Oliver Cromwell was captain of the Sixty-seventh Troop, and his kinsfolk and close friends were scattered through the cavalry and infantry. His sons served with or under him. One brother-in-law was quartermaster of his own troop; a second was captain of another troop. His future son-in-law, Henry Ireton, was captain of yet another; a cousin and a nephew were cornets. Another cousin, John Hampden, was colonel of a regiment of foot; so was his close friend and neighbor, the after-time Earl of Manchester, who was much under his influence.

It was nearly a hundred years since England had been the scene of serious fighting, and Scotland had witnessed nothing more than brawls during that time. Elizabeth's war with Spain had been waged upon the ocean. However, thousands of English and Scotch adventurers had served in the Netherlands and in High Germany under the Dutch and Swedish generals. In both the Royal and Parliamentary armies there was a sprinkling of men—especially in the upper ranks of the officers—who had had practical experience of war on a large scale. The English people offered exceptionally fine material for soldiers; the population was still overwhelmingly rural and agricultural. In the cities the hardy mechanics and craftsmen were accustomed to sports in which physical prowess played a great part. The agricultural classes were far above the peasant serfs of Germany and France; and the gentry and yeomanry were accustomed to the use of the horse and the fowling-piece, and were devoted to field-sports. In courage, in hardihood, in intelligence, the level was high.

Although gunpowder had been in use for a couple of centuries, the progress toward the modern arms of precision had been so slow that close-quarter weapons were still, on the whole, superior; and shock tactics rather than fire tactics were decisive. Artillery, though used on the field of battle, was never there a controlling factor, being of chief use in the assault of fortified places. The musketeers took so long to load their clumsy weapons that they could be used to best advantage only when protected, and they played a less important part on a pitched field than the great bodies of pikemen with which they were mingled. In England the cavalry had completely the upper hand of the infantry. It was



Battle-field of Edgehill.

The Royalists were drawn up on the slopes of the hill, the King taking his position to the left of Radway Church, whose spire is seen above the tree-tops. The Parliamentarians occupied the lower land beneath, with their baggage as far back as Kineton.

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Prince Rupert.

From the portrait by Vandyke at Hinchingbrooke. By permission of the Earl of Sandwich.

used, not merely to finish the fight, but to smash unbroken and unshaken bodies of foot; and so great was its value in the open field that every effort was made by the commanders on both sides to keep it at the largest possible ratio to the whole army. Every decisive battle of the Civil War was made such by the cavalry. The arrangement of the armies was, invariably, with the infantry in the centre, the pikemen and the musketeers ordinarily alternating in clumps; while the cavalry was on both wings. The dragoons, though mounted, habitually fought on foot with their fire-pieces. Lancers were rarely used. The heavy cavalry were clad in cuirasses, and armed with long, straight swords and pistols. The light cavalry usually wore the buff coat, sometimes with a breast-piece, always with a helmet; and in addition to the sword and pistols, carried a carbine.

Throughout Europe, at this time, cavalry trusted altogether too much to fire-arms, save when handled by some great natural leader of horse; and, in consequence, on the Continent, the infantry had won the upper hand. But it happened in the English Civil War that the only great

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leaders developed were cavalrymen; and so the horse retained throughout the mastery over the foot; although, as each arm was always pitted against the same arm in the opposing forces, the struggle frequently wore itself out before the victorious horse and victorious foot, if they belonged to different parties, could fight it out between them.

Captain Smith Retaking the Royal Standard.

Captain Smith, of the King's Life Guards, took an orange scarf from a dead Roundhead, a mark that had distinguished them that day, and rode boldly into the Parliamentary ranks. In the confusion he retook the standard and was knighted by the King on the field.

The Civil War opened with just such blundering and indecisive fighting as marked the opening of the American Civil War two centuries later. There was no hard and fast line, whether geographically or of caste, between the two parties; in every portion of England, and in every rank of society, there were to be found adherents both of the King and of the Commons; but, as a whole, the east and south of England were for the Parliament; the north and west were Royalist. The bulk of the aristocracy stood for the King; the bulk of the lesser gentry and yeomanry were against him. The revolutionary movement—as in America in 1776—received its main strength from the lesser gentry, small farmers, tradesmen, and upper class mechanics and handicraftsmen. In America in 1776 there was no proletariat. So far as there was one in England in 1642, it took no interest in the struggle. The peasantry, the mass of the agricultural laborers, were inclined toward the King, though the men immediately above them in social position, who represented the lowest rank that had political influence, were the other way. The townsmen were generally for the Parliament.

In comparing the English Civil War of the seventeenth century with the American Civil War of the nineteenth, there are some curious points of similarity, no less than some very sharp contrasts. During the two centuries there had been a great growth in esteem for fixity of principle. In the English Civil War nothing was more common than for a man to change sides, and there was treachery even on the field of battle itself; whereas, in the American Civil War, though many of the leaders, like Lee and Thomas, were in great doubt as to the proper course to follow, yet when sides had once been taken, there was no flinching and no looking back. Moreover, there was far greater intensity of popular feeling in the American Civil War; even the States that were divided in opinion at the outset held

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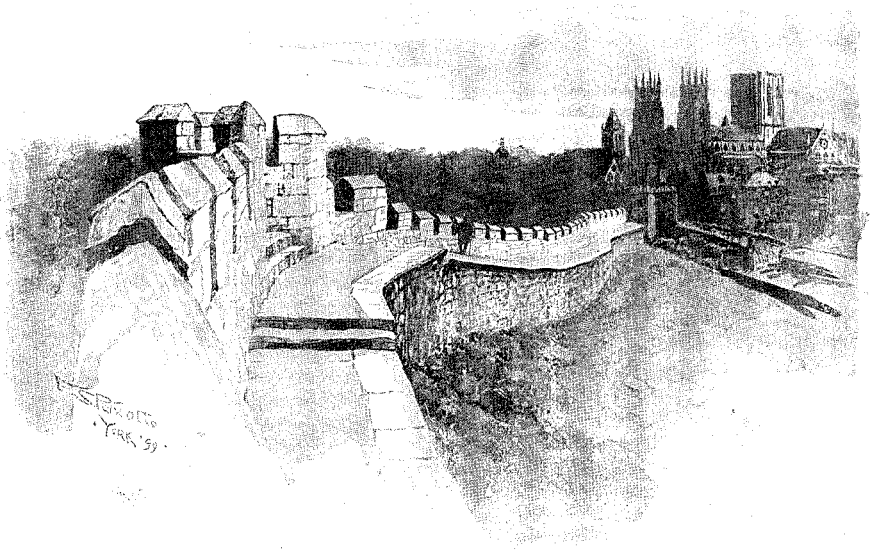

The City Walls of York, with the Cathedral in the Distance.

no considerable mass of population which did not soon throw its weight on one side or the other; whereas, in the English Civil War there were large bodies of men who strove to avoid declaring for either side. At the very end of the contest, tens of thousands of persons, mainly peasants, organized under the title of Clubmen, with the avowed purpose of holding the scales even between the two sets of combatants, and of looking out for their own interests. The American Civil War was fought for the right of secession, and efforts were made—in Kentucky, for instance—to establish the right of a locality to be neutral. The "state rights" theory reached an almost equal development in some of the English counties during the Cromwellian contest. Yorkshire at one time declared for neutrality. The trained bands of Cornwall, when the Royalist forces were driven back within their borders, promptly turned out and drove off the pursuing Parliamentarians, but refused to obey orders to leave the county in pursuit of their foes, and disbanded to their own homes. Later, they repeated exactly the same course of procedure. There were at times local truces, or agreements as to the conditions of the contest in particular localities.

On both sides "associations" were formed, consisting of special groups of counties banded together intimately for the purposes of defence. The most important of these, the Eastern Association, included Cromwell's own home, taking in all of the middle East. This region was throughout the contest the backbone of resistance to the King. Its people were strongly Puritan in feeling, and it was they who gave Cromwell his strength; for they gave him his Ironsides; and furnished the famous New Model for the Parliamentary army which finished the war.

At the outset of the war many of the nobles raised regiments from among their own tenants, and the armies were of picturesque look, each regiment having its own uniform. The Guards of Lord Essex adopted the buff leather coat, which afterward became the uniform of the whole Roundhead army. Hampden's regiment was in green; the London trained bands in bright scarlet. Other regiments were clad in blue or gray. In the Cavalier army there were foot-guards in white, and foot-guards in red; and among their horse, the Life Guards of the King—composed of lords and gentlemen who had no separate commands—wore plumed casques over their long curled locks, embroidered lace collars over their glittering cuirasses, gay scarfs, gilded sword-belts, and great-boots of soft leather doubled down below the knee.

The history of the English Civil War,

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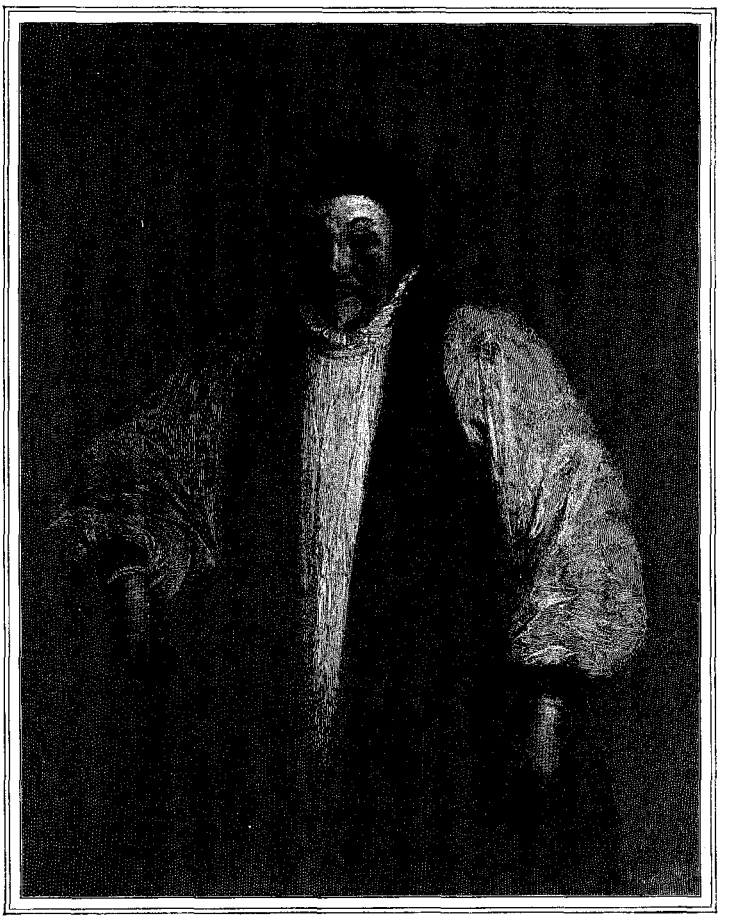

Archbishop Laud.

From the portrait at Lambeth Palace, painted by Vandyke. By permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

like the history of the American Revolutionary War, and the American Civil War, teaches two lessons. First, it shows that the average citizen of a civilized community requires months of training before he can be turned into a good soldier, and that raw levies—no matter how patriotic—are, under normal conditions, helpless before smaller armies of trained and veteran troops, and cannot strike a finishing blow even when pitted against troops of their own stamp. In the second place it teaches a lesson, which at first sight seems contradictory of the first, but is in reality not in the least so; namely, that there is nothing sacrosanct in the trade of the soldier. It is a trade which can be learned without special difficulty by any man who is brave and intelligent, who realizes the necessity of obedience, and who is already gifted with physical hardihood, and is accustomed to the use of the horse and of weapons, to enduring fatigue and exposure, and to taking care of himself in the open.

Cromwell's troops were not regulars, like the professional soldiers of the Thirty Years' War; they were volunteers. After two or three years' service they became the finest troops that Europe could then show; just as by 1864 the volunteers of Grant and Lee had reached a grade of perfection which made them, for their own work, superior to any other of the armies then in existence.

Under modern conditions, in a great civilized state, the regular army is composed of officers who have been carefully

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trained to their work; who possess remarkably fine physique, and who are accustomed to the command of men and to taking the lead in emergencies; and the enlisted men have likewise been picked out with great care as to their bodily development; have been drilled until they handle themselves, their horses, and their weapons admirably, can cook for themselves, and are trained to the endurance of hardship and exposure under the conditions of march and battle. An ordinary volunteer or militia regiment, on the other hand, no matter how enthusiastic or patriotic, or how intelligent, is officered by lawyers, merchants, business men, or their sons, and contains in its ranks clerks, mechanics, or farmers' lads of varying physique, who have to be laboriously taught how to shoot and how to ride, and above all, how to cook and to take care of themselves and make themselves comfortable in the open, especially when tired out by long marches, and when the weather is bad. At the outset such a regiment is, of course, utterly inferior to a veteran regular regiment; but after it has been in active service in the field for a year or two, so that its weak men have been

Cromwell Addressing the House of Commons.

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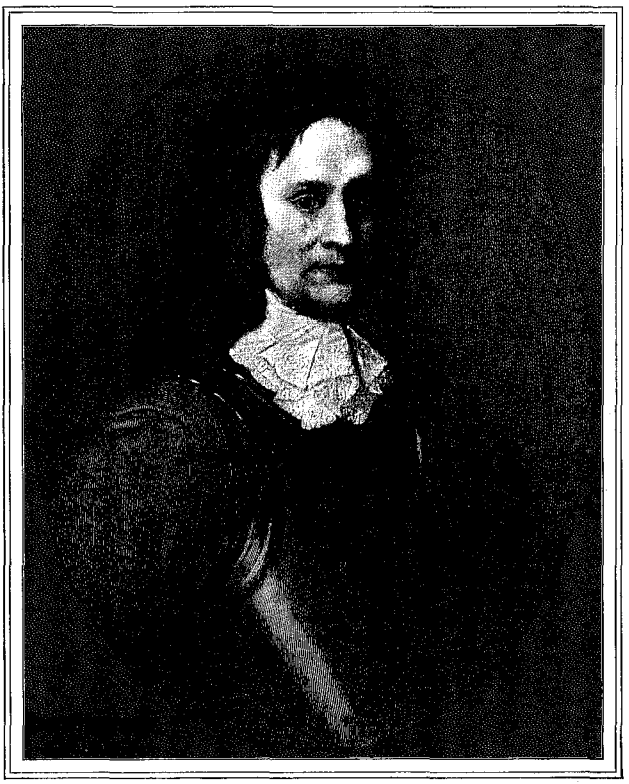

John Hampden.

From the portrait by Robert Walker at Port Eliot. By permission of the Earl o. St. Germans.

weeded out, and its strong men have learned their duties—which can be learned far more rapidly in time of war than in time of peace—it becomes equal to any regiment. Moreover, if a regular regiment consists of raw recruits and is officered by men who have learned their profession only in the barracks and the study and on the parade ground, it may be a cause of very disagreeable surprise to those who have grown to regard the word "regular" as a kind of fetich.

Again, if a volunteer regiment has the wisdom to select officers for the highest positions who know how to handle men, who have seen actual soldiering, who possess natural capacity for leadership, eagerness to learn, and the good sense to know their own shortcomings; and if the rank and file are men of adventurous temper, already skilful riflemen, and of great bodily hardihood, accustomed to exposure, accustomed to cook—that is to say, to take care of their stomachs—to live in the open, and to endure hardship and fatigue; why, such a regiment may well, almost from the outset (as has recently been shown at Manila), prove itself practically on an equality with a regular regiment—though none of its good traits will avail in the least if it is possessed with the belief that it cannot be taught anything, if it is not eager to obey and to learn; or if it does not possess a natural fighting edge.

So it is with the men in high command. The careful training in body and mind, and especially in character, gained in an academy like West Point, and the subsequent experience in the field, endow the regular officer with such advantages that, in any but a very long war, he cannot be overtaken even by the best natural fighter. In the American Civil War, for instance, the greatest leaders were all West Pointers. Yet even there, by the end of the contest both armies had produced regimental, brigade, and division commanders, who though originally from civil life, had

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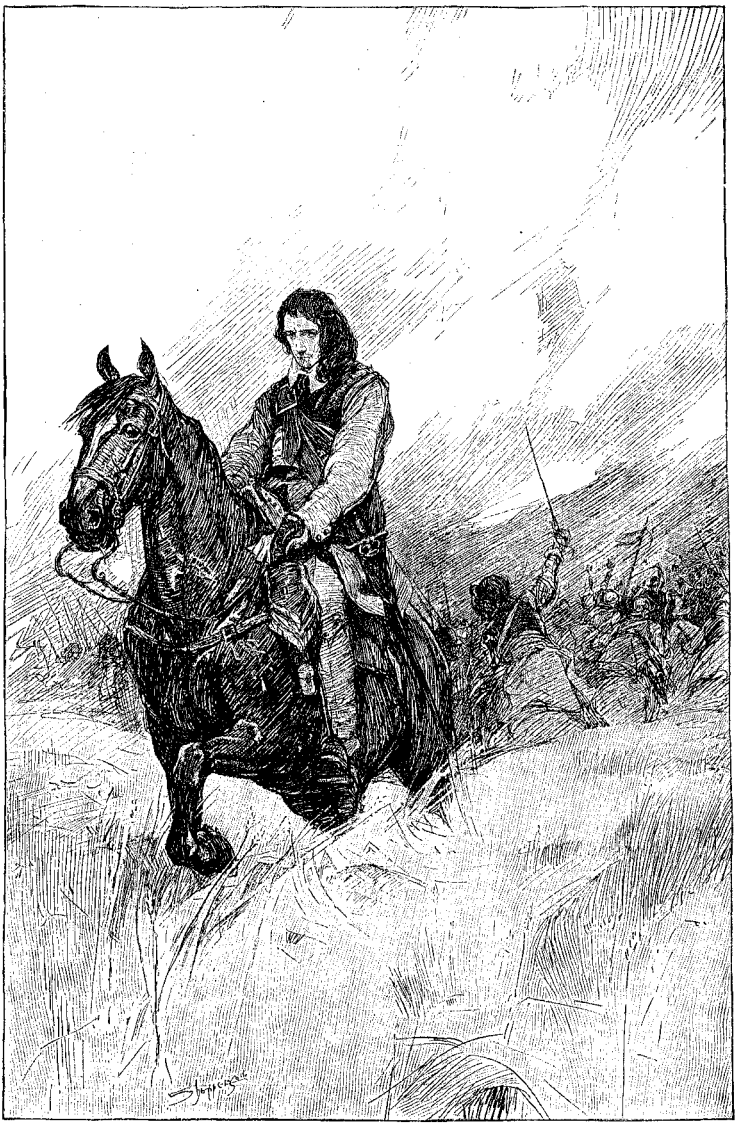

Hampden Leaving Chalgrave Field.

"One of the prisoners taken in the action, said that he was confident Mr. Hampden was hurt, for he saw him ride off the field before the action was done, which he never used to do, with his head hanging down, and resting his hands upon the neck of his horse."—Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

learned to know their business exactly as well as the best regular officers; and there was at least one such commander—Forrest—who, in his own class, was unequalled. If in a war the regular officers prove to have been trained merely to the pedantry of their profession, and do not happen to number men of exceptional ability in their ranks, then sooner or later the men who are born soldiers will come to the front, even though they have been civilians until late in life.

None of the men on the Parliamentary side who had received their training in the Continental armies amounted to much. On the Royalist side the only professional soldier who made his mark was Rupert; and Rupert, after a year or two, was decisively beaten by Cromwell—a great natural military genius, who, although a civil-

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ian till after forty, showed an astonishing aptitude in grasping the essentials of his new profession. His only military rival in the war was Montrose, who was also not a professional soldier.

In September King Charles had gathered a force of 10,000 men at Nottingham, while Essex was getting together a larger army not far off, at Northampton. The wealth of the kingdom was with the Parliament, which also possessed the arsenal, the fleet, and the principal ports. On the other hand, man for man, the King's troops were superior to the Parliament's, especially in the most dreaded arm of the service, the horse. The sober, thrifty, religious middle class—which was the backbone of the Parliamentary strength—had no special aptitude for military service. If its members could once be put in the army and kept there a sufficient length of time, their qualities made them excellent soldiers; but, as a whole, they were not men of very adventurous temper, and had had no such training in arms, or in the sports akin to war, as inclined them to rush into the army. On the other hand, the Royalist nobles and squires, and their gamekeepers, grooms, and hard-riding kinsmen, with their taste for field-sports, their love of adventure, and their high sense of warlike honor, made splendid material out of which to organize an army, and especially cavalry. In consequence, for the first half of the war the Royalist cavalry was overwhelmingly superior to the Parliamentary cavalry, composed as it was of men bought with the money of the *bourgeoisie*, who had no particular heart in their work; who were timid horsemen and unskilled swordsmen. The difference in favor of the Royalist horse was as marked as the superiority of the Confederate horse in the American Civil War, under leaders like Stuart, Morgan, and Basil Duke; until time was afforded, in the one case for the growth of Cromwell, in the other for the development of leaders like Sheridan and Wilson.

Cromwell had already shown himself very active. He had seized the magazine of the Castle of Cambridge, and secured the University plate which was being sent to the King. He had raised volunteers and expended money freely out of his own scanty means. His troop of horse was, from the beginning, utterly different from most of the Parliamentary cavalry; it was composed of his own neighbors, yeomen and small farmers, hard, serious men, whose grim natures were thrilled by the intense earnestness of their leader, and whom he steadily drilled into good horsemanship and swordsmanship. His chaplains always played an important part; one of them, Hugh Peters, was a man of mark, who joined ability to high character.

The King's cavalry was led by Prince Rupert, a dashing swordsman and horseman, a born cavalry leader, who, though only twenty-three, had already learned his trade in the wars of the Continent. Rupert opened the real fighting, scattering a large body of Parliamentary horse in panic rout when he struck them near Powick, on the Severn.

In October the King marched on London, and at Edgehill met the army of Essex. Each side drew up, with the infantry in the centre, the cavalry on the flanks. On the King's side there was much jealousy among the different generals, and some insubordination, but far more activity and eagerness for fight than the Parliamentary troops displayed. The battle was fought on the afternoon of October 23d, and the Parliamentary army was demoralized at the outset by the treacherous desertion of a regiment commanded by a man most inappropriately named Sir Faithful Fortescue. He moved out of the ranks and joined Rupert's horse. Rupert charged with headlong impetuosity, and by his fury and decision so overawed the Parliamentary horse opposed to him, that they did not wait the shock, but galloped wildly off, actually dispersing the nearest infantry regiments of their own side. Rupert then showed the characteristic shortcoming which always impaired the effect of his daring prowess. He never could keep his men in hand after they had scattered the foe; he never kept a sufficient reserve with which to meet a counter-stroke. None but a great master of war could withstand his first shock; but after the first shock he was no longer dangerous. At Edgehill his horse followed the routed left wing of the Parliamentarians until they became as completely scattered as their beaten foes. He struck the Parliamentary baggage-train, which was defended

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Cromwell's Engagement with the Marquis of Newcastle's Regiment of "Whitecoats" in the Battle of Marston Moor.

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The Battle of Naseby.

General Fairfax struck down an ensign with his own hand and rode off with the Royal Standard.

by Hampden with a couple of infantry regiments, and his scattered troopers were beaten back when he attempted to take it.

Meanwhile, the Royalist horse of the left wing had fallen with the same headlong fury on the Parliamentary right, but had only struck a small portion of the Parliamentary cavalry. These they drove in rout before them, themselves following in hot pursuit. The result was, that the bulk of the Parliamentary foot, and a portion of the right wing of the Parliamentary horse, including Oliver Cromwell's troop, were left face to face with the Royalist foot, which was inferior in numbers; and falling on it, after a desperate struggle they got the upper hand and forced it back. Rupert at last began to gather his horse together to face the victorious Roundhead foot; and as night fell, the two armies were still fronting each other. The King advanced on London in November, but was unable to force his way into the city, and fell back.

The war had not opened well for the Parliamentary side, and their especial weakness was evidently in cavalry—the arm by which decisive battles in the open field were won. Cromwell, with unerring eye, saw the weakness and started to remedy it. It is about this time that his famous conversation with Hampden took place. Said Cromwell: "Your troops are most of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality; do you think that the spirits of such base, mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them? . . . You must get men of a spirit; and take it not ill what I say—I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still. . . . I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward they were never beaten."

The famous Presbyterian clergyman, Baxter, who was by no means friendly to Cromwell, described his special care to get religious men into his troop; men of greater intelligence than common soldiers, who enlisted, not for the money, but from an earnest sense of public duty. Naturally, said Baxter, these troopers "having more than ordinary wit and resolution had more than ordinary success."

By another writer of the time, Crom-

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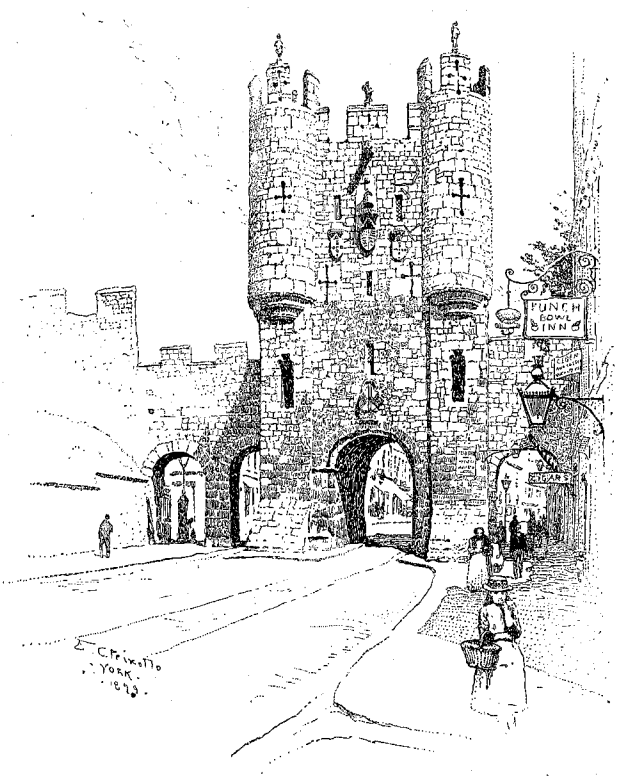
well's horse are described as "freeholders and freeholders' sons, who upon matter of conscience engaged in this quarrel; and thus being well-armed within by the satisfaction of their own consciences, and without by good iron arms, they would as one man stand firmly and charge desperately." Cromwell at once distinguished himself among his contemporaries, alike by the absolute obedience he rendered to his superiors, and by the incessant, unwearying activity with which he drilled his men in the use of their weapons and horses. He was speedily promoted to a colonelcy. In a news-letter of the time his regiment was described as composed of "brave men; well-disciplined. No man swears but he pays his twelvepence; if he be drunk he is set in the stocks or worse; if one calls the other Roundhead, he is cashiered; insomuch that the counties where they come leap for joy of them, and come in and join with them. How happy were it if all the forces were thus disciplined!" Cromwell suppressed all plundering with an iron hand. An eminently practical man, not in the least a theoretical democrat, but imbued with that essence of democracy which prompts a man to recognize his fellows for what they really are, without regard to creed or caste, it speedily became known that under him anyone would have a fair show according to his merits. He realized to the full that the quality of troops was of vastly more consequence than their numbers; that only the best men can be made the best soldiers; and that these best men themselves will make but poor soldiers unless they have good training. His troops proved what iron discipline, joined to stern religious enthusiasm, could accomplish; just as later their immense superiority to the forces of the Scotch Covenanters showed that religious and patriotic enthusiasm, by itself, is but a poor sub-



Micklegate Bar, York, One of the City Gates.

It was by this gate that the refugees from Marston Moor gained admittance to the city, and it was at this gate also that the surrender of the city took place some days later. The Parliamentarians were drawn up on each side of the roadway and the Royalists marched out with drums beating and colors flying.

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stitute for training and discipline. In one of his letters he writes: "I beseech you, be careful what captains of horse you choose; what men be mounted. A few honest men are better than numbers. Some time they must have for exercise. If you choose godly, honest men to be captains of horse, honest men will follow them, and they will be careful to mount such. I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a gentleman, and is nothing else. I honor a *gentleman* that is so indeed. . . . It may be it provoked some spirit to see such plain men made captains of horse. . . . Better plain men than none; but best to have men patient of work, faithful and conscientious in employment."

The Castle of Launceston.

It was surrendered to the Parliamentarians in 1643, during the Cornwall campaign, when Cromwell was present at its capture.

Ordinarily, Cromwell was able to get for his leaders men who were gentlemen in the technical sense of the term, but again and again there forged to the front under him men like Pride, whose natural talents had to supply the place of birth and breeding. He writes again: "My troops increase; I have a lovely company; you would respect them did you know them. . . . They are honest, sober Christians; they expect to be used as men." Again he writes, when his Presbyterian colleagues were showing a tendency to oppress and drive out of the army men whose religious beliefs did not square with theirs: "Surely, you are not well-advised thus to turn off one so faithful to the cause, and so able to serve you as this man (a certain colonel). Give me leave to tell you I cannot be of your judgment. If a man notorious for wickedness, for oaths, for drinking, hath as great a share in your affection as one who fears an oath, who fears to sin. . . . Ay, but the man is an 'Anabaptist'! Are you sure of that? Admit he be, shall that render him incapable to serve the public? Sir, the state, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions: if they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies. . . . Take heed of being sharp or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little, but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion."

In these sentences lies the justification of genuine democracy, of genuine religious liberty, and toleration by the state of religious differences. They were uttered by a man far in advance of the temper of his age. He was not sufficiently advanced to extend his toleration to Roman Catholics, and even extending it as far as he did he was completely out of touch with the majority of his fellow-countrymen; for the great bulk—both Episcopalians and Presbyterians—were bitterly hostile to the toleration of even inconsiderable differences of doctrine and ritual. The ideal after which Cromwell strove, though lower than that to which we of a more fortunate age have attained, was yet too high to be reached in his day. Nevertheless, it was a good thing to have the standard set up; and once the mark which he had established was reached, it was certain that the spirit of toleration would go much farther. As soon as Baptists and Congregationalists, no less than Episcopalians and Presbyterians, were tolerated by the state for the reasons he gave, it was sure to become impossible to refuse toleration to Catholics and Unitarians.

We must honor Cromwell for his aspirations toward the ideal, but we must acknowledge how far short of reaching it he fell. At this very time he was hand-

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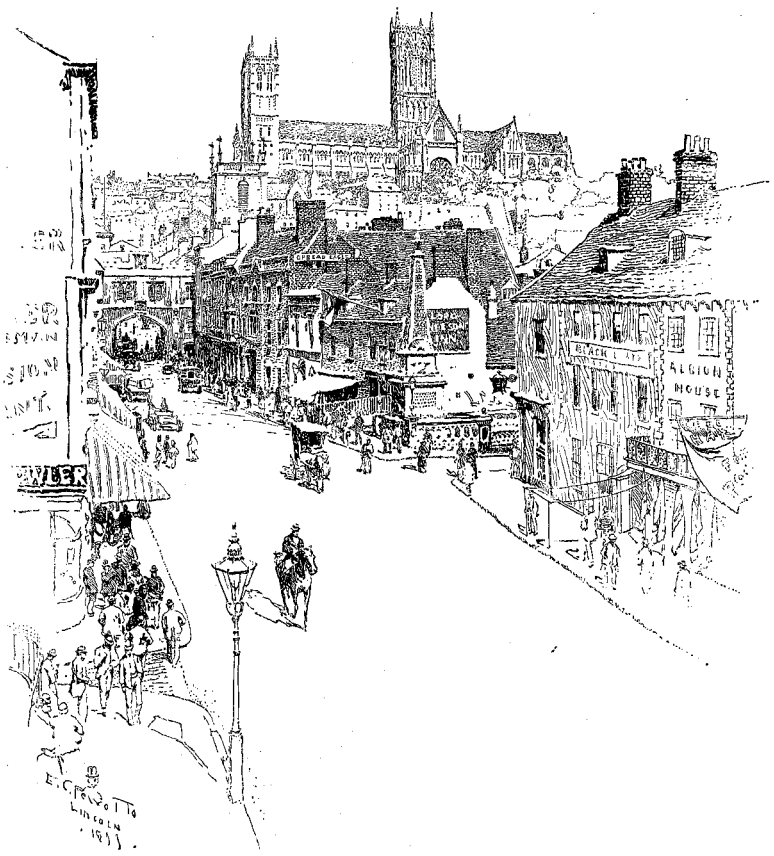

High Street, Lincoln.

Lincoln was captured by the Parliamentary forces in 1644. First the lower city was taken, then the upper city, and then the Royalists fortified themselves within the cathedral, which was only taken after a very severe fight.

ling without gloves the Episcopalian clergy. In order to secure the assistance of the Scotch, Parliament had determined to take the Covenant, which made the state religion of England the same form of lofty, but intolerant, Presbyterianism that obtained in Scotland. Under the decision of the Government the ritual of the Church of England was forcibly suppressed, and there was no little harrying of Episcopal clergy and vandal destruction of ancient art symbolism by the Puritan zealots. "Leave off your fooling and come down, sir!" said Cromwell, walking into Ely Cathedral, where the clergyman had persisted in the choir service; and there was no choice but to obey.

In 1643 Cromwell forged to the front as almost the only steadily successful Parliamentary commander. To marvellous energy, fervid zeal, great resourcefulness, fertility of invention, and individual initiative, he added the unerring insight of the born cavalry leader. He soon saw that the true weapon of the cavalryman was the horse; and, discarding the carbines with which his troop had first been armed, he taught them to rely upon the shock of a charging, close-knit mass of men and horses trained to move rapidly as a unit.

He was ceaseless in his efforts to get his men paid, fed, and equipped. Like his great friend, Sir Thomas Fairfax, though he stopped all plundering, he levied heavy fines on the estates of the Royalists, and by these means, and by assessments from the Association, and by vol-

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untary loans and contributions, he was able to keep his men well equipped.

There was no comprehensive strategy in the fighting this year; but the balance of the isolated expeditions undertaken inclined in favor of the King. Cromwell appears clearly, for the first time, as a successful military leader in May, near Grantham. He had under him twelve troops. The Cavaliers much outnumbered him. Nevertheless, when after some preliminary firing from the dragoons on both sides, Cromwell charged at a round trot, the Cavaliers, instead of meeting the charge, received it and were broken and routed. The fight was of great value as being the first in which the Parliamentary horse beat a superior number of Royalist horse. Cromwell was as yet learning his trade. On this occasion he hesitated a long time about charging, and only charged at all when it became evident that his opponents would not; and he owed his victory to the incompetence of the Royalist commander. It was an invaluable lesson to him.

A great deal of scrambling, confused, and rather pointless warfare followed. Rupert and Hampden encountered each other, and Hampden was defeated and killed. Hampden's great colleague, Pym, died later in the year, just after having brought about the league with Scotland—one of the first-fruits of which was the trial and execution of Laud. Presbyterianism was now dominant, and set itself to enforce everywhere the rigid rule of clerical orthodoxy. Against this the Independents began to raise their voices; but the real force which was to gain them their victory over both Royalist and Presbyterian was as yet hidden. Cromwell's Ironsides—as they were afterward termed when Rupert christened Cromwell himself by that name—the regiments which he raised and drilled after his own manner from the Eastern Association, these represented the real power of the Independents, and these were not yet recognized as the heart and right arm of the army.

Cromwell held Nottingham, where the Royalists attacked him and he beat them off. He took Burleigh House, which was held by a strong Royalist garrison; then in July, 1643, he advanced to rescue the Parliamentary general, Lord Willoughby, who was besieged at Gainsborough by a division of Newcastle's army. About a mile and a half out of town he met the cavalry of Lord Cavendish, which was drawn up at the top of a hill. To attack him it was necessary to advance up steep slopes, honeycombed by rabbit burrows; but Cromwell's squadrons were already remarkable alike for flexibility and steadiness, and their leader knew both how to prepare his forces and how to take daring advantage of every opportunity that offered. As his leading troops struggled to the top of the hill Cavendish's horsemen advanced, but the Cromwellian troopers, closing up, charged them at once. There was a stiff contest, but as the rest of the Parliamentary troops came to the front, the Royalists were overthrown and driven off in wild rout. Cavendish himself brought up his reserve and routed a portion of the Parliamentary forces; but Cromwell had neither lost his head nor let his force get out of hand. He, too, had a reserve, and with this he charged Cavendish and overthrew him, Cavendish himself being slain.

This feat was succeeded by another quite as notable. After relieving the town and giving Lord Willoughby powder and provisions, Cromwell advanced toward some Royalist soldiers who still remained in view, about a mile distant. To his astonishment, these proved to be the vanguard of Newcastle's whole army, and there was nothing for it but to retreat. Cromwell's troops were tired, and only his excellent generalship and indomitable courage prevented a disastrous rout. Both the Parliamentary horse and foot were at first shaken by the advance of the fresh Royalist soldiery, but Cromwell speedily got them in hand and retired by divisions, making head against the enemy alternately with one body of horse and then with another, while the rest of the troops drew back behind the shield thus afforded them. The alternating squadrons of the rear-guard always made head against the enemy and checked him, but always slipped away before he could charge, and thus the tired army was brought off in safety.

In September Cromwell joined Sir Thomas Fairfax; and in October they met and overthrew a Royalist force at Winceby, the Puritan troopers singing a psalm as they advanced to the combat. The num-

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bers seem to have been about equal, perhaps 3,000 a side. The battle began with a skirmish between the dragoons of the two forces. It was decided by the tremendous charge of Cromwell's steel-clad troopers. The charge was made at the trot, Cromwell leading his men. The Royal dragoons fired upon them as they came on, Cromwell's horse was killed, and a Cavalier knocked him down as he rose, but was himself killed by a Puritan trooper. Cromwell sprang to his feet, flung himself on a fresh horse and again joined in the fight. His troops were heavy cavalry, cuirassiers, and the opposing Royalists, with only buff coats, were overthrown by the shock of his advance. Fairfax charged in flank; and the rout was complete. The Royalist leaders chronicled with astonishment the fact that the Parliamentary horse showed great superiority—that they were "very good and extraordinarily armed." Apparently the victory was owing to the excellent drilling of Cromwell's troops, which enabled them to charge knee to knee; and when thus charging, the weight of the horses and the ironclad men made them irresistible.

Old House in Gainsborough, in which Cromwell is Said to Have Stayed After the Battle.

In 1644 the war at first dragged on as a series of isolated expeditions and fights in which neither side was able to score any decided advantage. Rupert performed two or three brilliant feats; the Scotch crossed the border to aid the Parliamentarians; and Charles tried to come to some understanding with the Irish, by which they would, if possible, furnish him troops, and if not, would at least free the English troops in Ireland. Some of the latter he did bring over. After one or two successes a body of them were captured and many subscribed to the Covenant. The most noted man who thus changed sides was the after-time General George Monk.

Cromwell was looming up steadily; not only for the discipline of his men, but for the vigilant way in which he kept touch with the enemy and gained information about them, making the best possible use of pickets, outposts, and scouting parties; all, by the way, being, as was usual in those times, under the headship of an officer known as the Scout-master—a far better term than the cumbrous modern "Chief of the Bureau of Intelligence." Of course Cromwell's growing military reputation added greatly to his weight in Parliament, of which, like most of the leading generals, he was still a member. His first feat during this year showed how little the duties of the soldier and the statesman were as yet differentiated.

Early in January he appeared in the House of Commons, charged Lord Willoughby with misconduct, and brought about his removal and the naming of Manchester to the sole command in the seven associated counties. Manchester was little more than a figure-head. He made Cromwell his lieutenant-general and yielded in all things to him, until he was alienated by falling under the control of the Scotch Covenanters, who already

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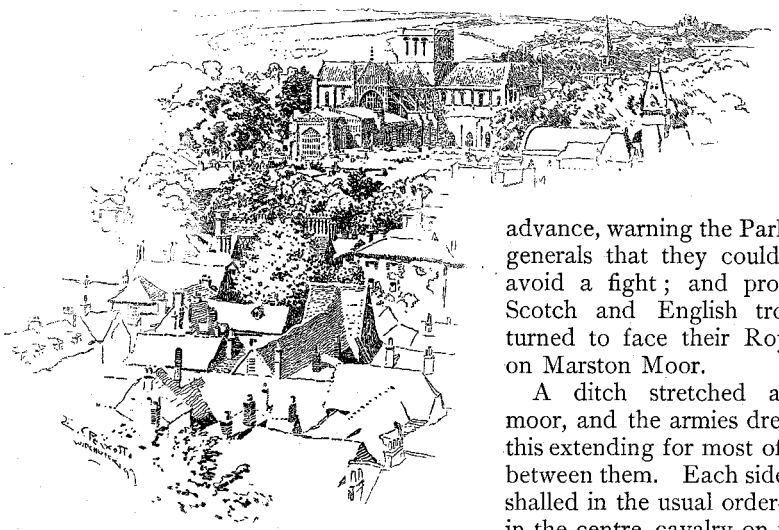

Winchester and its Cathedral, from St. Giles's Hill.

hated Cromwell as a representative of the "sectarians" whom they persecuted. The House of Commons appointed a Committee of Both Kingdoms to assume the supreme executive authority for the conduct of the war. Cromwell was made a member of this Committee, and was also the ruling member of the Committee of the Eastern Association, which furnished the zealously Puritan force that was already the mainspring of the Parliamentary army.

In June the Scotch, under the Earl of Leven, and the English, under Lord Fairfax and Lord Manchester, were besieging York, which was defended by Lord Newcastle. Toward the very last of the month Rupert marched rapidly to its relief. The three Parliamentary generals fell back instead of falling on him as he advanced. Newcastle wished to leave them alone, but Rupert insisted upon following and attacking the Parliamentary armies. He and Newcastle had about 20,000 men. The Parliamentarians probably numbered some 25,000; but throughout this war it is impossible to give either the numbers or the losses with accuracy.

On July 2d Rupert overtook the end of the Parliamentary column, which was saved from disaster only by the fortunate fact that the horse of Cromwell and Sir Thomas Fairfax formed the rear-guard. The two latter sent on word of Rupert's advance, warning the Parliamentary generals that they could not now avoid a fight; and promptly the Scotch and English troops were turned to face their Royalist foes on Marston Moor.

A ditch stretched across the moor, and the armies drew up with this extending for most of its length between them. Each side was marshalled in the usual order—infantry in the centre, cavalry on the flanks. The horse of the Parliamentary right wing was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had under him his own English cavalry and three Scottish regiments. The right wing of the foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of the Yorkshire troops and two brigades of Scots. The centre, with its reserve, consisted of Scotch troops; the left, of the infantry of the Eastern Association. Leven was with the infantry of the centre; Manchester on his left. The horse of the left wing were under Cromwell, his Ironsides occupying the front line with three Scotch regiments in reserve.

In the Royalist army the horse on the left wing were under Goring; the infantry in the centre were under Newcastle, and Rupert himself led the horse of the right wing. At last the two great cavalry leaders of the war—Rupert and Cromwell—were to meet face to face. The war had lasted nearly two years. The best troops, under the best leaders, had reached very nearly their limit of perfectibility; they were veterans, soldiers in every sense.

Hour after hour passed while the armies stood motionless, the leaders on either side anxiously scanning the enemy, seeking to find a weak point at which to strike. Evening drew on and no move was made. The Royalist leaders made up their mind that the battle would not be fought that day. Suddenly, at seven o'clock, the whole Parliamentary army moved forward, the

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Puritan troopers chanting a psalm, according to their wont.

On the right, Fairfax's troopers, as they advanced, were thrown into disorder. Goring charged them furiously, drove them back on their reserve of Scotch cavalry, and overthrew them all. The rout was hopeless, and the flying horsemen carried away the Yorkshire foot with them. Sir Thomas kept the ground, with a few of his troopers and a larger number of Lord Balgony's Scotch Lancers and the Earl of Eglington's Scotch Cuirassiers. The fugitives were followed in hot pursuit by Goring, but part of his horse were kept in hand by their commander, Sir Charles Lucas, who, wheeling to the right, charged the flank of the Scotch foot, who had formed the Parliamentary centre, and who had now crossed the ditch and were attacking the Royalists in front. The Scotch fought with stubborn valor, repulsing Lucas again and again, but suffering so heavily themselves that it became evident that they could not long stand the combined front and flank attack.

While disaster had thus overtaken the Parliamentary right, on the left Cromwell had completely the upper hand. His steel-clad troopers crashed into Rupert's horsemen at full speed. The fight was equal for some time, neither stubborn Roundhead nor gallant Cavalier being able to wrest the mastery from the other. But Rupert, who always depended upon one smashing blow, and put his main force into his front line, did not, like Cromwell, understand how best to use a reserve. Cromwell's reserve—the Scotch cavalry—came up and charged home, and the Royalist horse were overthrown with the shock. "God made them as stubble to our swords," said Cromwell.

Sending his leading troops in pursuit, to prevent the enemy from rallying, Cromwell instantly gathered the bulk of his horse and fell on the right wing of the Royalist foot—already hard pressed by the foot of the Eastern Association. The King's men fought with dogged courage, most conspicuous among them being Newcastle's own Northumbrian Regiment, the famous Whitecoats, who literally died as they stood in the ranks.

Sweeping down the line the Ironsides smashed one regiment after another, until, in the fading summer evening, Cromwell had almost circled the Royalist army, and came to their left wing, where he saw the Royalist horse charging the right flank of the Scots and harrying the routed Yorkshire foot. Immediately he reformed his thoroughly trained squadrons almost on the same ground where Goring's horse

The West Gate, Winchester, Part of the Wall Stormed by Cromwell in 1665.

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stood at the beginning of the battle, and fronting the same way. The foot of the Association formed beside them, and just before nightfall the Puritan cavalry and infantry made their final charge. Goring's troopers were returning from their pursuit; Lucas's men were recoiling from their last charge, in which Lucas himself had been captured. They were scattered like chaff by the shock of the steel-clad Cromwellian troopers, riding boot to boot; and the remaining Royalist foot shared the same fate. The battle was over just as night fell, stopping all pursuit. But there was little need of pursuit. As at Waterloo, the very obstinacy with which the fight had been waged made the overthrow all the more complete when at last it came. Night went down on a scene of wild confusion, with thousands of fugitives from both armies streaming off the field through the darkness; for the disaster to the right wing of the Parliamentary army had resulted not only in the rout of all the Yorkshire men and half of the Scotch, but also in the three Parliamentary commanding generals, Leven, Manchester, and Lord Fairfax, being swept off in the mass of fugitives. The fight had been won by Cromwell, not only by the valor, coolness, keen insight, and power of control over his men, which he had showed in the battle itself, but by the two years of careful preparation and drill which had tempered the splendid weapon he used so well.

This was the first great victory of the war; but it produced no decisive effect; for there was no one general to take advantage of it. York fell; but little else resulted from the triumph. Fairfax, Manchester, and Leven all separated to pursue various unimportant objects. They left Rupert time to recruit his shattered forces. They did not march south to help Essex, who was opposed to the King in person. Essex blundered badly, and when he marched into Cornwall was out-manœuvred and surrounded, and finally had to surrender all his infantry. Before this the King had already beaten the Parliamentary general, Waller, at Copredy Bridge, the defeat of the Parliamentarians being turned into a disaster by the conduct of the London trained-bands, who, after two years of battle, were still mere militia, insubordinate and prone to desert. It was not with such stuff that victory over the Royalists could be obtained. Mere militia who will not submit to rigid discipline cannot be made the equals of regulars by no matter how many years of desultory fighting. In the War of the American Revolution it was the Continentals—the regulars of Washington, Wayne, and Greene—who finally won the victory, while even to the very end of the struggle the ordinary militia proved utterly unable to face the redcoats. So in the English Civil War, it was the carefully drilled and trained horse and foot of the Eastern Association, and not the disorderly London trained-bands, who overthrew the King's men. Cromwell had developed his troops just as Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston long afterward developed theirs.

One great reason for the failures of the Parliamentary forces was that their leading generals no longer greatly cared for success. They were Presbyterians, who believed in the Parliament, but who also believed in the throne. They hated the Independents quite as much as they hated the Episcopalians, and felt a growing distrust of Cromwell, who in religious matters was the leader of the Independents, and who had announced that if he met the King in battle he would kill him as quickly as he would kill anyone else. Essex was no more capable of putting a finish to the war than McClellan was capable of overthrowing the Confederacy. The one, like the other, had to make room for sterner and more resolute men.

The Committee of Both Kingdoms struggled in vain to get their generals to accomplish something. They got together at Newbury—where one indecisive battle had already been fought—an army nearly double the strength of the King's; but with no result save that another indecisive battle was fought, on October 29, 1644. It was evident that there had to be a complete change in the management of the war if victory was to be achieved. Accordingly Cromwell once more turned from the field to the House of Commons.

In November he rose in Parliament and denounced Manchester as utterly inefficient; and then turned his onslaught from an attack on one man into a general move against all the hitherto leaders of the army.

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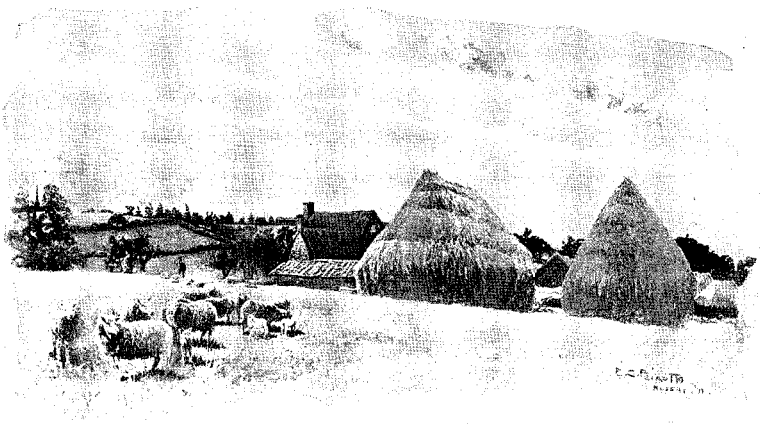

On the Naseby Battle-field, Looking Toward Mill Hill.

The Parliamentarians were drawn up on this hill with their backs toward Naseby, whose church-spire is seen in the distance on the extreme left.

On December 9th he addressed the House in one of his characteristic speeches, rugged in form, but instinct with the man's eager, strong personality, fiery earnestness, and hard common-sense. He pointed out, not all the truth—for that was not politic—but the evident truth that it was not wise to have leaders who both served in Parliament, and also commanded in the army. The result was the passage of the Self-Denying Ordinance, by which all members of either of the Houses were required to resign their commands; so that, at a stroke, the Presbyterian and Parliamentary leaders were removed from their control of the forces. Two months afterward it was decreed that the forces of the Commonwealth should be reorganized on the "New Model." For the short-time service and militia levy system there was substituted the New Model; that is, the plan under which in the Eastern Association the Ironsides had been raised to such a pitch of efficiency was extended to include the whole army. Sir Thomas Fairfax was put in command, but so evident was it to everyone that Cromwell was the real master-mind of the Parliamentary armies that the Self-Denying Ordinance was not enforced as far as he was concerned, and he was retained, nominally as second, but in reality as chief, in command. This was not only a victory for the radical military party, but a victory for the Independents over the Presbyterians. The Independent strength was in the army, and they now had their own leaders.

During the period of reorganization of the army the war lagged along in its usual fashion, with Rupert as much to the fore as ever; and to the Royalists it merely seemed that their adversaries had gotten at odds, and that the great noblemen, the experienced leaders, had been driven from their leadership. Their hopes were high, especially as in Scotland affairs had taken a sudden and most unexpected turn in their favor. Immediately after Marston Moor Montrose had begun his wonderful year of crowded life. Recognizing the extraordinary military qualities of the Celtic clansmen of the Highlands, he had stirred them to revolt, and had proved himself a master of war by a succession of startling victories which finally put almost all Scotland at his feet. One would have to examine the campaigns of Forrest to find any parallel for what he did. Because of his feats he has been compared to Cromwell, but his fights were on so much smaller a scale that the comparison is no more possible than it would be possible to compare Forrest with Grant or Lee.

It is a noteworthy fact that the two soldier types which emerged from the English Civil War as victorious over all others were the Cromwellian Ironside and the Scotch Highlander. The intense religious and patriotic fervor and hard common-sense of the one was in the other sup-

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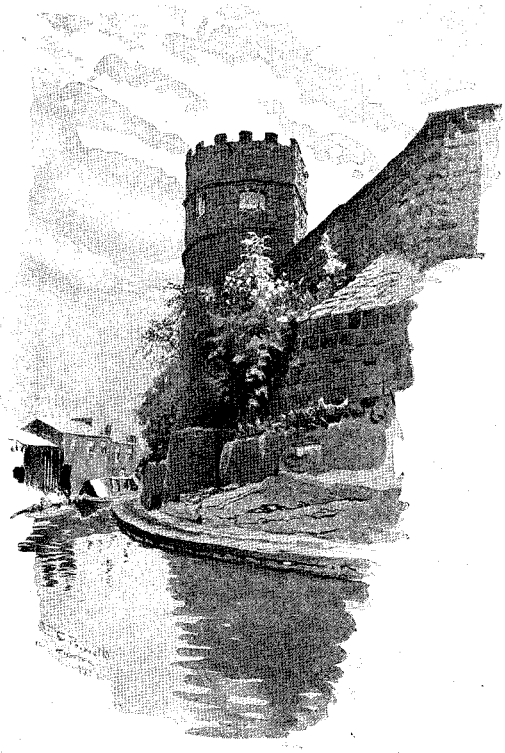
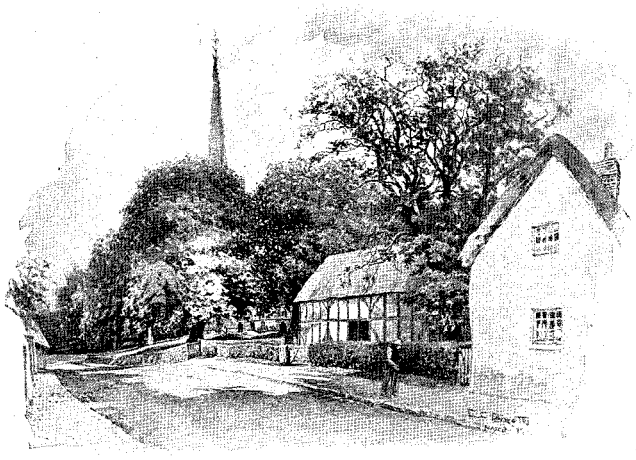


The Phœnix Tower and City Wall, Chester.

It was from the summit of this tower that Charles saw his troops defeated at Rowton Moor, in 1645.

planted by a mere wild love of fighting for fighting's sake. It may be questioned which was most formidable in battle, but in a campaign there was no comparison whatsoever between them; and once his other foes were vanquished, the Cromwellian soldier had not the slightest difficulty in holding down the Highlander.

The victories of Montrose, the feats of Rupert, and the failures of the Parliamentarians since Marston Moor gave Charles every feeling of confidence, when, on June 14, 1645, he led his army against the New Model at Naseby. As usual in these battles, it is not possible to state the exact numbers, but it would appear that, as at Marston Moor, the Royalist troops were outnumbered, being about 10,000 as against 14,000 in the Parliamentary army. Fairfax commanded for the Parliament, and the King was present in person. As usual, the infantry on each side was in the centre. On the right wing of the Parliamentarians Cromwell led his horse, while Ireton had the horse of the left. Rupert commanded the cavalry on the right wing of the Royalists, and Sir Marmaduke Langdale that of the left. Thus Rupert was not, as at Marston Moor, pitted against Cromwell; and anyone except Cromwell he could beat. Ireton was a stout soldier, but he and his cavalry were completely overthrown; then, according to their usual custom, Rupert's Cavaliers followed the headlong flight of their opponents in an equally headlong pursuit. Meanwhile, in the centre, the foot crashed together and fought with savage obstinacy on equal terms. As at Marston Moor, the fight was decided solely by Cromwell. He overthrew the Royalist horse as he always overthrew them, and he kept his men in hand as he always kept them. Leaving a sufficient force to watch the broken hostile squadrons, he wheeled the remainder and fell on the Royalist infantry in flank and rear. For a moment, King Charles, stirred by a noble impulse, led forward his horse guards to do or die; but the Earl of Carnworth



The Village Street, in Naseby.

It was at this point that Ireton surprised the King's Life Guards as they were sitting down to supper the night before the battle, and took many prisoners.

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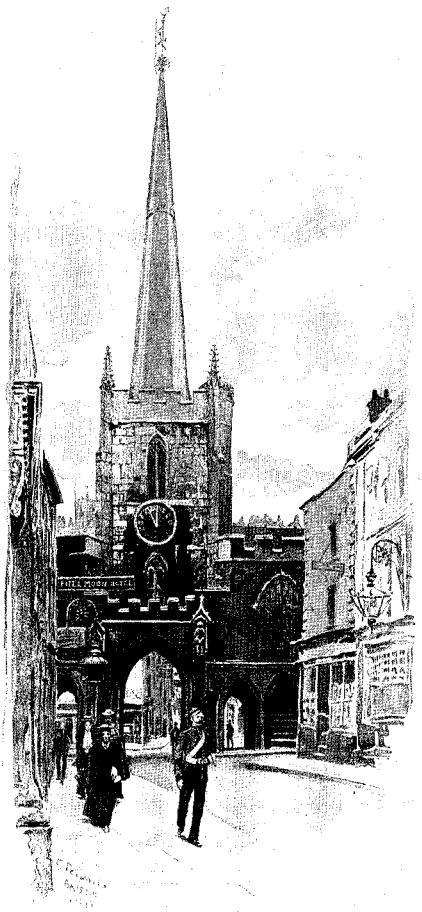
seized his bridle and stopped him, saying: "Will you go upon your death?" Had the King been indeed a king, as ready to stake his own life for his kingdom as he was to stake the lives of others, it would have gone hard with the man who sought to halt him, for in such a case no man is stopped by another unless he himself is more than willing; but Charles faltered, the moment passed, and his army was overthrown in wild ruin. Rupert came back and re-formed his men, but when Cromwell charged home with horse and foot the Royalist troopers never waited the onslaught. There was plenty of light for pursuit now, and Cromwell showed yet another trait of the great commanders by the unsparing energy with which he followed his foe to complete the wreck. For twelve miles the Parliamentary horse kept touch with the flying foe. The King's army was hopelessly shattered; from half to two-thirds of their number were slain or captured. The Parliamentary losses were also heavy; a thousand of their men were killed or wounded. Ireton had been wounded, and Skippon, the Parliamentary major-general of foot. Fairfax, who had behaved with his usual gallantry, had had his helmet knocked off in the hand-to-hand fighting. The victory was Cromwell's.



St. John's Gate, Bristol.

St. John's Church, whose spire crowns the gate, is built against the city wall of which it forms a part. In the distance is seen St. Michael's Hill on which Cromwell's artillery was placed.

So decisive was the overthrow that it practically ended the war. For a moment the King had hopes of wha Montrose would do; but when Montrose came out of the Highlands he found that the clansmen would not march beside him for a long campaign; at Philiphaugh he was overwhelmed by numbers, and the Royalist party in Scotland disappeared with his overthrow. Fairfax whipped Goring and captured Bristol. Cromwell took Winchester, where he dealt severely with certain of his troopers who had been plundering. He then stormed Basing House, an immense fortified pile, the property of the Catholic Marquis of Winchester. Again and again the Parliamentary generals had attempted to take the place, but had always been beaten. Cromwell would not be denied; after three days' battering with his guns, and an evening spent in prayer and in reading the 115th Psalm, he stormed it with a rush, and the splendid castle, its rooms and galleries filled with all the treasures of art, was left a blackened and blood-stained ruin. After this it was in vain that the Royalist troops strove to make head against their foes. If they stood in the open they were beaten; castle after castle, and fortified manor-house after manor-house, were battered down or stormed by Cromwell and his comrades; and in the spring of 1646 the King surrendered himself to the Scotch army.

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Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"The last he saw of her."—Page 160.

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER IV

GRIZEL

TO expose Tommy for what he was, to appear to be scrupulously fair to him so that I might really damage him the more, that is what I set out to do in this book, and always when he seemed to be finding a way of getting round me (as I had a secret dread he might do) I was to remember Grizel and be obdurate. But if I have so far got past some of his virtues without even mentioning them (and I have), I know how many opportunities for discrediting him have been missed, and that would not greatly matter, there are so many more to come, if Grizel were on my side. But she is not; throughout those first chapters a voice has been crying to me, "Take care, if you hurt him you will hurt me," and I know it to be the voice of Grizel, and I seem to see her, rocking her arms as she used to rock them when excited in the days of her innocent childhood. "Don't, don't, don't," she cried at every cruel word I gave him, and she to whom it was ever such agony to weep dropped a tear upon each of them so that they were obliterated, and "Surely I knew him best," she said, "and I always loved him," and she stood there defending him, with her hand on her heart to conceal the gaping wound that Tommy had made.

Well, if Grizel had always loved him there was surely something fine and rare about Tommy. But what was it, Grizel, why did you always love him, you who saw into him so well and demanded so much of men? When I ask that question the spirit that hovers round my desk to protect Tommy from me rocks her arms mournfully, as if she did not know the answer; it is only when I seem to see her as she so often was in life, before she got that wound and after, bending over some little child and looking up radiant, that I think I suddenly know why she always loved Tommy. It was because he had such need of her.

I don't know whether you remember, but there were once some children who played at Jacobites in the Thrums den under Tommy's leadership; Elspeth, of course, was one of them, and there were Corp Shiach and Gavinia, and lastly, there was Grizel. Had Tommy's parents been alive she would not have been allowed to join, for she was a painted lady's child, but Tommy insisted on having her, and Grizel thought it was just sweet of him. He also chatted with her in public places, as if she were a respectable character, and oh, how she longed to be respectable! but, on the other hand, he was the first to point out how superbly he was behaving, and his ways were masterful, so the independent girl would not be captain's wife; if he said she was captain's wife he had to apologize, and if he merely looked it he had to apologize just the same.

One night the painted lady died in the den, and then it would have gone hard with the lonely girl had not Dr. McQueen made her his little housekeeper, not out of pity, he vowed (she was so anxious to be told that), but because he was an old bachelor, sorely in need of someone to take care of him. And how she took care of him! But though she was so happy now, she knew that she must be very careful, for there was something in her blood that might waken and prevent her being a good woman. She thought it would be sweet to be good.

She told all this to Tommy, and he was profoundly interested and consulted a wise man, whose advice was that when she grew up she should be wary of any man whom she liked and mistrusted in one

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breath. Meaning to do her a service, Tommy communicated this to her, and then, what do you think, Grizel would have no more dealings with him! By and by the gods, in a sportive mood, sent him to labor on a farm, whence, as we have seen, he found a way to London, and while he was growing into a man Grizel became a woman. At the time of the doctor's death she was nineteen, tall and graceful, and very dark and pale. When the winds of the day flushed her cheek she was beautiful, but it was a beauty that hid the mystery of her face; the sun made her merry, but she looked more noble when it had set, then her pallor shone with a soft radiant light, as though the mystery and sadness and serenity of the moon were in it. The full beauty of Grizel came out only at night, like the stars.

I had made up my mind that when the time came to describe Grizel's mere outward appearance I should refuse her that word beautiful because of her tilted nose. But now that the time has come I wonder at myself. Probably when I am chapters ahead I shall return to this one and strike out the word beautiful, and then as likely as not I shall come back afterwards and put it in again. Whether it will be there at the end God knows. Her eyes at least were beautiful, they were unusually far apart and let you look straight into them and never quivered, they were such clear, gray, searching eyes, they seemed always to be asking for the truth. And she had an adorable mouth. In repose it was perhaps hard because it shut so decisively, but often it screwed up provokingly at one side, as when she smiled or was sorry or for no particular reason, for she seemed unable to control this vagary, which was perhaps a little bit of babyhood that had forgotten to grow up with the rest of her. At those moments the essence of all that was characteristic and delicious about her seemed to have run to her mouth, so that to kiss Grizel on her crooked smile would have been to kiss the whole of her at once. She had a quaint way of nodding her head at you when she was talking; it made you forget what she was saying, though it was really meant to have precisely the opposite effect. Her voice was rich, with many inflections; when she had much to say it gurgled like a stream in a hurry, but its cooing note was best worth remembering at the end of the day. There were times when she looked like a boy. Her almost gallant bearing, the poise of her head, her noble frankness, they all had something in them of a princely boy who had never known fear.

I have no wish to hide her defects. I would rather linger over them, because they were part of Grizel, and I am sorry to see them go one by one. Thrums had not taken her to its heart. She was stiff and haughty, they said, and had a proud walk; her sense of justice was too great, she scorned frailties that she should have pitied (how strange to think that there was a time when pity was not the feeling that leapt to Grizel's bosom first). She did not care for study, she learned French and the pianoforte to please the doctor, but she preferred to be sewing or dusting. When she might have been reading she was perhaps making for herself one of those costumes that depressed every lady of Thrums who employed a dressmaker, or more probably it was a delicious garment for a baby, for as soon as Grizel heard that there was a new baby anywhere all her intellect deserted her and she became a slave. Books often irritated her because she disagreed with the author, and it was a torment to her to find other people holding to their views when she was so certain that hers were right. In church she sometimes rocked her arms, and the old doctor by her side knew that it was because she could not get up and contradict the minister; she was, I presume, the only young lady who ever dared to say that she hated Sunday because there was so much sitting still in it.

Sitting still did not suit Grizel, at all other times she was happy, but then her mind wandered back to the thoughts that had lived too closely with her in the old days, and she was troubled. What woke her from these reveries was probably the doctor's hand placed very tenderly on her shoulder, and then she would start and wonder how long he had been watching her and what were the grave thoughts behind his cheerful face. For the doctor never looked more cheerful than when he was drawing Grizel away from the ugly past, and he talked to her as if he had no-

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ticed nothing; but after he went upstairs he would pace his bedroom for a long time, and Grizel listened and knew that he was thinking about her. Then perhaps she would run up to him and put her arms around his neck. These scenes brought the doctor and Grizel very close together, but they became rarer as she grew up, and then for once that she was troubled she was a hundred times irresponsible with glee, and, "Oh, you dearest, darlingest," she would cry to him, "I must dance, I must, I must, though it is a Fast Day, and you must dance with your mother this instant, I am so happy, so happy!" Mother was his nickname for her, and she delighted in the word; she lorded it over him as if he were her troublesome boy.

How could she be other than glorious when there was so much to do? The work inside the house she made for herself and outside the doctor made it for her. At last he had found for nurse a woman who could follow his instructions literally, who understood that if he said five o'clock for the medicine the chap of six would not do as well, who did not in her heart despise the thermometer and who resolutely prevented the patient from skipping out of bed to change her pillow-slips because the minister was expected. Such tyranny enraged every sufferer who had been ill before and got better, but what they chiefly complained of to the doctor (and he agreed with a humorous sigh), was her masterfulness about fresh air and cold water. Windows were opened that had never been opened before (they yielded to her pressure with a groan), and as for cold water it might have been said that a bath followed her wherever she went, not, mark me, for putting your hands and face in, not even for your feet, but in you must go, the whole of you, "as if," they said, indignantly, "there was something the matter with our skin."

She could not gossip, not even with the doctor, who liked it of an evening when he had got into his carpet shoes. There was no use telling her a secret, for she kept it to herself forevermore. She had ideas about how men should serve a woman, even the humblest, that made the men gaze with wonder and the women (curiously enough) with irritation. Her greatest scorn was for girls who made themselves cheap with men, and she could not hide it. It was a physical pain to Grizel to hide her feelings, they popped out in her face, if not in words, and were always in advance of her self-control. To the doctor this impulsiveness was pathetic; he loved her for it, but it sometimes made him uneasy.

He died in the scarlet-fever year. "I'm smitten," he suddenly said at a bedside, and a week afterwards he was gone.

"We must speak of it now, Grizel," he said when he knew that he was dying.

She pressed his hand; she knew to what he was referring. "Yes," she said, "I should love you to speak of it now."

"You and I have always fought shy of it," he said, "making a pretence that it had altogether passed away. I thought that was best for you."

"Dearest, darlingest," she said, "I know, I have always known."

"And you," he said, "you pretended because you thought it was best for me."

She nodded. "And we saw through each other all the time," she said.

"Grizel, has it passed away altogether now?"

Her grip upon his hand did not tighten in the least. "Yes," she could say honestly, "it has altogether passed away."

"And you have no more fear?"

"No, none."

It was his great reward for all that he had done for Grizel.

"I know what you are thinking of," she said when he did not speak. "You are thinking of the haunted little girl you rescued seven years ago."

"No," he answered, "I was thanking God for the brave wholesome woman she has grown into. And for something else, Grizel, for letting me live to see it."

"To do it," she said, pressing his hand to her breast.

She was a strange girl, and she had to speak her mind. "I don't think God has done it all," she said. "I don't even think that He told you to do it. I think He just said to you 'There is a painted lady's child at your door; you can save her if you like.'"

"No," she went on when he would have interposed, "I am sure He did not want to do it all; He even left a little bit of it to me to do myself. I love to think

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that I have done a tiny bit of it myself. I think it is the sweetest thing about God that He lets us do some of it ourselves. Do I hurt you, darling ?"

No, she did not hurt him, for he understood her. "But you are naturally so impulsive," he said, "it has often been a sharp pain to me to see you so careful."

"It was not a pain to me to be careful, it was a joy. Oh, the thousand dear delightful joys I have had with you."

"It has made you strong, Grizel, and I rejoice in that ; but sometimes I fear that it has made you too difficult to win."

"I don't want to be won," she told him.

"You don't quite mean that, Grizel."

"No," she said at once. She whispered to him impulsively. "It is the only thing I am at all afraid of now."

"What ?"

"Love."

"You will not be afraid of it when it comes."

"But I want to be afraid," she said.

"You need not," he answered. "The man on whom those clear eyes rest lovingly will be worthy of it all. If he were not, they would be the first to find him out."

"But need that make any difference ?" she asked. "Perhaps though I found him out I should love him just the same."

"Not unless you loved him first, Grizel."

"No," she said at once again. "I am not really afraid of love," she whispered to him. "You have made me so happy that I am afraid of nothing."

Yet she wondered a little that he was not afraid to die, but when she told him this he smiled and said, "Everybody fears death except those who are dying." And when she asked if he had anything on his mind he said, "I leave the world without a care. Not that I have seen all I would fain have seen. Many a time, especially this last year, when I have seen the mother in you crooning to some neighbor's child, I have thought to myself, 'I don't know my Grizel yet, I have seen her only in the bud,' and I would fain —" He broke off. "But I have no fears," he said. "As I lie here with you sitting by my side, looking so serene, I can say, for the first time for half a century, that I have nothing on my mind."

"But, Grizel, I should have married," he told her. "The chief lesson my life has taught me is that they are poor critturs, the men who don't marry."

"If you had married," she said, "you might never have been able to help me."

"It is you who have helped me," he replied. "God sent the child, He is most reluctant to give any of us up. Ay, Grizel, that's what my life has taught me, and it's all I can leave to you." The last he saw of her she was holding his hand and her eyes were dry, her teeth were clenched, but there was a brave smile upon her face, for he had told her that it was thus he would like to see her at the end. After his death she continued to live at the old house ; he had left it to her ("I want it to remain in the family" he said) with all his savings, which were quite sufficient for the needs of such a manager ; he had also left her plenty to do, and that was a still sweeter legacy.

And the other Jacobites, what of them? Hie, where are you, Corp? Here he comes, grinning in his spleet new uniform to demand our tickets of us. He is now the railway porter. Since Tommy left Thrums "steam" had arrived in it, and Corp had by nature such a gift for giving luggage the twist which breaks everything inside as you dump it down that he was inevitably appointed porter. There was no travelling to Thrums without a ticket. At Tilliedrum, which was the junction for Thrums, you showed your ticket and were then locked in. A hundred yards from Thrums Corp leapt upon the train and fiercely demanded your ticket. At the station he asked you, threateningly, whether you had given up your ticket. Even his wife was afraid of him at such times, and had her ticket ready in her hand.

His wife was one Gavinia, and she had no fear of him except when she was travelling. To his face she referred to him as a doited sumph, but to Grizel pleading for him she admitted that despite his warts and quarrelsome legs he was a great big muckle sonsy, stout, buirdly well-set up, wise-like, havering man. When first Corp had proposed to her she gave him a clout on the head, and so little did he know of the sex that this discouraged him. He continued, however, to propose and she to clout him until he heard, accidentally (he woke up

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in church), of a man in the Bible who had wooed a woman for seven years, and this example he determined to emulate, but when Gavinia heard of it she was so furious that she took him at once. Dazed by his good fortune, he rushed off with it to his aunt, whom he wearied with his repetition of the great news.

"To your bed wi' you," she said, yawning.

"Bed!" cried Corp, indignantly. "And so, auntie, says Gavinia, 'Yes,' says she, 'I'll have you.' Those were her never-to-be-forgotten words."

"You pitiful object," answered his aunt, "men hae been married afore now without making sic a stramash."

"I daursay," retorted Corp, "but they hinna married Gavinia," and this is the best known answer to the sneer of the cynic.

He was a public nuisance that night, and knocked various people up after they had gone to bed to tell them that Gavinia was to have him. He was eventually led home by kindly though indignant neighbors, but early morning found him in the country carrying the news from farm to farm.

"No, I winna sit down," he said, "I just cried in to tell you Gavinia is to hae me." Six miles from home he saw a mud-house on the top of a hill and ascended genially. He found at their porridge a very old lady with a nut-cracker face, and a small boy. We shall see them again. "Auld wifie," said Corp, "I dinna ken you, but I've just stepped up to tell you that Gavinia is to hae me."

It made him the butt of the sportive. If he or Gavinia were nigh they gathered their fowls round them and then said, "Hens, I didna bring you here to feed you, but just to tell you that Gavinia is to hae me." This flustered Gavinia, but Grizel, who enjoyed her own jokes too heartily to have more than a polite interest in those of other people, said to her, "How can you be angry! I think it was just sweet of him."

"But was it no vulgar?"

"Vulgar!" said Grizel. "Why, Gavinia, that is how every lady would like a man to love her."

And then Gavinia beamed. "I'm glad you say that," she said, "for though I wouldna tell Corp for worlds, I fell likit it."

But Grizel told Corp that Gavinia liked it.

"It was the proof," she said, smiling, "that you have the right to marry her. You have shown your ticket. Never give it up, Corp."

About a year afterward Corp, armed in his Sunday stand, rushed to Grizel's house, occasionally stopping to slap his shiny knees. "Grizel," he cried, "there's somebody come to Thrums without a ticket!" Then he remembered Gavinia's instructions. "Mrs. Shiach's compliments," he said, ponderously, "and it's a boy."

"Oh, Corp!" exclaimed Grizel, and immediately began to put on her hat and jacket.

Corp watched her uneasily. "Mrs. Shiach's compliments," he said, firmly, "and he's ower young to be bathed yet. But she's awid to show him off to you," he hastened to add. "'Tell Grizel,' was her first words."

Tell Grizel! They were among the first words of many mothers. None, they were aware, would receive the news with quite such glee as she. They might think her cold and reserved with themselves, but to see the look on her face as she bent over a baby, and to know that the baby was yours! What a way she had with them! She always welcomed them as if in coming they had performed a great feat. That is what babies are agape for from the beginning. Had they been able to speak they would have said, "Tell Grizel" themselves.

"And Mrs. Shiach's compliments," Corp remembered, "and she would be windy if you would carry the bairn at the christening."

"I should love it, Corp! Have you decided on the name?"

"Lang syne. Gin it were a lassie we were to call her Grizel——"

"Oh, how sweet of you!"

"After the finest lassie we ever kent," continued Corp, stoutly. "But I was sure it would be a laddie."

"Why?"

"Because if it was a laddie it was to be called after him," he said, with emphasis on the last word; "and thinks I to mysel', 'He'll find a way.' What a crittur he was for finding a way, Grizel! and he lookit so holy a' the time. Do you mind that

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swear-word o' his, 'Stroke'? It just meant damn, but he could make even damn look holy."

"You are to call the baby Tommy?"

"He'll be christened Thomas Sandys Shiach," said Corp. "I hankered after putting something out o' the Jacobites intil his name, and I says to Gavinia, 'Let's call him Thomas Sandys Stroke Shiach?' says I, 'and the minister'll be nane the wiser,' but Gavinia was scandalizyed."

Grizel reflected. "Corp," she said, "I am sure Gavinia's sister will expect to be asked to carry the baby. I don't think I want to do it."

"After you promised!" cried Corp, much hurt. "I never kent you to break a promise afore."

"I will do it, Corp," she said, at once.

She did not know then that Tommy would be in church to witness the ceremony, but she knew before she walked down the aisle with T. S. Shiach in her arms. It was the first time that Tommy and she had seen each other for seven years. That day he almost rivalled his namesake in the interests of the congregation, who, however, took prodigious care that he should not see it. All except Grizel. She smiled a welcome to him, and he knew that her serene gray eyes were watching him.

CHAPTER V

THE TOMMY MYTH

ON the previous evening Aaron Latta, his head sunk farther into his shoulders, his beard gone grayer, no other perceptible difference in a dreary man since we last saw him in the book of Tommy's boyhood, had met the brother and sister at the station, a barrow with him for their luggage. It was a great hour for him as he wheeled the barrow homeward, Elspeth once more by his side, but he could say nothing heartsome in Tommy's presence and Tommy was as uncomfortable in his. The old strained relations between these two seemed to begin again at once. They were as self-conscious as two mastiffs meeting in the street and both breathed a sigh of relief when Tommy fell behind.

"You're bonny, Elspeth," Aaron then said, eagerly. "I'm glad, glad to see you again."

"And him, too, Aaron?" Elspeth pleaded.

"He took you away frae me."

"He has brought me back."

"Ay, and he has but to whistle to you and away you go wi' him again. He's ower grand to bide lang here now."

"You don't know him, Aaron. We are to stay a long time. Do you know Mrs. McLean invited us to stay with her? I suppose she thought your house was so small; but Tommy said, 'The house of the man who befriended us when we were children shall never be too small for us.'"

"Did he say that? Ay, but, Elspeth, I would rather hear what you said."

"I said it was to dear, good Aaron Latta I was going back and to no one else."

"God bless you for that, Elspeth."

"And Tommy," she went on, "must have his old garret-room again, to write as well as sleep in, and the little room you partitioned off the kitchen will do nicely for me."

"There's no a window in it," replied Aaron, "but it will do fine for you, Elspeth." He was almost chuckling, for he had a surprise in waiting for her. "This way," he said, excitedly, when she would have gone into the kitchen, and he flung open the door of what had been his warping-room. The warping mill was gone, everything that had been there was gone; what met the delighted eyes of Elspeth and Tommy was a cosy parlor, which became a bedroom when you opened that other door.

"You are a leddy now, Elspeth," Aaron said, husky with pride, "and you have a leddy's room. Do you see the piano?"

He had given up the warping, having at last "twa three hunder'" in the bank, and all the work he did now was at a loom which he had put into the kitchen to keep him out of languor. "I have sorted up the garret, too, for you," he said to Tommy, "but this is Elspeth's room."

"As if Tommy would take it from me!" said Elspeth, running into the kitchen to hug this dear Aaron.

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"You may laugh," Aaron replied, vindictively, "but he is taking it frae you already;" and later, when Tommy was out of the way, he explained his meaning: "I did it all for you, Elspeth; Elspeth's room I called it; when I bought the mahogany arm-chair, 'That's Elspeth's chair,' I says to mysel', and when I bought the bed, 'it's hers,' I said; ay, but I was soon disannulled o' that thait, for in spite of me, they were all got for him. Not a rissom in that room is yours or mine, Elspeth; every muhlen belongs to him."

"But who says so, Aaron? I am sure he won't."

"I dinna ken them. They are leddies that come here in their carriages to see the house where Thomas Sandys was born."

"But, Aaron, he was born in London!"

"They think he was born in this house," Aaron replied, doggedly, "and it's no for me to cheapen him."

"Oh, Aaron, you pretend——"

"I was never very fond o' him," Aaron admitted, "but I winna cheapen Jean Myles's bairn, and when they chap at my door and say they would like to see the room Thomas Sandys was born in I let them see the best room I have. So that's how he has laid hands on your parlor, Elspeth. Afore I can get rid o' them they gie a squeak and cry 'Was that Thomas Sandys's bed?' and I says it was. That's him taking the very bed frae you, Elspeth."

"You might at least have shown them his bed in the garret," she said.

"It's a shilpit bit thing," he answered, "and I winna cheapen him. They're curious, too, to see his favorite seat."

"It was the fender," she declared.

"It was," he assented, "but it's no for me to cheapen him, so I let them see your new mahogany chair. 'Thomas Sandys's chair' they call it, and they sit down in it reverently. They winna even leave you the piano. 'Was this Thomas Sandys's piano?' they speir. 'It was,' says I, and syne they gowp at it." His under lip shot out, a sure sign that he was angry. "I dinna blame him," he said, "but he had the same masterful way of scooping everything into his lap when he was a laddie, and I like him none the mair for it;" and from this position Aaron would not budge.

"Quite right, too," Tommy said when he heard of it. "But you can tell him, Elspeth, that we shall let no more of those prying women in;" and he really meant this, for he was a modest man that day, was Tommy. Nevertheless, he was, perhaps, a little annoyed to find, as the days went on, that no more ladies came to be turned away.

He heard that they had also been unable to resist the desire to shake hands with Thomas Sandys's schoolmaster. "It must have been a pleasure to teach him," they said to Cathro.

"Ah me, ah me!" Cathro replied, enigmatically. It had so often been a pleasure to Cathro to thrash him.

"Genius is odd," they said. "Did he ever give you any trouble?"

"We were like father and son," he assured them. With natural pride he showed them the ink-pot into which Thomas Sandys had dipped as a boy. They were very grateful for his interesting reminiscence that when the pot was too full Thomas inked his fingers. He presented several of them with the ink-pot.

Two ladies, who came together, bothered him by asking what the Hugh Blackadder competition was. They had been advised to inquire of him about Thomas Sandys's connection therewith by another schoolmaster, a Mr. Ogilvy, whom they had met in one of the glens.

Mr. Cathro winced, and then explained with emphasis that the Hugh Blackadder was a competition in which the local ministers were the sole judges. He therefore referred the ladies to them. The ladies did go to a local minister for enlightenment, to Mr. Dishart, but after reflecting, Mr. Dishart said that it was too long a story, and this answer seemed to amuse Mr. Ogilvy, who happened to be present.

It was Mr. McLean who retailed this news to Tommy. He and Ailie had walked home from church with the newcomers on the day after their arrival, the day of the christening. They had not gone into Aaron's house, for you are looked askance at in Thrums if you pay visits on Sundays, but they had stood for a long time gossiping at the door, which is permitted by the strictest. Ailie was in a twitter, as of old, and not able even yet to speak of her husband without an apolo-

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getic look to the ladies who had none, and, oh, how proud she was of Tommy's fame! Her eyes were an offering to him.

"Don't take her as a sample of the place, though," Mr. McLean warned him, "for Thrums does not catch fire so readily as London." It was quite true. "I was at the school wi' him," they said up there, and implied that this damned his book.

But there were two faithful souls, or more strictly one, for Corp could never have carried it through without Gavinia's help. Tommy called on them promptly at their house in the Bellies Brae (four rooms but a lodger), and said, almost before he had time to look, that the baby had Corp's chin and Gavinia's eyes. He had made this up on the way. He also wanted to say, so desirous was he of pleasing his old friends, that he should like to hold the baby in his arms, but it was such a thundering lie that even an author could not say it.

Tommy sat down in that house with a very warm heart for its inmates, but they chilled him, Gavinia with her stiff words and Corp by looking miserable instead of joyous.

"I expected you to come to me first, Corp," said Tommy, reproachfully. "I had scarcely a word with you at the station."

"He couldna hae presumed," replied Gavinia, primly.

"I couldna hae presumed," said Corp, with a groan.

"Fudge!" Tommy said. "You were my greatest friend, and I like you as much as ever, Corp."

Corp's face shone, but Gavinia said at once, "You werna sic great friends as that. Were you, man?"

"No," Corp replied, gloomily.

"Whatever has come over you both?" asked Tommy, in surprise. "You will be saying next, Gavinia, that we never played at Jacobites in the den!"

"I dinna deny that Corp and me played," Gavinia answered, determinedly, "but you didna. You said to us, 'Think shame,' you said, 'to be playing vulgar games when you could be reading superior books.' They were his very words, were they no, man?" she demanded of her unhappy husband, with a threatening look.

"They were," said Corp in deepest gloom.

"I must get to the bottom of this," said Tommy, rising, "and as you are too great a coward, Corp, to tell the truth, with that shameless woman glowering at you, out you go, Gavinia, and take your disgraced bairn with you. Do as you are told, you besom, for I am Captain Stroke again."

Corp was choking with delight as Gavinia withdrew haughtily. "I was sure you would sort her," he said, rubbing his hands, "I was sure you wasna the kind to be ashamed o' auld friends."

"But what does it mean?"

"She has a notion," Corp explained, growing grave again, "that it wouldna do for you to own the like o' us. 'We mauna cheapen him,' she said. She wanted you to see that we hinna been cheapening you." He said, in a sepulchral voice, "There has been leddies here, and they want to ken what Thomas Sandys was like as a boy. It's me they speir for, but Gavinia she just shoves me out o' sight, and, says she, 'Leave them to me.'"

Corp told Tommy some of the things Gavinia said about Thomas Sandys as a boy, how he sat rapt in church, and instead of going bird-nesting, lay on the ground listening to the beautiful little warblers overhead, and gave all his pennies to poorer children, and could repeat the shorter Catechism, beginning at either end, and was very respectful to the aged and infirm, and of a yielding disposition, and said, from his earliest years, 'I don't want to be great, I just want to be good.'"

"How can she make them all up?" Tommy asked, with respectful homage to Gavinia.

Corp, with his eye on the door, produced from beneath the bed a little book with colored pictures. It was entitled, "Great Boyhoods," by Aunt Martha. "She doesna make them up," he whispered, "she gets them out o' this."

"And you back her up, Corp, even when she says I was not your friend!"

"It was like a t'knife intil me," replied loyal Corp, "every time I forswore you it was like a t'knife, but I did it, ay, and I'll go on doing it if you think my friendship cheapens you."

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Tommy was much moved, and gripped his old lieutenant by the hand. He also called Gavinia ben, and before she could ward him off, the masterful rogue had saluted her on the cheek. "That," said Tommy, "is to show you that I am as fond of the old times and my old friends as ever, and the moment you deny it I shall take you to mean, Gavinia, that you want another kiss."

"He's just the same!" Corp remarked, ecstatically, when Tommy had gone.

"I dinna deny," Gavinia said, "but what he's fell taking," and for a time they ruminated.

"Gavinia," said Corp, suddenly, "I wouldna wonder but what he's a gey lad wi' the women!"

"What makes you think that?" she replied, coldly, and he had the prudence not to say. He should have followed his hero home, to be disabused of this monstrous notion, for even while it was being propounded Tommy was sitting in such an agony of silence in a woman's presence that she could not resist smiling a crooked smile at him. His want of words did not displease Grizel; she was of opinion that young men should always be a little awed by young ladies.

He had found her with Elspeth on his return home. Would Grizel call and be friendly, he had asked himself many times since he saw her in church yesterday, and Elspeth was as curious; each wanted to know what the other thought of her, but neither had the courage to inquire, they both wanted to know so much. Her name had been mentioned, but casually, not a word to indicate that she had grown up since they saw her last. The longer Tommy remained silent the more, he knew, did Elspeth suspect him. He would have liked to say, in a careless voice, "Rather pretty, isn't she?" but he felt that this little Elspeth would see through him at once.

For at the first glance he had seen what Grizel was, and a thrill of joy passed through him as he drank her in, it was but the joy of the eyes for the first moment, but it ran to his heart to say, "This is the little hunted girl that was!" and Tommy was moved with a manly gladness that the girl who once was so fearful of the future had grown into this. The same unselfish delight in her for her own sake came over him again when he shook hands with her in Aaron's parlor. This glorious creature with the serene eyes and the noble shoulders had been the hunted child of the Double Dykes; he would have liked to race back into the past and bring little Grizel here to look. How many boyish memories he recalled, and she was in every one of them. His heart held nothing but honest joy in this meeting after so many years; he longed to tell her how sincerely he was still her friend. Well, why don't you tell her, Tommy, it is a thing you are good at, and you have been polishing up the phrases ever since she passed down the aisle with Master Shiach in her arms; you have even planned out a way of putting Grizel at her ease, and behold, she is the only one of the three who is at ease. What has come over you? Does the reader think it was love? No, it was only that pall of shyness; he tried to fling it off, but could not; behold Tommy being buried alive.

Elspeth showed less contemptibly than her brother, but it was Grizel who did most of the talking. She nodded her head and smiled at Tommy, but she was watching him all the time. She wore a dress in which brown and yellow mingled as in woods on an autumn day, and the jacket had a high collar of fur, over which she watched him. Let us say that she was watching to see whether any of the old Tommy was left in him. Yet with this problem confronting her she also had time to study the outer man, Tommy the dandy, his velvet jacket (a new one), his brazen waistcoat, his poetic neckerchief, his spotless linen. His velvet jacket was to become the derision of Thrums, but Tommy took his bonneting haughtily, like one who was glad to suffer for a Cause. There were to be meetings here and there where people told with awe how many shirts he sent weekly to the wash. Grizel disdained his dandy tastes; why did not Elspeth strip him of them? and, oh, if he must wear that absurd waistcoat, could she not see that it would look another thing if the second button was put half an inch farther back! How sinful of him to spoil the shape of his silly velvet jacket by carrying so many letters in the pockets. She learned afterward that he carried all those letters because there was a check in one of them, he did not know which,

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and her sense of orderliness was outraged. Elspeth did not notice these things. She helped Tommy by her helplessness. There is reason to believe that once in London when she had need of a new hat, but money there was none, Tommy, looking very defiant, studied ladies' hats in the shop-windows, brought all his intellect to bear on them, with the result that he did concoct out of Elspeth's old hat a new one which was the admired of O. P. Pym and friends, who never knew the name of the artist. But obviously he could not take proper care of himself, and there is a kind of woman, of whom Grizel was one, to whose breasts this helplessness makes an unfair appeal. Oh, to dress him properly! She could not help liking to be a mother to men, she wanted them to be the most noble characters, but completely dependent on her.

Tommy walked home with her, and it seemed at first as if Elspeth's absence was to be no help to him. He could not even plagiarize from 'Sandys on Woman.' No one knew so well the kind of thing he should be saying, and no one could have been more anxious to say it, but a weight of shyness sat on the lid of Tommy. Having for half an hour raged internally at his misfortune, he now sullenly embraced it. "If I am this sort of an ass, let me be it in the superlative degree," he may be conceived saying bitterly to himself. He addressed Grizel coldly, as "Miss McQueen," a name she had taken by the doctor's wish soon after she went to live with him.

"There is no reason why you should call me that," she said. "Call me Grizel, as you used to do."

"May I?" replied Tommy, idiotically. He knew it was idiotic, but that mood now had grip of him.

"But I mean to call you Mr. Sandys," she said, decisively.

He was really glad to hear it, for to be called Tommy by anyone was now detestable to him (which is why I always call him Tommy in these pages). So it was like him to say, with a sigh, "I had hoped to hear you use the old name."

That sigh made her look at him sharply. He knew that he must be careful with Grizel and that she was irritated, but he had to go on.

"It is strange to me," said Sentimental Tommy, "to be back here after all those years, walking this familiar road once more with you. I thought it would make me feel myself a boy again, but, heigh ho, it has just the opposite effect, I never felt so old as I do to-day."

His voice trembled a little, I don't know why. Grizel frowned.

"But you never were as old as you are to-day, were you?" she inquired, politely. It whisked Tommy out of dangerous waters and laid him at her feet. He laughed, not perceptibly or audibly, of course, but somewhere inside him the bell rang. No one could laugh more heartily at himself than Tommy, and none bore less malice to those who brought him to land.

"That, at any rate, makes me feel younger," he said, candidly; and now the shyness was in full flight.

"Why?" asked Grizel, still watchful.

"It is so like the kind of thing you used to say to me when we were boy and girl. I used to enrage you very much, I fear," he said, half gleefully.

"Yes," she admitted with a smile, "you did."

"And then how you rocked your arms at me, Grizel! Do you remember?"

She remembered it all so well!

"Do you ever rock them now when people annoy you?" he asked.

"There has been no one to annoy me," she replied, demurely, "since you went away."

"But I have come back," Tommy said, looking hopefully at her arms.

"You see they take no notice of you."

"They don't remember me yet. As soon as they do they will cry out."

Grizel shook her head confidently, and in this she was pitting herself against Tommy, always a bold thing to do.

"I have been to see Corp's baby," he said, suddenly, and this was so important that she stopped in the middle of the road.

"What do you think of him?" she asked, quite anxiously.

"I thought," replied Tommy, gravely, and making use of one of Grizel's pet phrases, "I thought he was just sweet."

"Isn't he!" she cried, and then she knew that he was making fun of her. Her arms rocked.

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"Hurray!" cried Tommy, "they recognize me now! Don't be angry, Grizel," he begged her, "you taught me long ago what was the right thing to say about babies, and how could I be sure it was you until I saw your arms rocking."

"It was so like you," she said, reproachfully, "to try to make me do it."

"It was so unlike you," he replied, craftily, "to let me succeed. And, after all, Grizel, if I was horrid in the old days I always apologized."

"Never!" she insisted.

"Well, then," said Tommy, handsomely, "I do so now," and then they both laughed gayly, and I think Grizel was not sorry that there was a little of the boy who had been horrid left in Tommy, just enough to know him by.

"He'll be vain?" her aged maid, Maggy Ann, said curiously to her that evening. They were all curious about Tommy.

"I don't know that he is vain," Grizel replied, guardedly.

"If he's no vain," Maggy Ann retorted, "he's the first son of Adam it could be said o'. I jalouse it's his bit book."

"He scarcely mentioned it."

"Ay, then, it's his beard."

Grizel was sure it was not that.

"Then it'll be the women," said Maggy Ann.

"Who knows!" said Grizel of the watchful eyes, but she smiled to herself. She thought not incorrectly that she knew one woman of whom Mr. Sandys was a little afraid.

About the same time Tommy and Elspeth were discussing her. Elspeth was in bed, and Tommy had come into the room to kiss her good-night—he had never once omitted doing it since they went to London, and he was always to do it, for neither of them was ever to marry.

"What do you think of her?" Elspeth asked. This was their great time for confidences.

"Of whom?" Tommy inquired.

"Grizel."

It behooved Tommy to be careful.

"Rather pretty, don't you think?" he said, gazing at the ceiling.

She was looking at him keenly, but he managed to deceive her. She was much relieved, and could say what was in her heart. "Tommy," she said, "I think she is the most noble-looking girl I ever saw, and if she were not so masterful in her manner she would be beautiful." It was nice of Elspeth to say it, for she and Grizel were never very great friends.

Tommy brought down his eyes. "Did you think as much of her as that?" he said. "It struck me that her features were not quite classic. Her nose is a little tilted, is it not?"

"Some people like that kind of nose," replied Elspeth.

"It is not classic," Tommy said, sternly.

CHAPTER VI

GHOSTS THAT HAUNT THE DEN

LOOKING through the Tommy papers of this period, like a conscientious biographer, I find among them manuscripts that remind me how diligently he set to work the moment he went North, and also letters, which, if printed, would show you what a wise and good man Tommy was. But while I was fingering those there floated from them to the floor a loose page, and when I saw that it was a chemist's bill for oil and liniment I remembered something I had nigh forgotten. "Eureka!" I cried, "I shall tell the story of the chemist's bill, and some other biographer may print the letters."

Well, well, but to think that this scrap of paper should flutter into view to damn him after all those years!

The date is Saturday, May 28th, by which time Tommy had been a week in Thrums without doing anything very reprehensible, so far as Grizel knew. She watched for telltales as for a mouse to show at its hole, and at the worst, I think, she saw only its little head. That was when Tommy was talking beautifully to her about her dear doctor. He would have done wisely to avoid this subject, but he was so notoriously good at condolences that he had to say it. He had thought it out, you may remember, a year ago, but hesitated to post it, and since then it had lain heavily within him, as if it knew it was a good thing and pined to be up and strutting.

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He said it with emotion; evidently Dr. McQueen had been very dear to him, and any other girl would have been touched, but Grizel stiffened, and when he had finished this is what she said, quite snappily:

"He never liked you."

Tommy was taken aback, but replied, with gentle dignity, "Do you think, Grizel, I would let that make any difference in my estimate of him!"

"But you never liked him," said she, and now that he thought of it, this was true also. It was useless to say anything about the artistic instinct to her, she did not know what it was, and would have had plain words for it as soon as he told her. Please to picture Tommy picking up his beautiful speech and ramming it back into his pocket as if it were a rejected manuscript.

"I am sorry you should think so meanly of me, Grizel," he said with manly forbearance, and when she thought it all out carefully that night she decided that she had been hasty. She could not help watching Tommy for back-slidings, but, oh, it was sweet to her to decide that she had not found any.

"It was I who was horrid," she announced to him frankly, and Tommy forgave her at once. She offered him a present. "When the doctor died I gave some of his things to his friends, it is the Scotch custom, you know. He had a new overcoat, it had been worn but two or three times, I should be so glad if you would let me give it to you for saying such sweet things about him. I think it will need very little alteration."

Thus very simply came into Tommy's possession the coat that was to play so odd a part in his history. "But, oh, Grizel," said he with mock reproach, "you need not think that I don't see through you! Your deep design is to cover me up. You despise my velvet jacket!"

"It does not—" Grizel began, and stopped.

"It is not in keeping with my doleful countenance," said Tommy, candidly, "that was what you were to say. Let me tell you a secret, Grizel, I wear it to spite my face. Sha'n't give up my velvet jacket for anybody, Grizel; not even for you." He was in gay spirits because he knew she liked him again, and she saw that was the reason and it warmed her. She was least able to resist Tommy when he was most a boy, and it was actually watchful Grizel who proposed that he and she and Elspeth should revisit the den together. How often since the days of their childhood had Grizel wandered it alone, thinking of those dear times, making up her mind that if ever Tommy asked her to go into the den again with him she would not go, the place was so much sweeter to her than it could be to him. And yet it was Grizel herself who was saying now, "Let us go back to the den."

Tommy caught fire. "We sha'n't go back," he cried, defiantly, "as men and women; let us be boy and girl again, Grizel, let us have that Saturday we missed long ago. I missed a Saturday on purpose, Grizel, so that we should have it now."

She shook her head wistfully, but she was glad that Tommy would fain have had one of the Saturdays back. Had he waxed sentimental she would not have gone a step of the way with him into the past, but when he was so full of glee she could take his hand and run back into it.

"But we must wait until evening," Tommy said, "until Corp is unharnessed; we must not hurt the feelings of Corp by going back to the den without him."

"How mean of me not to think of Corp!" Grizel cried; but the next moment she was glad she had not thought of him, it was so delicious to have proof that Tommy was more loyal.

"But we can't turn back the clock, can we, Corp?" she said to the fourth of the conspirators, to which Corp replied, with his old sublime confidence, "He'll find a way."

And at first it really seemed as if Tommy had found a way. They did not go to the den, four in a line or two abreast, nothing so common as that. In the wild spirits that mastered him he seemed to be the boy incarnate, and it was always said of Tommy by those who knew him best that if he leapt back into boyhood they had to jump with him. Those who knew him best were with him now. He took command of them in the old way. He whispered, as if Black Cathro were still on the prowl for him. Corp of Corp had to steal upon the den by way of the Silent

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Pool, Grizel by the Queen's Bower, Elspeth up the burn side, Captain Stroke down the Reekie Brothpot. Grizel's arms rocked with delight in the dark, and she was on her way to the Cuttle Well, the trysting-place, before she came to and saw with consternation that Tommy had been ordering her about.

She was quite a sedate young lady by the time she joined them at the well, and Tommy was the first to feel the change. "Don't you think this is all rather silly," she said, when he addressed her as the Lady Griselda, and it broke the spell. Two girls shot up into women, a beard grew on Tommy's chin, and Corp became a father. Grizel had blown Tommy's pretty project to dust just when he was most gleeful over it, yet instead of bearing resentment he pretended not even to know that she was the culprit.

"Corp," he said, ruefully, "the game is up!" And "Listen," he said, when they had sat down, crushed, by the old Cuttle Well, "do you hear anything?"

It was a very still evening. "I hear nocht," said Corp, "but the trickle o' the burn. What did you hear?"

"I thought I heard a baby cry," replied Tommy, with a groan, "I think it was your baby, Corp. Did you hear it, Grizel?"

She understood, and nodded.

"And you, Elspeth?"

"Yes."

"My bairn!" cried the astounded Corp.

"Yours," said Tommy, reproachfully, "and he has done for us. Ladies and gentlemen, the game is up."

Yes, the game was up, and she was glad, Grizel said to herself, as they made their melancholy pilgrimage of what had once been an enchanted land. But she felt that Tommy had been very forbearing to her, and that she did not deserve it. Undoubtedly he had ordered her about, but in so doing had he not been making half-pathetic sport of his old self, and was it with him that she was annoyed for ordering, or with herself for obeying? And why should she not obey when it was all a jest? It was as if she still had some lingering fear of Tommy. Oh, she was ashamed of herself. She must say something nice to him at once. About what? About his book, of course. How base of her not to have done so already, but how good of him to have overlooked her silence on that great topic.

It was not ignorance of its contents that had kept her silent; to confess the horrid truth, Grizel had read the book suspiciously, looking as through a microscope for something wrong, hoping not to find it, but looking minutely. The book, she knew, was beautiful, but it was the writer of the book she was peering for; the Tommy she had known so well, what had he grown into? In her heart she had exulted from the first, in his success, and she should have been still more glad (should she not?) to learn that his subject was woman, but no, that had irritated her, what was perhaps even worse, she had been still more irritated on hearing that the work was rich in sublime thoughts. As a boy, he had maddened her most in his grandest moments. I can think of no other excuse for her.

She would not accept it as an excuse for herself now. What she saw with scorn was that she was always suspecting the worst of Tommy. Very probably there was not a thought in the book that had been put in with his old complacent waggle of the head. "Oh, am I not a wonder!" he used to cry when he did anything big, but that was no reason why she should suspect him of being conceited still. Very probably he really and truly felt what he wrote, felt it not only at the time, but also next morning. In his boyhood, Mr. Cathro had christened him Sentimental Tommy, but he was a man now, and surely the sentimentalities in which he had dressed himself were flung aside forever like old suits of clothes. So Grizel decided eagerly, and she was on the point of telling him how proud she was of his book, when Tommy, who had thus far behaved so well, of a sudden went to pieces.

He and Grizel were together, Elspeth was a little in front of them, walking with a gentleman who still wondered what they meant by saving that they had heard his baby cry. "For he's no here," Corp had said earnestly to them all, "though I'm awid for the time to come when I'll be able to bring him to the den and let him see the Jacobites' lair."

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There was nothing startling in this remark, so far as Grizel could discover, but she saw that it had an immediate and incomprehensible effect on Tommy. First, he blundered in his talk as if he was thinking deeply of something else, then his face shone as it had been wont to light up in his boyhood when he was suddenly enraptured with himself, and lastly down his cheek and into his beard there stole a tear of agony. Obviously, Tommy was in deep woe for somebody or something.

It was a chance for a true lady to show that womanly sympathy of which such exquisite things are said in the first work of T. Sandys, but it merely infuriated Grizel, who knew that Tommy did not feel nearly so deeply as she this return to the den, and therefore what was he in such distress about? It was silly sentiment of some sort, she was sure of that. In the old days she would have asked him imperiously to tell her what was the matter with him, but she must not do that now, she dare not even rock her indignant arms, she could walk silently only by his side, longing fervently to shake him.

He had quite forgotten her presence; indeed, she was not really there, for a number of years had passed and he was Corp Shiach walking the den alone. Tomorrow he was to bring his boy to show him the old lair and other fondly remembered spots, to-night he must revisit them alone. So he set out blithely, but to his bewilderment he could not find the lair. It had not been a tiny hollow where muddy water gathered, he remembered an impregnable fortress full of men whose armor rattled as they came and went, so this could not be the lair. He had taken the wrong way to it, for the way was across a lagoon, up a deep-flowing river, then by horse till the rocky ledge terrified all four-footed things; no, up a grassy slope had never been the way. He came night after night trying different ways, but he could not find the golden ladder, though all the time he knew that the lair lay somewhere over there. When he stood still and listened he could hear the friends of his youth at play, and they seemed to be calling, "Are you coming, Corp? why does not Corp come back?" but he could never see them, and when he pressed forward their voices died away. Then at last he said, sadly to his boy, "I shall never be able to show you the lair, for I cannot find the way to it," and the boy was touched, and he said, "Take my hand, father, and I will lead you to the lair; I found the way long ago for myself."

It took Tommy about two seconds to see all this, and perhaps another half minute was spent in sad but satisfactory contemplation of it. Then he felt that for the best effect Corp's home life was too comfortable, so Gavinia ran away with a soldier. He was now so sorry for Corp that the tears rolled down. But at the same moment he saw how the effect could be still further heightened by doing away with his friend's rude state of health, and he immediately jammed him between the buffers of two railway carriages and gave him a wooden leg. It was at this point that a lady who had kept her arms still too long rocked them frantically, then said, with cutting satire, "Are you not feeling well, or have you hurt yourself? You seem to be very lame," and Tommy woke with a start to see that he was hobbling as if one of his legs were timber to the knee.

"It is nothing," he said, modestly, "something Corp said set me thinking. That is all."

He had told the truth, and if what he imagined was twenty times more real to him than what was really there, how could Tommy help it? Indignant Grizel, however, who kept such a grip of facts, would make no such excuse for him.

"Elspeth!" she called.

"There is no need to tell her," said Tommy, but Grizel was obdurate.

"Come here, Elspeth," she cried, vindictively, "something Corp said a moment ago has made your brother lame."

Tommy was lame, that was all Elspeth and Corp heard or could think of as they ran back to him. When did it happen? Was he in great pain? Had he fallen? Oh, why had he not told Elspeth at once?

"It is nothing," Tommy insisted, a little fiercely.

"He says so," Grizel explained, "not to alarm us. But he is suffering horribly. Just before I called to you his face was all drawn up in pain."

This made the sufferer wince. "That was another twinge," she said, promptly. "What is to be done, Elspeth?"

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"I think I could carry him," suggested Corp with a forward movement that made Tommy stamp his foot, the wooden one.

"I am all right," he told them, testily, and looking uneasily at Grizel.

"How brave of you to say so," said she.

"It is just like him," Elspeth said, pleased with Grizel's remark.

"I am sure it is," Grizel said, so graciously.

It was very naughty of her. Had she given him a chance he would have explained that it was all a mistake of Grizel's. That had been his intention, but now a devil entered into Tommy and spoke for him.

"I must have slipped and sprained my ankle," he said. "It is slightly painful, but I shall be able to walk home all right, Corp, if you let me use you as a staff."

I think he was a little surprised to hear himself saying this, but as soon as it was said he liked it. He was Captain Stroke playing in the den again after all, and playing as well as ever. Nothing being so real to Tommy as pretence, I daresay he even began to feel his ankle hurting him. "Gently," he begged of Corp, with a gallant smile and clenching his teeth so that the pain should not make him cry out before the ladies. Thus with his lieutenant's help did Stroke manage to reach Aaron's house, making light of his mishap, assuring them cheerily that he should be all right to-morrow and carefully avoiding Grizel's eye, though he wanted very much to know what she thought of him (and of herself) now.

There were moments when she did not know what to think, and that always distressed Grizel, though it was a state of mind with which Tommy could keep on very friendly terms. The truth seemed too monstrous for belief. Was it possible she had misjudged him? Perhaps he really had sprained his ankle. But he had made no pretence of that at first, and besides, yes, she could not be mistaken, it was the other leg.

She soon let him see what she was thinking. "I am afraid it is too serious a case for me," she said, in answer to a suggestion from Corp, who had a profound faith in her medical skill, "but if you like—" she was addressing Tommy now—"I shall call at Dr. Gemmell's on my way home, and ask him to come to you."

"There is no necessity, a night's rest is all I need," he answered, hastily.

"Well, you know best," she said, and there was a look on her face which Thomas Sandys could endure from no woman.

"On second thoughts," he said, "I think it would be advisable to have a doctor. Thank you very much, Grizel. Corp, can you help me to lift my foot on to that chair. Softly—ah!—ugh!"

His eyes did not fall before hers. "And would you mind asking him to come at once, Grizel?" he said, sweetly.

She went straight to the doctor.

(To be continued.)

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THE SOCIAL LIFE OF HAVANA

By T. Bentley Mott, U.S.A.

Late Adjutant-General, Department of Havana

I SHALL always remember my introduction to Havana society for the novelty of its impressions.

It was late in November, 1898; Havana and its suburbs were literally thronged with Spanish soldiers concentrated there awaiting the sailing of transports for Spain. In the capacity of adjutant-general I had accompanied General Greene in his formal visits of courtesy to General Blanco, General Castellanos and other Spanish officials, but I had never been in a private house, Cuban or Spanish, and it was not until afterward that I realized how vague had been my ideas as to what constituted a Cuban, a Cuban gentleman and, above all, a Cuban gentlewoman. My education began very unexpectedly one Sunday afternoon. On that day General Mario Menocal had taken General Greene out to inspect the camps of his Cuban soldiers. What we saw in those thirty-five miles of hard riding is too much of a story to be related here, but about half-past one o'clock we suddenly found ourselves drawing rein before our host's head-quarters at the Playa de Marianao. We were hot, hungry, and dirty from the long ride, but General Menocal's hospitality soon restored the inner man, though it could not freshen the outer.

We had been told that a charity entertainment for Cuban hospitals was to be given that afternoon at the old Yacht Club-house next door, and during our breakfast several messengers came to inform the General that the affair was about to begin.

That a khaki uniform stained with travel, a battered campaign hat and dusty boots hardly constituted the costume in which an American officer should present himself for the first time before "the best society of Havana," did not occur to me because I did not quite realize what "the best" in Havana was, and had I known, I should have been slow to comprehend that it had come in the dust and heat all the way from Havana to this insurgent stronghold for the purpose of showing its patriotic sentiments. Like many others before and since, I had supposed involuntarily that "the best," socially speaking, would, in Havana, be Spanish. I am glad I was mistaken, for in being convinced of my error I had many a pleasant afternoon, such as this one proved.

The large hall which we entered was filled to its utmost capacity with well-dressed men and women. I was prepared to see, if not mere peasants, at least a very ordinary class of people—people you would naturally think of as the mothers and sisters and brothers of the Cuban soldiers whose camps we had just visited. I was mistaken. The men and women were the same sort which New York or London or Paris would turn out on a similar occasion.

The women were dressed not only with much taste and appropriateness, but with an elegance, a chic which one would expect on the banks of the Seine, but which, in this tumble-down Cuban village, scarred with the marks of war, was strange to contemplate. I had just come from Paris and my standard in these matters was high. I confess to the prevalence of rice-powder in noticeable quantities, but in that hot and moist climate (especially when nature has made most Cuban hair very straight) what is a poor girl to do against the ravages of perspiration?

"The fascination of dark-eyed señoritas" is a term we are so fond of that it seems a pity to detract from its authority, but I noticed in that room many eyes which were blue and many heads which were blond—blond, too, by the grace of God and not through the operation of the bottle. Of course, the majority of Cubans are dark, but to be fair is not unusual, and among women it is considered a mark of beauty and of race.

The note of black in the women's costumes at once struck the eye, for white or gay colors are the favorite ones with Cubans. I was afterward told that nearly

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A Street in the Old Part of the Town.

every woman in that company had lost some relative in the preceding years of war.

Naturally, among the men there were many Cuban officers, dressed in their well-made uniforms of brown linen or dark blue cloth, with the inevitable machete strapped at the side; these men were not only noticeable for their courteous manners, but bore an unmistakable air of education and good breeding. I had seen very few Cuban officers before and I was agreeably surprised.

Seats had been kept for us near the platform, but as there was not space for all, some of us stopped in the middle of the room, where our American uniform—then scarcely known in Havana—made us the recipients of every amiable courtesy, and soon we were talking right and

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A Typical Home of the Wealthy Cuban.

left to the people about us. We excused our travel-stained appearance on the score of service, but in my heart I was ashamed of having so underestimated the dignity of the company.

These same men and women I afterward frequently met in Havana during the gaieties which followed the Evacuation of January 1st, and I often told them, to their amusement, how I had gone to Marianao expecting to see a country picnic and had found myself at a court ball—for ball it was in the end. The singing, piano-playing, and reciting being over, the chairs were pushed back, the old people went with them (as usual) to the wall, and dancing began and was still continuing with furious zest when I mounted my horse to return to Havana.

From that time until January my work was so heavy that I did not have many opportunities for continuing the acquaintances I had made on this Sunday afternoon at the Playa de Marianao, but later I saw much of representative Cuban families in their homes and at the many balls and festivities which made this winter unusually gay.

Early in 1898, and even before, the emigration of well-to-do Cubans had begun and continued until the blockade shut off all escape. Known sympathy with the insurgent cause and its attendant persecutions, belief in impending war with America, or, on the part of the very wealthy, a desire to leave a city which had become like a tomb, with no amusements, no pleasures, and few comforts, had prompted all who could afford it to go to Europe or the United States. In the win-

The Loggia Surrounding the Courtyard in a Private House.

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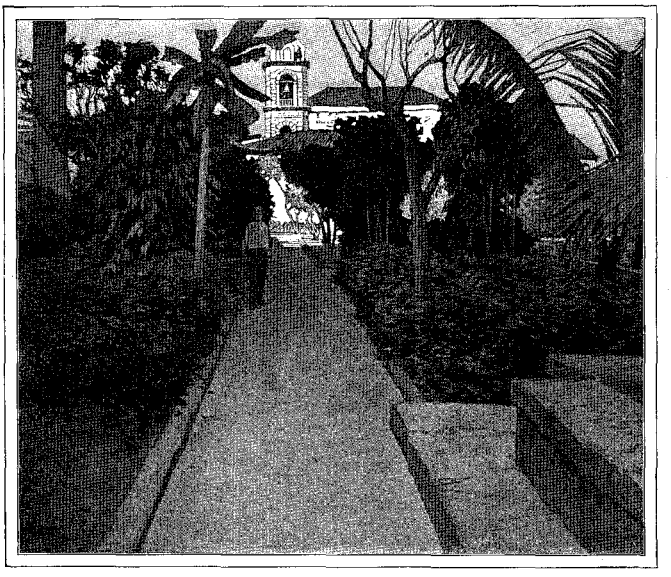
ter (of 1898–99) all of these people returned; returned full of delighted enthusiasm at the idea of their island being free from the tyranny of Spain and of being themselves at liberty to talk to the top of their bent upon any subject whatever. Whether or not this liberty was abused is not for me to say; that it was *used* to the limit of human endurance was evident to the most casual observer.

These returned exiles usually drew the American officers about them through their knowledge of English and French, though most Cubans of the upper classes have acquired one or both of these languages at home or abroad. Such as can afford it almost invariably send their children to the United States for their last years of schooling, but Paris still holds the first place in their affections, whether for amusement or education.



The Garden of General Ludlow's House in Tacon Street.

A Cuban speaks English usually with a slight, and not unpleasant accent, for our language offers few of the difficulties to Spanish-speaking people that it does to most European races; and while I cannot claim to be a competent judge, their French seemed astonishingly pure. The result is that with a knowledge of English and French a stranger can go among the upper classes in Havana without being subject to the terrible ordeal of trying to carry on a conversation in a language of which he probably knows only a dozen words.

Where his women folk are concerned the Cuban seems to share the ideas of both the Turk and Frenchman, and from the American standpoint the married women and young girls alike have a very poor time indeed. If the women are attractive, their lords enjoy having them seen and admired, but only in their presence. I do not know what their attitude is to the unattractive ones, as the true history and fate of the undesired woman seems to have been left unrecorded in Cuba, as in every other country. Most Cubans will not permit their wives to dance with other men or to receive their visits alone. In fact, if the head of the house is absent, his wife is forbidden by custom from going to the theatre, to a ball, or even to a dinner-party at the house of an intimate friend. I remember hearing one of the most charming and accomplished women in Havana, a Mrs. A——, relate to a little circle of excited friends a genuine adventure which she had had that day when at the railroad station seeing her husband off on a journey. An American whom they both knew quite well was at the train, and in bidding the husband good-by courteously remarked that he would see Mrs. A—— safely home. Mr. A—— was dum-founded, but the train was starting and he had to content himself with voluble injunctions to his wife in Spanish.

Now the latter did not half mind the idea of a little unusual excitement, such as a walk through the streets of Havana accompanied by a man, especially as her husband had heard the entire affair, and could not hold her responsible.

"So imagine me then, my dear," concluded Mrs. A—— to her eager audience, "walking down the Prado at that

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Example of a Formal Drawing-room.

time of day alone with Mr. X——. You should have seen the women! Some stared and bowed, and some stared without bowing; but the men were the ones who showed the most exquisite delicacy; several in meeting us recognized the horror of my position and at once became absorbed in something across the street, so that I might be permitted to imagine that they did not see me. Was not that the perfection of breeding? Nevertheless, I fear that to-morrow my reputation will be as sadly in need of repair as the Prado itself has been for some time." During this gay winter, and especially during Lent, there were many masked balls given not only among the lower classes, with whom this form of amusement is always popular, but in the houses of the best families. Indeed, during carnival time (which that year in Havana seemed to extend throughout Lent) it was not unusual to see masks at any ordinary party. No doubt a great deal of fun is had thereby among intimates, and the women enjoy the little bit of freedom which the mask permits them.

An American officer told me that at one of these balls, given at the Sport Club, he was standing in a group when a pink mask called out, in passing: "What are you doing there, my handsome officer, that you do not dance." He, of course, left his party, joined her and answered her badinage with more. She had a charming figure and voice, and was very gay and bright in her talk, but the pink silk mask prevented more than a guess at the beauty of her face.

She danced divinely, and he spent much of the evening unrestrained in her company, but she coyly met and refused every entreaty to raise her mask, or give her name, or let him come to see her. Before the evening was over he found out from a Cuban friend who she was, and later met her at many houses of their acquaintance and was at last presented to her. He could hardly believe that it was the same girl; he tried to resume the old tone of flirtatious conversation so gayly commenced at the ball, but she seemed hopelessly unconscious of its relevance or meaning. The moon peeping over the roof into the leafy shades of the *patio;* the soft tropical night, the half-hidden bench under the palms, would have stirred the vague

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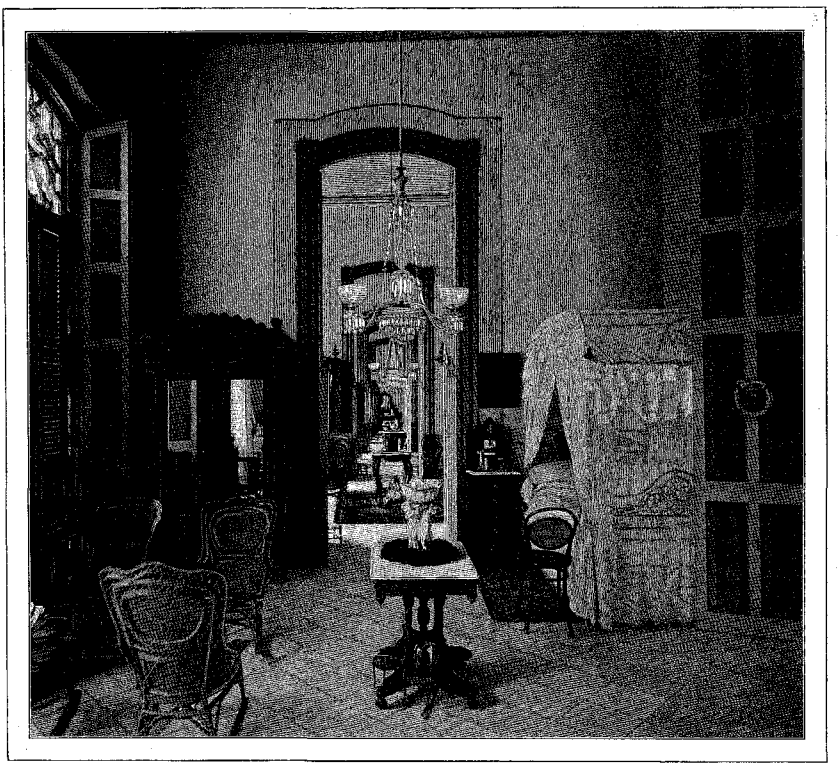
imaginings of most Amerian girls and tempted them beyond the ball-room. To the pretty Cuban, lately so coquettish and so brave under her mask, such an excursion seemed like a leap from a tower, and her thoughts apparently had never led her upon such forbidden ground.

I believe that this young girl is typical of the higher class of her race. Certain it is that Cuban women are devoted wives and mothers, faithful to the severe ideals imposed by custom and unmurmuring in their obedience to domestic duties. Whether they enjoy this rôle is another question.

As in all Latin countries, Sunday in Havana is a day of amusement as well as of rest. Most of the balls, whether of a public nature or in private houses, are given Sunday evening, and foreigners seem generally to adapt themselves to this custom. One's entrance into a private house upon the occasion of any function is, if a stranger, somewhat embarrassing. The houses are all built around a square paved court generally filled with tropical plants. In the old walled town the dwelling apartments are usually on the second floor, while the first is used for business purposes, but in the fashionable suburbs the houses are for the most part of one story. The whole of the side facing the street constitutes the drawing-room, the other three sides of the building being devoted respectively to bed-rooms, servants' quarters, and dining-room and kitchen. You cross the wide porch with its flagstone pavement, which invariably runs the length of the house, ring the bell and when the door is opened find yourself abruptly entering the drawing-room. There is no hall or vestibule of any kind, and the problem of what to do with hat, coat, or umbrella immediately demands solution. The members of the family are usually seated with great formality in a double row of chairs arranged facing each other and perpendicular to the wall. The guest speaks to each in succession, and may then be asked to take one of the seats or is allowed to find his amusement elsewhere. It all seems very stiff and trying at first,



Bedrooms Opening on Each Other and the Court.

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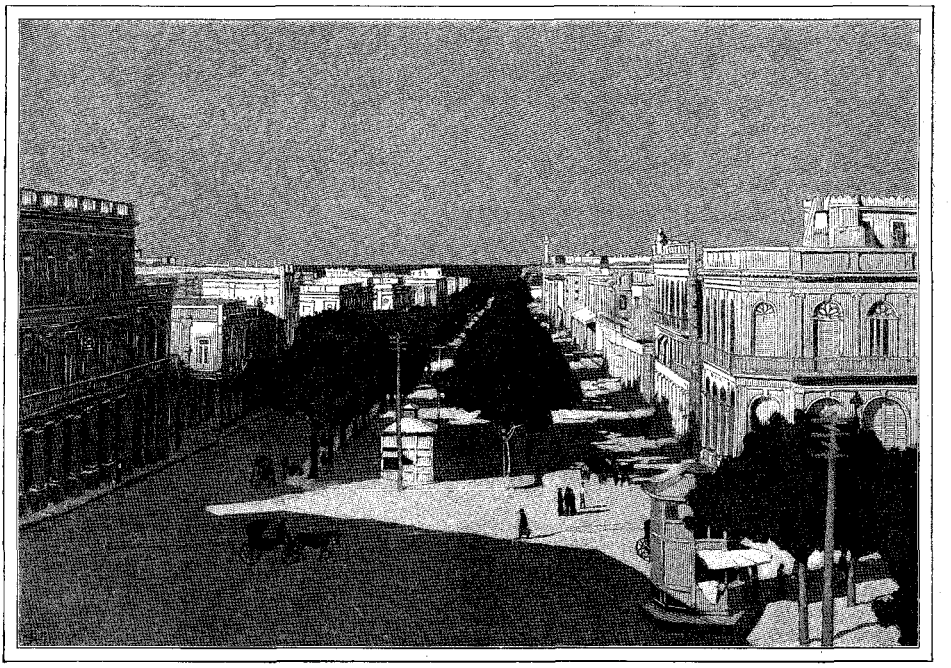

The Prado—The Champs Elysées of Havana.

but the Cubans are really the most cordial and hospitable people in the world, and in the class of which I am speaking they have that perfect directness and simplicity which is the attribute of all old and well-settled conditions of society, where every man's place has been fixed for generations and the social "striver" is practically unknown.

The walls and wood-work in all of these houses is white, the ceilings enormously high, and such a thing as a curtain, rug, or hanging almost unknown; nothing is done to prevent a free access of air, but, alas! in letting the air in, the dust and noise cannot be kept out, and, as the houses are built immediately on the narrow cobble-paved streets, they are both wellnigh unbearable. This nuisance can better be understood when it is realized that the streets are only, as a rule, fifteen feet wide from curb to curb, and the sidewalk averages two feet, and is often narrower. When we first arrived in Havana these narrow pavements were made nearly impassable in the busy quarter by beggars stretched along or across them; not lazy beggars, but oftentimes, dying ones. Frequently a woman in the final stages of slow starvation would sit with outstretched hand while her child or husband lay with his head on her lap—perhaps too ill or too despairing to do more than thus display his wretchedness. Many with dreadful diseases or deformities exhibited their infirmities in hope of charity, and one had to choose between stepping over them or taking to the middle of the street.

There is scarcely such a thing as a wooden floor in Havana, all being of earth, flags, tiling, or marble. The white marble floors and stairs in the better houses are beautifully made and kept exquisitely clean. It may hardly be believed how good these floors are to dance on, but when specially prepared, they are as smooth as could be desired.

While speaking of dancing, I must not forget the famous "danzon," the national dance of the Cubans. It is a species of very slow round dance with something of the mechanism of our two-step, but a couple will dance it for any length of time in the space of a square yard, and the steps are not six inches in length. The music for it has no regularly marked time, but is a sort of barbaric rhythm, accentuated by the wild notes of the cornet and drum, which inevitably recall the sounds we heard on the Midway at the World's

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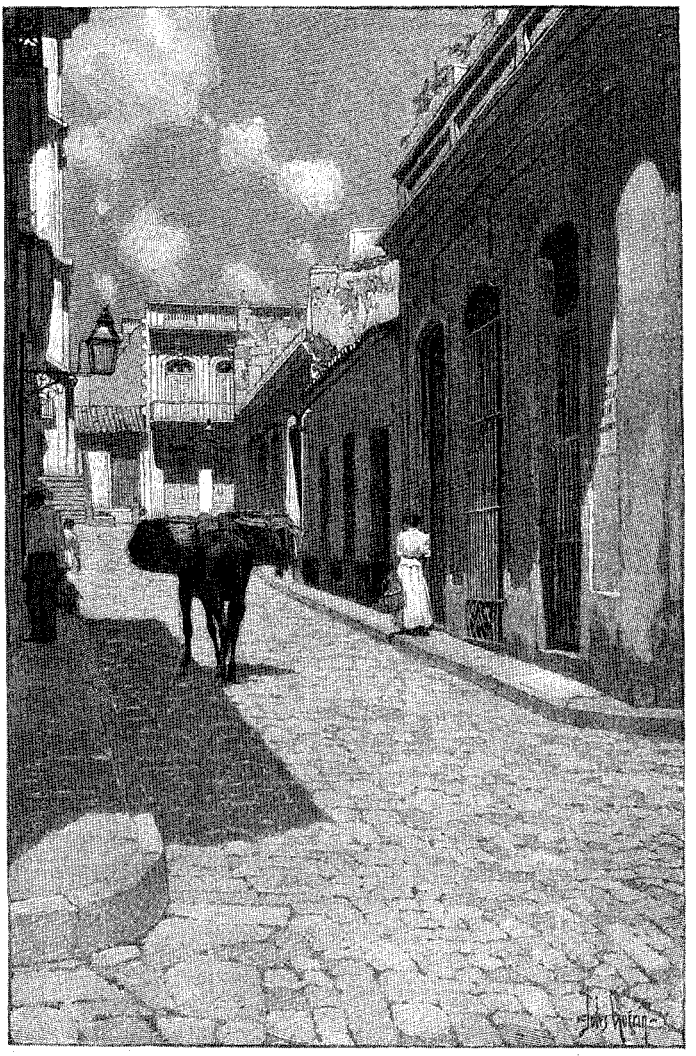
Fair. Almost nothing else is danced among the lower classes, and they seem passionately fond of this amusement. There are public balls every night, many of which are given in theatres after the performance is over, and which last until early morning, much to the disturbance of one's domestic affairs, for the servants invariably go.

As rendered by these people the "danzon" is exceedingly vulgar, and if tried in a dance hall in New York the police would probably not be needed to put the couple out. It was never popular among the upper classes until the war brought everything distinctly Cuban into prominence, and so in the last two years Havana society has learned the "danzon," just as New York society has lately learned (at least the chorus of) the "Star-Spangled Banner."

As done by well-bred Cubans this dance is graceful, wholly modest, and entirely suited to their tropical climate. The favorite dances, however, among the higher classes continue to be the waltz and two-step, which they dance exactly as we do, and quite as well.

Madrid is the place, if I remember the song, "Where softly sighs of love the



The Market-man and his "Cart."

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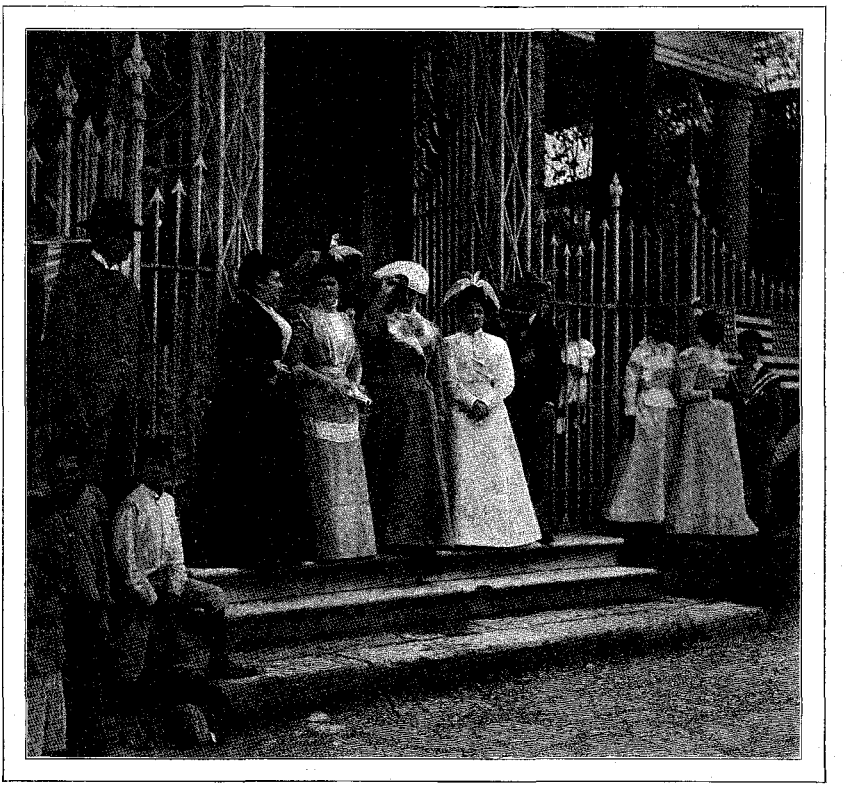
Light Guitar"; but I had always supposed that this romantic instrument was no less a favorite in Cuba. It shows how little we really knew of our fair neighbor about whom we have done so much talking and writing in these last years; for, as far as I could learn, the guitar in Cuba is a myth. Certainly I never heard or saw one in Havana. But the Cubans are fond of music, and most of the women and many of the men play the piano, some of them with marked talent. I do not believe, however, that from the German or French standpoint they would be called a musical people. The native music is crude or at best simple and melodious, and there are few composers who have more than a local reputation.



A Group of Cuban Ladies Watching Troops Go By.

It is impossible to put the words "music" and "Havana" together without thinking of Mr. Cervantes, who, as an author and something of a public character, may be mentioned here by name without any offence. To listen to him play is only half the pleasure which knowing this modest genius brings to his friends. He writes music for patriotic occasions, conducts orchestras for charity performances, and at many a gathering of young people will play good music for them by the hour and then glide suddenly from a Chopin impromptu into some stirring waltz or two-step, or dash off some crashing improvisation for the "danzon." Cubans seem to have a genius for getting wonderful effects in dance music from the piano, and that, too, from instruments which often bear the ear-marks of war and pestilence. Where two or three are gathered together someone is sure to find his way to the piano-stool, and such accented time, such inspiring, full-blooded music is rarely made by any dance orchestra as will be brought forth from that fever-stricken old box which has probably lost a note through the ague or a whole octave in battle.

When Romeo and Juliet is given on the stage, as a sop to our northern incredulity

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Juliet is made out sixteen years old, though her nurse swears that "Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen." It seems to require ocular proof to make us believe that a girl of fourteen or fifteen can look like a well-grown young woman and a fit subject for matrimony; but in Havana, while they do not often marry so young, there are many girls of fifteen, fourteen—even thirteen—years, that a man will meet in society and not imagine to be younger than our *débutantes* of nineteen. One naturally asks what becomes of their education? but girls do not "come out" there with a sudden burst as they do in New York, and then and thereafter never "go in"; a Cuban girl's education—consisting for the most part of languages, accomplishments, and needlework—continues at home, even though she is allowed to go to the social functions of grown-up people. Here naturally her age is known and she is at first not taken very gravely by the men; but to the stranger she seems in manners and appearance simply a young girl, but in no way a mere child. Imagine with us a girl of fourteen seriously accepted in society!

Americans generally have the idea that in the old days the most brilliant social element in Havana were the Spanish officials and their suites. I wish they could see the horrible little outhouse in which six staff officers and their families were supposed to live at the summer palace! It would serve to accentuate their mistake.

As a matter of fact, the social circle of Havana has always been made up of Cubans; Cubans with Spanish titles (just as Canadians have English ones), and Cubans without titles; rich Cubans and poor ones, but always and preëminently, if not exclusively, Cubans. From the Captain-General down, Spaniards were strangers and foreigners, who might or might not be admitted to these sacred precincts according to no law whatever.

Our President and his cabinet are often strangers in Washington; they have, of course, a circle of their own, but it is conceivable that any or all of these families might not be accepted in what is called Washington society. Just so in Havana. The Spanish official class had naturally a circle of its own, but especially of late years it was no great factor in the social life of the city, and Cubans will now tell you with great pride that not in twenty years has the Captain-General so much as got his nose into Havana society.

I touch with fear and trembling the delicate subject of the beauty of the women. Undoubtedly some are beautiful by the highest standard, but naturally these are few. Pretty young girls are constantly seen, and they have a dainty freshness about them in their thin cool-looking gowns which is most attractive. I believe the upper classes in Havana are the cleanest people in the world. Their specialty is bathing. They look it, and their linen bears, in that hot climate, indisputable evidence of it. The specialty, on the other hand, of the lower classes, is filth, and their preëminence in this line of endeavor can be disputed by no people on the globe.

There is no way of taking exercise in Havana that is tempting to a woman, or, under their customs, possible. There is scarcely a sidewalk wide enough for two people to go abreast, and there are only a few roads which lead to the country, and these are through interminable suburbs, usually dirty and equally devoid of pavements. But if the women are fat the men are no less lean, and a plump male Cuban would seem almost a temptation to cannibalism. As they eat the same things and lead the same kind of life it is no case of Jack Spratt, and I leave to others the explanation of this phenomenon.

It is to be said, however, that one form of self-indulgence which is always attributed to Cubans, and especially to Cuban women, does not exist. The siesta, no less than the guitar is, as far as I could learn, a myth, and, as a matter of fact, the hours of the early afternoon supposed by us to be sacred to this sacrifice are precisely the ones a Cuban lady sets apart for visiting her friends. These visits are made about two o'clock, and while men sometimes go at this hour to houses in which they are intimate, their calls are usually expected in the evening.

In one thing the Cubans are profoundly disappointing; I had imagined that their horsemanship was something like that of the *vaqueros* of Mexico, but nothing more different could be conceived. The fact is, it requires about the same effort to man-

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age one of their little pacing ponies as to keep a rocking-chair going. The animal seems to have only one gait, is always docile and willing, and never gets notions into his head as our horses are prone to do. The result is that the generality of Cubans have no opportunity to learn what we call horsemanship, and are not horsemen. But as a means of transporting a man quietly and quickly from one place to another, over bad roads or no roads, on a boiling hot day, the Cuban pony has his equal nowhere under the sun. If the mount is a sorry-looking affair to begin with, the things which they put on him, including his rider, are not calculated to improve the general effect. The saddle is a monstrous affair shaped exactly alike as to pommel and cantle, so that except for the pistol holsters which invariably adorn the forward end, one might really not know which went to the withers and which to the tail. And alas for that poor tail! It is generally plaited into a long queue and extended in length by means of bright-colored strings (exactly like a Chinaman's pig-tail) until it is nearly long enough to reach the back of the saddle, where the end is tied to a ring provided for the purpose, thus bending into an excruciating curve the poor animal's much abused appendage.

Our Cuban does not wear boots or leggings or straps to his trousers, except in the military service (where, indeed, the officers frequently turn out very well), but rides with trousers flapping and stirrups so long that with the toes pointed well downward he can just reach them. I am sure that on any ordinary American horse, whether with his own or any other saddle, he would soon come to an ignominious end.

From November until April the climate of Havana is, to those who enjoy mild weather, as perfect as anything imaginable. It has even the charm of variety, for a norther comes about once every two weeks and blows with gradually diminishing intensity for three or four days, generally bringing with it some rain and always cooler weather. These days are simply delightful for horseback excursions around the suburbs: to Marianao, with its bathing beach; to Guanabacoa; to the quaint hamlet at Cojimar and its queer old fort; to Calabazar, with its many bridges; to dozens of other places near by. Once beyond the excruciating cobble-stones of the suburbs, made so slippery by unshod mule hoofs, the road becomes a winding ribbon of gleaming white in a rolling bed of emerald; majestic royal palms wave their branches overhead; the glistening white earth of last year's breastworks and trenches crowns nearly every adjacent hill, and it is seldom that a fence interferes with a gallop across the firm turf of the deserted fields if one wants to get a nearer look at these hospitable preparations which our Spanish friends made in anticipation of our arrival last summer. I do not vouch for the condition of the roads in the interior of the island, but those that lead from Havana are well made and perfectly kept; such roads as one sees generally in France and almost never in the United States.

Since my return from Cuba no day has gone by that has not brought some fresh indication of the hopeless jumble of ideas which prevails in the mind of the average American concerning the Cuban, his everyday family life and his social environment. We complain of Frenchmen thinking that Rio de Janeiro is only a few hours from New York, and of Englishmen believing that wild Indians still infest the forests of Westchester; but are we more enlightened concerning a people for whom we have just fought a war and who live sixteen hours from Florida? The insurgents as a fighting body have been fully described and illustrated; the political, commercial, and financial conditions of the island have all been threshed out in our newspapers and magazines; but clearly as we recognize that family life and the home are the beginning and the end of all our Christian civilization, our people have acquired only the most vague and incorrect conceptions of the Cuban social fabric.

A comparison of the conditions in the island with those existing in our Southern States to-day would help to bring out the more salient features, for the two regions have much in common. In both the first significant fact is the presence of a large negro population from which come the domestic servants and the laborers for the plantations. These plantations are almost exclusively owned by white persons who

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sometimes live for part of the year on their estates, but who, as a rule, reside in the towns, and principally in Havana. These planters, with the merchants, bankers, and professional men, constitute the upper, the wealthy, the educated, the well-born, class, call it whichever you will, just as they do in our Southern community, and they and their ancestors have constituted this class for even a longer time than in the South, for the country was settled earlier and conditions became fixed more quickly.

When a Southerner speaks of the "Southern people" it is just this class that he means, with the addition (not to his mind of equal importance) of the whites of inferior wealth and station. When a Cuban speaks of the Cuban people, he means the same thing; and how Americans have gotten the idea that the dominant Cuban race is a mixture of negroes, Indians, and Spaniards, or that their white descent from good Spanish blood is any less certain than ours from good English blood, is a question I often ask and never get answered. The relation which the negro population bears to the white population is very nearly the same in Cuba as in America, though it is probable that the number of property-owning negroes is greater proportionately in Cuba. It is also true that more than half of the revolutionary army consisted of negroes, and this fact may be of much importance in the future politics of the island.

But in Cuba, as with us, the colored man is the laborer and the white man is the employer, and the fact that a great many white men are no better off than the negroes does not alter this relation in Cuba any more than it does in America.

I have been told by those who ought to know that most of the money in Havana to-day is owned by Spaniards. The cause of this, considering the state of the island for the last few years, is too evident to need much comment. People who owned large estates have been reduced to the possession of land that brings them nothing, for the insurgent and Spanish troops alike burned everything on the plantations; on the other hand, those who had their money invested in Havana did not lose so much, and some of them gained great profits during the war. Spaniards largely constituted this class, as they did the shop-keeping class. It is true that not only industrially but socially the low-class Cuban or Spaniard associates on terms of evident equality with the negro, a thing which is never seen in our Southern States; but as soon as you get above the lowest stratum the white man's attitude toward the black is precisely that of the individual Southerner toward the individual negro—the kindly feeling of an intelligent man for a simple, ignorant, good-natured human being.

Fortunately, no reasons exist for a strong race feeling in Cuba, as in our South; the negro has not been the cause of war, or suffering, or loss, or humiliation to the white people of the country; they have never, on his account, been made to pass through the bitterness of a reconstruction period, and above all he has never been a political factor in the land. If he is to be given the right to vote, Cuba may have hereafter a knot to untie no less difficult than the one which the sword of our country has so recently cut. Meanwhile, she is to-day the white man's country; and who would wilfully change this destiny?

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THE MASTER OF EDGEWOOD

[DONALD G. MITCHELL]

By Arthur Reed Kimball

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

READERS of the latest volume of Donald G. Mitchell's "American Lands and Letters" may have noted the allusions to Yale, curiously frequent if one is on the watch for them. Sometimes they are quite unexpected, as in the case of George Ripley's desire to be sent there instead of to Harvard (in which he was overruled), or in the case of Oliver Wendell Holmes's father, a Connecticut clergyman and Yale graduate. The unexpectedness of these allusions testifies to the place his university and home city fill in Mr. Mitchell's loyal thought, a place always uppermost, perhaps unconsciously, as he sketches the development of American letters. One may instance the sketch of Horace Bushnell, which gives to Yale, Dr. Bushnell's college, conspicuous prominence as compared with Hartford, the city of his residence. Justified as this is by the special theological purpose of Mr. Mitchell's plan of treatment, it is nevertheless an illustration in point. It also calls attention to a curious fact, familiar enough to residents of Connecticut, that of the State's rival cities it is Hartford, not New Haven (as one might perhaps suppose), which has—or better had—a "literary corner." That is the corner where within a neighborly stone's throw of each other stand the homes of Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, and the late Harriet Beecher Stowe. New Haven, on the other hand, has but its single literary shrine to offer to the visiting stranger, the beautiful spot west of the town known to generations of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's readers as "Edgewood."

The comparison with Hartford suggests another, one involving a rather unaccountable difference, the query why is it that New Haven, unlike Cambridge, has always made so poor a show as a "literary centre." From its beginning men of place in the world of letters have been students at Yale and have been numbered among its graduates, a fact to which Mr. Mitchell has given new attestation. Jonathan Edwards, looking back, one may almost say, to pre-historic days, is to be accounted a writer of mark as well as a great metaphysician. And there were J. Fenimore Cooper, and the "school" of young patriot poets of Revolutionary days—Trumbull, Dwight, Humphreys, and Barlow; and N. P. Willis, and James Gates Percival, the poet-scientist; and, in our own time, Donald G. Mitchell, Theodore Winthrop, and Edmund C. Stedman—to instance conspicuous names here and there. But almost all drifted away out of association with New Haven, and the few others who drifted back or in seemed in a way out of touch with a perhaps too academic environment, one characterized rather by zeal for the severities of learning than by love of the elegancies and genialities of letters. In the case of Percival, the fault, perhaps, is not to be charged to New Haven's inhospitality to letters and art. Consistently stern recluse that he was, even a visit from Longfellow, as the poet loved to tell, could only draw from him a couple of stools, planted with soldier-like precision in front of the one window, and the challenging-concessional remark: "Now you can talk." But the tradition of isolation seems to hold even to this day. When, almost recently, William James Linton, the engraver, passed away, it surprised the academic set to learn by his death that he had been a New Haven resident for a quarter of a century—one of not a few fresh illustrations, were they permitted. To Mr. Mitchell, unaffrighted by academic frowns, the presence of his own college in New Haven, uncompromising as it was, was an added attraction for a home. As he tells us in "My Farm," writing of the day when after vain search he chanced to find Edgewood: "The college still seemed dreaming out its classic beatitudes, and the staring rectangularity of its enclosures

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and buildings and paths seemed to me only a proper expression of its old geometric and educational traditions."

Thus Edgewood began under the shadow of Yale, if shadows reach so far afield, to grow itself with the years to embody fidelity to an ideal in a way perhaps unmatched by any other home in America. The three devotions which, in the '50's, Mr. Mitchell brought into the modest farm-house he chose on the western outskirts of New Haven, the charm of landscape effects, the fruitfulness of farming, and the love of art and letters, have there abided until the house itself has become representative of the life lived in unbroken faithfulness to them. There that farm-house and its successor have stood, out of "the glare of another man's architectural taste," imposed by "conventional laws of building established by custom and by limitations of space," in the city or town. There they have borne constant witness for more than forty years to "those simple, honest adornments which ought to refine the country liver," and have offered constant protest to "that nervous unrest by which God has peopled the West and California." Enriched by a continuity of association always consistent with itself, Edgewood has come to have a meaning quite different from that of some beautiful country house of perfect taste, which reads its lesson to all passers-by or neighboring builders — although Edgewood has that, too, as its maker intended. It stands for something more than a mere chance grouping of homes in which friendly authors live, as in the case of Hartford's "literary corner." For Edgewood has a personality, tangible and actual, to be realized by even children of thirty years ago—as the writer himself can testify—to whom a promise of visiting Edgewood and rambling over the stretches of lawn and woodland meant something very different from a visit to a "nice" house in "lovely" grounds. It was with just a little bit of feeling of awe that one small boy caught his first glimpses of Edgewood, as of a place beautiful, as of course it should be, yet after all "country-like" —somewhat to his surprise, as he had not known exactly what to expect—but of a place mysterious, as linked directly, he could not exactly make out how, with the writing of those books which brought fame to New Haven and to all who dwelt within its vicinage. Yale College itself was not, to the child, so impressive by half. That was only a bigger school, something that on the mystery side failed in its appeal to the childish imagination. With "grown-up" people, Edgewood came with passing years to make a like appeal, so representative was it of Mr. Mitchell himself. While never in the ordinary sense a "show place," it has been —and is—a place often visited and greatly admired, its visitors carrying away impressions more or less vague on the literary side, and more or less defined on the practical side, but both none the less educative for the mingling. Mr. Mitchell recognized in quiet, natural fashion the "mission" of Edgewood, as he testified by the notice for years at the gate that the grounds were open to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays. This was in the days when a road led back along the ridge behind the house. To-day the road is a track of memory. But on pleasant Sundays many still come out by the trolley-cars that drop one at the foot of the Edgewood ascent, to wander at will over the acres and acres of woodland that stretch for miles back of it.

The visitor to Edgewood to-day, who carries with him recollections of the charming description of discovery chronicled in "My Farm," may be more or less surprised to find how literally true to the fact it all still is. On the left, as one looks out from the Edgewood piazza, looms that "great hulk of rock"—West Rock, with its historic "Judges' Cave," where the regicides were hidden after the second Charles recovered the Stuart throne. In front are "the spires of the city," but more of them, "two miles away as the bird flies," and a glimpse of the harbor—more difficult to catch now because trees have grown up, other people's trees, so that Mr. Mitchell cannot cut out a vista. Beyond harbor and town is "a purple, hazy range of hills." In the immediate foreground are the "little declivity" and "the wide plateau of level land"—now devoted to "crops." While at the back stretch those acres and acres of woods, part of them belonging to the estate and part to other proprietors, but all alike

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fortunately left almost primeval, a tract on the edge of which Mr. Mitchell built his home, thus giving it its name. "There it is, at the edge of the wood," said the friend, now ex-Governor Ingersoll of Connecticut, who drove Mr. Mitchell out to see the farm. The aptness of the phrase struck Mr. Mitchell, and he then and there determined that if he bought the farm "Edgewood" should be its name —"natural names" being, as he says, "far better than manufactured names." A popular name it has proved, as some twenty post-offices bear witness in the Postal Guide, and not a few fine country homes named for it or after it, most notable of all, perhaps, the "Edgewood" near Washington, once the home of Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury.

A hospitable home is the original Edgewood (unless, which is more or less disputed, there is another original Edgewood in England), behind a hemlock hedge, in front green with shrubs and bright with flowers. To the south, hidden from the road by hedge and trees, is a beautifully terraced lawn, the effect of vista accentuated by the disposition of shrubs and trees, a fine example of the art of landscape gardening. On the other side is the garden, the scene in years gone by of Mr. Mitchell's constant oversight and activity, with its pine hedges and rustic opening at the farther end into a field or pasture, offering here and there a noble tree after the manner that recalls England. The house itself, which stands back some little distance from the road, not close to it as did in New England fashion the original farmhouse it succeeded some fifteen years ago, is as far as possible from being pretentious, from being anything but what it is, a house to be lived in, a home. The first vine-covered story is taken largely from the old farm walls, the doors and windows being edged with brick—a color scheme of green, gray, and a dash of red. The upper story is of wood, ending in a steep-pitched roof and dormer windows. As Mr. Mitchell's readers will recall, this use of old walls is simply carrying out the idea which led him, when he first settled at Edgewood, to build his farmer's home of stone from the place, combining picturesqueness, utility, and that closeness of association with the things one has at hand, which he insisted upon as a part of the true gospel of country living. The little farmer's house still stands just out of sight of the Edgewood house, behind a turn on the road's other side. It lacks perhaps the trimness that once marked it before the farm lands were rented, but it is still suggestive of the attractive cottage the tourist abroad never fails to admire, an object-lesson of possibilities but rarely availed of here at home. Building with field-stone is now a commonplace, if not a fad, of country home-making. By some it is supposed to have a Ruskin origin, indirect, at least. But for over forty years the little farmer's house at Edgewood has borne witness to an embodied thought that has only of late found popular recognition.

To pass the threshold of Edgewood is to feel the charm of Mr. Mitchell's equal devotion to nature, art, and letters. The spoils of some ramble in the woods is oftenest the first greeting to the eye as one enters the fine hall. It ends at the entrance to the long dining-room, where are hung many interesting family portraits, not the least interesting being that of Mr. Mitchell's grandfather, Stephen M. Mitchell, the first Chief Justice of Connecticut. The painter was Morse, the electrician, who was counted a good artist—though it brought him but a narrow income—before he gave up painting for work on the invention which made him famous. Near it is a miniature of another portrait by Morse, that of Mrs. Mitchell's grandmother. Mrs. Mitchell was Miss Mary F. Pringle, of Charleston, S. C., and the chance proximity of the two pictures is curious evidence of Morse's wide vogue as a painter. Opposite the dining-room, separated by a hall at right angles to the first, is Mr. Mitchell's library, a spacious room with a fine outlook toward New Haven. Its fireplace is generous, as would be expected from the author of the "Reveries," and its blazing fire really "roars" whenever the weather permits, as a dangerously smoking chimney has more than once testified. Close to the fireplace is the table at which Mr. Mitchell writes, covered with the attractive litter that denotes the work-

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shop, while the chairs are of the comfortable sort that denote the living-room. From among those many books that line the library walls Mr. Mitchell will be almost sure to point the visitor first to some six or eight copies of "Reveries of a Bachelor," each an issue of rival or "pirated" editions, if that phrase strictly applies after the expiration of the copyright. It has been Mr. Mitchell's unusual experience—paralleled notably in the case of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—to live to see his earlier books still in demand after the expiration of the forty-two years' period of copyright, his publishers being thus forced to issue a cheap edition to hold the field against competing publishers. Another unusual feature of the library is the beautiful colored map of the Edgewood estate and the great tract of woodland back of it. With such painstaking accuracy is the work done that the farmers of the neighborhood come in to consult it when they wish to assure themselves of exact rights in wood-cutting. Indeed, map-making is one of Mr. Mitchell's best-loved diversions, one that he has always indulged. In the Civil War he mapped out for himself certain army movements; during a daughter's visit to Egypt he mapped out the Nile country; and for his latest edition of "American Lands and Letters" he mapped out the country around Concord, following a visit there. To some trophy of practical skill, such as these maps, or a picture-frame of natural barks, chosen with perfect knowledge of their lasting qualities, he is far more apt to "point with pride" than to his literary treasures—for example, his letters from Washington Irving, with whom he was on terms of warm friendship. Always ready to talk with the same kindly, charming humor all his readers know so well, he refers only, after rather urgent pressing, to the literary celebrities with whom he has been associated on both sides of the water, from Dickens and Thackeray down, many of whom he has entertained at Edgewood. One interviewer, a friend, with whom he had consented to talk on things more or less personal, he greeted with: "Well, I am sorry to say I dread your call as much as I would that of a kindly disposed dentist."

The phrase expresses Mr. Mitchell's abhorrence of all the cheap advertising by which literary fame is exploited. It is the attitude of self-respect toward the calling of a man of letters not unlike that of Tennyson toward the office of the poet, one of never forgetting the reserve due the gentleman whatever the interest due the celebrity. And yet the casual Edgewood guest cannot escape the atmosphere of culture and letters, however the master may ignore it. In the double drawing-room, across the hall from the library, the first glance is naturally given to the beautiful things picked up by Mr. Mitchell in large part during his residence abroad; for, like so many other men of letters, from Irving and Hawthorne to Motley, Howells, and Lowell, he was for a time in the foreign service, having been consul at Venice soon after his marriage. But these, though more conspicuous, are not so interesting by half as the souvenirs of literary association; for example, a picture hanging in a modest corner, a trio of photographs framed together, in the centre one of a group of Charles Dickens's family on the steps of his home at Gadshill, and on either side views of his drawing-room and dining-room. Above the simple, homelike souvenir is an appropriate quotation and the novelist's well-known signature, with the invariable heavy lines beneath. After his last visit to America Mr. Dickens sent it back to one of Mr. Mitchell's daughters, much to her surprise and delight, a token that tells its own story of the genuineness of his welcome and of his own appreciation of it.

The life that fills Edgewood fits it. In the morning there may be work to do in the library; in the afternoon there is a long drive, from which Mr. Mitchell never returns satisfied unless he brings back some wild flower different from that of the day before; in the evening there is pleasant talk. It is the same life with nature and books — more perhaps with nature than with books, for there have been long intervals of full satisfaction in nature when almost nothing was produced—lived as it has been lived for more than forty years, amid home surroundings, the companionship of a few close friends, and the associations of congenial representatives of the near univer-

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sity life. It is to-day the same life in essentials, modified slightly in the time given to activities in the wood and field, in deference, one had almost said out of compliment, to advancing years, which are noted but hardly appreciated. It is the life, so rarely seen in this country, of the English country gentleman of the old school, but more symmetrical, more shapely, because it is rounded out with ideals of art and literature. One naturally thinks of such books as the "Reveries" and "Dream Life" as springing out of just this environment, of having been almost of necessity written at Edgewood. "I don't know just where I did write the 'Reveries' in my own bachelor days," laughingly expostulated Mr. Mitchell; "partly in New York and partly in Washington, I think." As a matter of fact the paper out of which "Reveries of a Bachelor" grew was first contributed to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Here it caught the eye of a wealthy gentleman living on an estate near Savannah, who amused himself in leisure hours with a private printing press. This gentleman issued, in 1850, the first edition of the "Reveries"—a copy of which is in Mr. Mitchell's library—thus inscribed: "This edition of twelve copies of the Bachelor's Reverie: by Ik: Marvel, hath been: by the Author's leave: printed privately for George Wymberly Jones." There is, in this incident, a suggestion of Mr. Mitchell's good fortune in beginning his literary career as a man of the world, in touch with the best there was in life on both sides of the ocean. For he is as fond of the sea as the woods. He has crossed the Atlantic in a sailing ship when it meant (one time) a voyage of sixty days. He knows his England as thoroughly as his New England, and in the same way, by tramping over it on foot. The choice of the Edgewood life was the deliberate choice of one who had known society and metropolitan life here and abroad.

The question whether the withdrawn life would be the better choice to-day for the young man who purposes to devote himself to letters is not one on which Mr. Mitchell himself would care to give advice. It is so largely a question of personal aptitudes, the choice in Mr. Mitchell's case so ideally fitting his aptitudes, to say nothing of the change in conditions since he made his choice. It needs but to instance the immense development of higher journalism in the conduct of reviews and magazines of many kinds to indicate a single important phase of this change. To all this development Mr. Mitchell's attitude is one of alert interest, quite in contrast with the tolerant indifference one might perhaps look for in a representative of the older school. It illustrates the catholicity of sympathy which is far oftener his mood than criticism, illustrated as well even in his critical books. In Mr. Mitchell's work still lives that noble tradition of the older literature which sees in the world the things that give charm, which lingers on the pleasant outlooks and puts them in the foreground, which turns to the reader life's sunshine instead of life's shadows, which brightens even "Wet Days at Edgewood." This is not so much a question of standards—no writer could be more exacting in treatment and style than Mr. Mitchell—as it is a question of temperament and point of view. Thus it comes about that when one starts to question him of the past, at least on the comparative or critical side, the questioner finds himself the questioned. Mr. Mitchell is an adept in the Socratic art of answering questions by questions. The genuineness of his interest in even the minor happenings that concern the new generation of literary workers leads him from the past to the present, perhaps not unconsciously, but certainly without more than a half-purposed intention. The same mail may bring him, a recent occurrence, appreciative letters from Dr. Furness, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who has "arrived," in the French sense, so youthfully and recently, and both be received apparently with a like pleasure at the recognition. It is this side of Mr. Mitchell's literary character, its wide sympathy and freedom from personal assumption, that draws to him responsive warmth from younger men. It is another phase of that interest in persons which adds so much color of reminiscence to books like his "American Lands and Letters." In another way it finds expression in his interest in genealogy, as when he chances to identify a caller with some one of the forgotten worthies of his ancestry.

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"Here and there a noble tree."—Page 186.

If this association be also one of place, there is almost surely at hand one of those beautiful little maps of which mention has been made. And the map gives the caller a new insight into what such exact knowledge of persons and places may mean in combination.

It is this catholicity of Mr. Mitchell, the genuineness of his interest in persons and places, which has enabled him to live over the past with unique vividness. He has rescued from dry-as-dust studies those fugitive bits of scholastic research which make the ancients "human" and put us almost on pleasantly familiar terms with them. It is not simply a book like "Wet Days at Edgewood," which marshals its array of "old farmers" and "old gardeners" from (one had almost said) prehistoric times, and adds a new charm to old English names and familiarities, that tells the story of the library at Edgewood, of the favorite books there read and studied. Again and again one unexpectedly encounters like evidence of the way the by-paths of the classics and history have been searched for their human interest. To him they have yielded their true lore, their bearing on the life he himself has chosen, their adaptation to a time so different from their own. By that "semi-mythical person, the general reader"—as the late Grant Allen used humorously to call him—this laborious, if pleasurable, side of the Edgewood life, with its anticipation of what modern methods are doing to-day for the study of classics and history, has been, one suspects, but half-appreciated. Indeed, the exceptional vogue of the "Reveries" and "Dream-Life" may have helped partially to obscure it. To recall and emphasize it by a single quotation seems a part of the story of Edgewood—a quotation from one of the "Wayside Hints" in "Rural Studies":

"I would say to anyone who is thoroughly in earnest about a country home—make it yourself. Xenophon, who lived

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in a time when Greeks were Greeks, advised people in search of a country place to buy of a slatternly and careless farmer, since in that event they might be sure of seeing the worst, and of making their labor and care work the largest results. Cato, on the other hand, who represented an effeminate and scheming race, advised the purchase of a country home from a good farmer and judicious house-builder, so that the buyer might be sure of nice culture and equipments — possibly at a bargain. It illustrates, I think, rather finely an essential difference of the two races and ages :—the Greek earnest to make his own brain tell, and the Latin eager to make as much as he could out of the brains of other people. I must say I like the Greek view best."

The appeal of the Edgewood life to the dwellers in the university town of its choice, and to the thousands of Yalensians who have been there transient dwellers, is not one to be put into words. It is the appeal of an influence, felt because it is there and not because it is purposely exerted—an influence felt all the more because it exists quite apart from the ordinary academic routine, while harmonizing with, and completing, the academic ideal. The outward and visible signs of its appreciation have been many but not obtrusive. Among them are the constant visits to Edgewood by succeeding generations of collegians for rambles over its grounds and chance glimpses of its master ; the interested glances that followed Mr. Mitchell on the campus when he paid, as was his custom in years gone by, frequent visits to the University library ; the exceptional popularity of his books for student readers, evidenced by the frequency with which they have been drawn out of the University library and are to-day ; and the size and enthusiasm of the audiences, that have greeted him on the rare occasion of a public appearance. There has never been at Yale a Mitchell "cult" — the very character of his personality and work would make that an anomaly—but there has always been, and is, a marked devotion to him as the repre-

The Farm House—"It is still suggestive of the attractive cottage."—Page 186.

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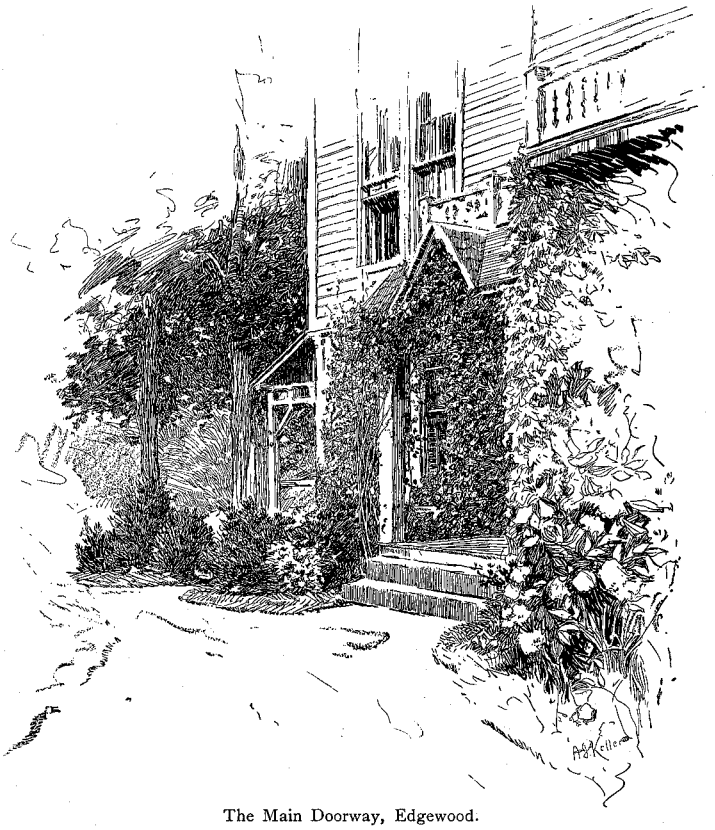
sentative man of letters, the distinguished *littérateur*, of New Haven, a devotion as spontaneous as it has been general. His fame has been cherished as the peculiar heritage of the college of which he was himself a son, emphasized by the fact that he proved his appreciation of Yale by his choice of a residence, and that for many years he has been directly associated with the university as one of the Council of the Art School, besides having served as a university lecturer on literature. To young men the appeal of achievement is far stronger than the appeal of recognized scholarship. It is not often the professor in his chair, the able critic of what others have done, to whom the admiration of students goes out. That is rather reserved for the man of letters who has done something himself, whose books are read in the world and there count as an influence, whose name is known to the general public and not simply to academic circles—for men, in short, who have produced work worth the criticism of the professors in the chairs. There lies the secret, if secret it be, of the place Mr. Mitchell has long held in the affectionate regard of many sojourners to whom personally he was a stranger, and from whom, in a sense, his life was withdrawn. If to this be added the charm of a beautiful home, expressing so well the life that fills it, and the charm of association that carries the thought back almost to the days of Washington Irving — whose literary successor Mr. Mitchell has been called—we have the completing touch of that life's unique influence. Yale's own recognition of Mr. Mitchell's achievements and life is to be found in the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him more than twenty years ago.

It was in perfect accord with the fitness of things that Mr. Mitchell's official connection with the university should have begun with the beginning of its Art School.



The Main Doorway, Edgewood.

There, if anywhere, the rigidity of the academic system, contact with which could hardly be avoided under the conditions of a close university connection, was most obviously felt. There it had to be firmly met by the right counter-influence, as, needless to say, has been the constant aim of Professor John F. Weir, its director. This will be the more appreciated when it is realized that the school exists not simply for the purpose of technical study, but for the broader purpose of contributing its part to the university scheme of general culture. In the choice of Mr. Mitchell as one of the four members of the advisory council of the

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Mr. Mitchell's Writing Table in his Library.—Page 186.

school, the selection was not simply that of a man of letters of artistic sympathies; for Mr. Mitchell holds a recognized place as an art authority, having served as one of the judges of industrial art at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and as Commissioner of the United States at the Paris Exposition of 1878. Indeed it would be hard for even a casual reader to imagine Mr. Mitchell as other than an artist, whatever his form of expression. It is its artistic feeling which gives character to his work in literature. His distinguishing note is grace, charm, felicity of phrase. It is his artistic quality, the perfection with which the lightest thought is caught and held, and the slightest turn made, that has appealed to readers of to-day as it appealed at the first. Thus the choice of Mr. Mitchell for the council proved doubly fortunate. This was evidenced later when he shared with the school and the university the fruits of his residence in Venice, of which, indeed, like many another, he had once cherished a purpose to write a history. To that end he had collected quite a nucleus of material, as his library testifies—a history, one may note in passing, that will not be written except after a residence in Venice of many long years, so great is the mass of original documents there demanding patient examination. The lecture, "Titian and His Times"—as it appears in "Bound Together"—was delivered in the attractive audience-room of the Art School. The lecturer, or reader, was seated, an added touch of informality that in manner and method fitted the man and the occasion. The success of the series of lectures on literature delivered later (in 1884) especially to the students of the college, must have been a peculiar gratification. The large attendance of young men up to the close testified to that lively appreciation of past authorship and present authority which counts for more with the advance of years. The same appre-

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ciation has greeted Mr. Mitchell, to turn from university to town, whenever he has appeared before any of the New Haven circles or clubs, the appreciation of the privilege of being among his listeners. But, as in the case of Edgewood, the side of letters is only one side of Mr. Mitchell's semi-public services. His taste in landscape gardening found a congenial opportunity, one worthy of it, when he was selected to supervise the laying out of the city park at East Rock. This was simply recognition of what New Haven and other places in Connecticut owed to his taste for the beauty of many of their private grounds. This, it goes without saying, is work in which he takes the liveliest interest, artistic and professional. The distinctness in detail and treatment with which he recalls, on occasion, features of towns to which he may have paid but a single visit, and that years ago, is unusual evidence of the tenacity of his memory. It is another form of that fondness for map-making which is the expression of his genius for close observation and accuracy.

The unobtrusive fruitfulness of a life such as Mr. Mitchell's at Edgewood emphasizes its uniqueness, not only in Edgewood as its embodiment of fidelity to an ideal, but in the situation of Edgewood on the border of a university town, a part of it but not identified with it, even locally—except perhaps as the name "Edgewood" has been appropriately given to the long avenue leading from the town to the place, out toward which the town has grown. Many men of letters, singly or in groups, have lived the withdrawn life of simple, natural surroundings, notably the Concord group. Others have "retired" after busy world lives, as Washington Irving did to "Sunnyside," or Horace Walpole to "Strawberry Hill." Indeed, had Walpole been more genuine, had his devotion to his house and grounds been less open to the suspicion of affectation (to which Mr. Mitchell himself has referred in characteristic fashion in "Wet Days"), a fair parallel might be drawn between Strawberry Hill and Edgewood. Others still, of whom Longfellow and Lowell at once suggest themselves, have lived in a university town, but officially, as members of the university faculty. Between them and Mr. Mitchell is the type represented in Colonel Higginson, of Cambridge, like Mr. Mitchell, a man of letters in close touch with the university, but unlike him, a man of assertive interest in all questions of his time, making his constant appeal as an advocate. Much as each and all of these, and many other types, mean and have meant to the world, there remains in the type of Edgewood a quiet, satisfying charm which is all its own.

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FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN

POET AND PSYCHOLOGIST

By James Huneker

MUSIC is an order of emotional mathematics. "The essence of music," wrote Edward Hanslick, "is sound and motion." He refuses to believe that it can represent emotion, though admitting its immediate appeal to the nerve-centres, and opposes the notion of content evolving a theory that makes of music a species of delicious arabesque, an aural mode of motion. Richard Wagner thinks music "expresses the eternal, the ideal." It begins where language ceases, it *presents*, not represents, and he cannot "grasp its spirit otherwise than in love." This is Schopenhauer's "second revelation of the nature of the world, its unspeakable tonal secret of existence."

A sounding mirror music addresses itself on the formal side to the intellect, in its content of expression to the emotions. Ribot, admirable psychologist, does not hesitate to proclaim music as the most emotional of the arts. "It acts like a burn, like heat, cold, or a caressing contact, and is the most dependent on physiological conditions." He cites Beauquier: "Musical vibration is only one particular mode of perceiving that universal vibration—that music of life which animates all beings and all bodies, from the highest to the lowest." And finally "while certain arts at once awaken ideas which give a determination to the feelings, music acts inversely. It creates dispositions depending on the organic state and on nervous activity, which we translate by the vague terms—joy, sadness, tenderness, serenity, tranquillity, uneasiness. On this canvas the intellect embroiders its designs at pleasure, varying according to individual peculiarities."

Music then, the vaguest of the arts in the matter of representing the concrete, is the swiftest, surest agent for attacking the sensibilities. The *cry* made manifest, as Wagner asserts, a cry that takes on fanciful shapes, each soul interpreting it in an individual fashion. Its essence is a musical idea and must be beautiful or it is not musical. Music and beauty are synonymous, just as are indivisible its form and substance, and it is the sole art in which spirit and matter are one.

Havelock Ellis is not the only æsthetician who sees the marriage of music and sex. "No other art tells us such old forgotten secrets about ourselves. . . . It is in the mightiest of all instincts, the primitive sex traditions of the race before man was, that music is rooted. . . . Beauty is the child of love." Dante Gabriel Rossetti has imprisoned in a sonnet the almost intangible feeling aroused by music, of having pursued in the immemorial past the "route of evanescence."

Is it this sky's vast
  vault or ocean's
  sound,
That is Life's self
  and draws my life from me,
And by instinct ineffable decree
Holds my breath
Quailing on the bitter bound?
Nay, is it Life or Death, thus thunder-crown'd,
That 'mid the tide of all emergency
Now notes my separate wave, and to what
  sea
Its difficult eddies labor in the ground?
Oh! what is this that knows the road
  I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to
  flame,
The lifted, shifted steeps and all the way?
That draws around me at last this wind-
  warm space,
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay?

This "azure psychology" gives music its power; it steers straight for the soul through the cortical cells. During the last half of the nineteenth century two men were rulers of musical emotion, Richard Wagner and Frédéric François Chopin. The music of the latter is the most ravishing gesture that art has yet made.

Wagner and Chopin, Chopin and

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Wagner, the macrocosm and the microcosm. "Wagner has made the largest impersonal synthesis attainable of the personal influences that thrill our lives," cries Havelock Ellis; Chopin, a young man slight of frame, furiously playing out upon the keyboard his soul, the soul of his nation, the soul of his time, is the most individual composer that ever set humming the looms of our dreams. Wagner and Chopin have a motor element in their music that is fiercer, intenser, and more fugacious than all other composers. For them is not the Buddhistic void, in which shapes slowly form and fade; their psychical *tempo* is devouring. They voiced their age, they moulded their age and we listen eagerly to them, to these vibrile prophetic voices, so sweetly corrosive, bardic, and appealing. Chopin being nearer the soil in the selection of forms his style and structure are more *naïve*, more original than Wagner's. His medium, less artificial, is easier filled than the vast empty frame of the theatre. Through their intensity of conception, of living, both men touch issues, though widely dissimilar in all else. Chopin has greater melodic and as great harmonic genius as Wagner; he made more themes, he is, as Rubinstein wrote, the last of the original composers, but his scope was not scenic, he preferred the stage of his soul to the windy spaces of the music-drama. His is the interior play, the representation of psychomachy, the eternal conflict between body and soul. He viewed music through his temperament, and it often becomes so imponderable, so bodiless as to suggest a fourth dimension in the art. Space seems obliterated. With Chopin one does not get, as from Beethoven, the sense of spiritual vastness, of the overarching sublime. There is the "pathos of spiritual distance" but it is pathos, not sublimity. "His soul was a star and dwelt apart" though not in the Miltonic or Wordsworthian sense. A Shelley-like tenuity at times wings his thought, and he is the creator of a new "thrill within the thrill." The charm of the "dying fall," the unspeakable cadence of regret for the love that is dead, is in his music. Like John Keats he sometimes sees

> Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Chopin, "subtle-souled psychologist," is more kin to Keats than Shelley, he is a greater artist than thinker. His philosophy is of the beautiful, as was Keats's, and while he lingers by the river's edge to catch the song of the reeds, his gaze is oftener fixed on the quiring planets. He is nature's most exquisite sounding-board, and vibrates to her with an intensity, color, and vivacity that have no parallel. Stained with melancholy his joy is never that of the strong man rejoicing in his muscles. Yet his very tenderness is tonic and his cry is ever restrained by an Attic sense of proportion. Like Alfred De Vigny, he dwelt in a "tour d'ivoire" that faced the west, and for him the sunrise was not, but O! the miraculous moons he discovered, the sunsets and cloud-shine! His notes cast great rich shadows, these symbols drenched in the dew of beauty. Pompeian colors are too restricted and flat; he divulges a world of half-tones, some "enfolding sunny spots of greenery," or singing, in silvery shade, the song of chromatic ecstasy, others "huge fragments, vaulted like rebounding hail" and black upon black. Chopin is the color genius of the piano, his eye was attuned to hues the most fragile and attenuated, and he can weave harmonies that are as ghostly as a lunar rainbow. And lunar-like in their libration are some of his melodies—glimpses, mysterious and vast, as of a strange world.

His utterances are always dynamic, and he emerges betimes, as if from Goya's tomb, and etches with sardonic finger *Nada* in its dust. But this spirit of denial is not an abiding mood; Chopin throws a net of tone over souls wearied with rancors and revolts, bridges "salty, estranged seas" of misery, and presently we are viewing a mirrored, a fabulous universe wherein Death is dead, and Love the Lord of all.

II

Heine said that "every epoch is a sphinx which plunges into the abyss as soon as its problem is solved." Born in the very upheaval of the Romantic revolution—a revolution evoked by the intensity of its emotion, rather than by the power of its ideas—Chopin was yet not altogether

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one of the insurgents of art. Just when his individual soul germinated who may tell? In his early music are discovered the roots and fibres of Hummel and Field. His growth, involuntary, inevitable, put forth strange sprouts, and he saw in the piano—an instrument of two dimensions—a third, and so his music deepened and took on stranger colors. The keyboard had never sung so before; he forged its formula. A new seal of melody and harmony was liberated and let fall upon it. Sounding scrolls, gorgeous in tint, martial, lyric, "a resonance of emerald," a sobbing of fountains—as that Chopin of the Gutter, Paul Verlaine, has it—the tear crystallized midway, an arrested pearl, are here and Europe felt a new shudder of sheer delight.

The literary quality is absent and so is the ethical—Chopin may prophesy, but he never flames into the divers tongues of the upper heaven. Compared with his passionate abandonment to the dance, Brahms is the Lao-tsze of music, the great baby born with gray hair and the slow smile of childhood. Chopin seldom smiles, and while some of his music is young, he does not raise in the mind pictures of the fatuous romance of youth. His passion is mature, self-sustained, and never at a loss for the *mot propre*. And with what marvellous vibration he gamuts the passions, festooning them with carnations and great white tuberoses, the dark dramatic motive never lost in the decorative wiles of this magician. As the man grew he laid aside his pretty garlands and his line became sterner, its traceries more gothic; he made Bach his chief god, and within the woven walls of his strange harmonies he sings the history of a soul, a soul convulsed by antique madness by the memory of awful things, a soul lured by Beauty to secret glades wherein sacrificial rites are performed to the solemn sounds of unearthly music. Like Maurice de Guerin, Chopin perpetually strove to decipher Beauty's enigma and passionately demanded of the sphinx that defies:

"Upon the shores of what oceans have they rolled the stone that hides them, O Macareus?"

His name was as the stroke of a bell for the Romancists, but he remained aloof, though in a sympathetic attitude. The classic is but the Romantic dead, said a shrewd critic. Chopin was a classic without knowing it; he did for the dances of his land what Bach compassed for the older dance forms. With Heine he led the spirit of revolt, but enclosed his note of agitation in a frame beautiful. The color, the "lithe perpetual escape" from the formal, deceived his critics, Schumann among the rest. Chopin, like Flaubert, was the last of the idealists, the first of the realists. The newness of his form, of Wagner's form, misled Hanslick, who accused the latter of the lack of it. Schumann's formlessness is fast drowning much of his music, and because of their formal genius Wagner and Chopin will live.

To Chopin might be addressed Sar Merodack Peladan's words:

"When your hand writes a perfect line the Cherubim descend to find pleasure therein as in a mirror." Chopin wrote many perfect lines; he is, above all, the faultless lyrist, the Swinburne, the master of fiery, many rhythms, the chanter of songs before sunrise, of the burden of the flesh, the sting of desire and large-moulded lays of passionate freedom. His is music, to quote Thoreau, that is "a proud sweet satire on the meanness of our life." He had no feeling for the epic, his genius was too concentrated, but he could be furiously dramatic and the sustained majesty of blank verse was denied him. With musical ideas he was ever gravid, though their intensity is parent to their brevity. And it must not be forgotten that with Chopin the form was conditioned by the musical idea. He took up the dancing patterns of Poland because they suited his vivid, inner life; he transformed them, idealized them, attaining to more prolonged phraseology and denser architecture in his Ballades and Scherzi, but the periods are ever passionate, not philosophical. All artists are androgynous; in Chopin the feminine often prevails, but it must be noted that the quality "feminine" is a distinguishing sign of masculine lyric genius. If he unbends, coquettes, and makes graceful confessions or whimpers in lyric loveliness at fate, then his mother's sex peeps out, a picture of the capricious, beautiful tyrannical Polish woman. When he stiffens his

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soul, when Russia gets into his nostrils, the smoke and flame of his Polonaises, the tantalizing despair of his Mazurkas, are testimony to the strong man-soul in rebellion. But it is often a psychical masquerade. The sag of melancholy is soon felt, and the old Chopin, the subjective Chopin, wails afresh, in melodic moodiness.

That he could attempt far flights one may see in his B flat minor Sonata, in his Scherzi, in several of the Ballades, above all in the F minor Fantaisie. In this great work the technical invention keeps pace with the inspiration. It coheres, there is not a flaw in the reverberating marble, not a rift in the idea. If Chopin, diseased to death's door, could erect such a Palace of Dreams, what might he not have dared if healthy? But forth from his misery came sweetness and strength, like honey from the lion. He grew amazingly the last ten years of his existence, grew with a promise that recalls Keats, Shelley, Mozart, Schubert and the rest of the early slaughtered angelic crew. His flame-like spirit waxed and waned in the gusty surprises of a disappointed life. To the earth for consolation he bent his ear and caught echoes of the cosmic comedy, the far-off laughter of the hills, the lament of the sea and the mutterings of its depths. These things, with tales of sombre clouds and shining skies and whisperings of strange creatures dancing timidly in pavonine twilights, he traced upon the ivory keys of his instrument and the world was richer for a poet. Chopin is not only the poet of the piano, he is the poet of music, the most poetic of composers. Compared with him Bach seems a maker of solid polyphonic prose, Beethoven a scooper of stars, a master of growling storms, Mozart a spinner of gay tapestries, Schumann a divine stammerer. Schubert of all the composers resembles him in his lyric prodigality. Both were masters of melody, but Chopin was the master-workman of the two and polished, after beating and bending his theme fresh from the fire of his forge. He knew that to complete his "wailing Iliads" the strong hand of the reviser was necessary, and he also realized that nothing is more difficult for the genius than to retain his gift. Of all natures the most prone to pessimism, procrastination and vanity the artist is apt to become *ennuied*. It is not easy to flame always at the focus, to burn fiercely with the central fire. Chopin knew this and cultivated his *ego*. He felt too that the love of beauty for beauty's sake was fascinating, but led to the way called madness. So he rooted his art, gave it the earth of his Poland, and its deliquescence is put off to the day when a new system of musical æstheticism has routed the old, when the Ugly shall be king and melody the handmaiden of science. But until that most grievous and undesired time he will catch the music of our souls and give it cry and flesh.

III

CHOPIN is the "open door" in music. Besides being a poet and giving vibratory expression to the concrete, he was something else—he was a pioneer. Pioneer because he had in youth bowed to the tyranny of the diatonic scale and savored the illicit joys of the chromatic. It is more briefly curious that Chopin is regarded purely as a poet among musicians and not as a practical musician. They will swear him a phenomenal virtuoso, but your musician, orchestral and theoretical, raises the eyebrow of the supercilious if Chopin is called creative. A cunning finger-smith, a moulder of decorative patterns, a master at making new figures, all this is granted, but speak of Chopin as path-breaker in the harmonic forest—that true "forest of numbers;" as the forger of a melodic metal, the sweetest, purest in temper, and lo! you are regarded as one mentally askew. Yet he is. Chopin invented many new harmonic devices, he untied the chord that was restrained within the octave, leading it into the dangerous but delectable land of extended harmonies. And how he chromaticized the prudish, rigid garden of German harmony, how he moistened it with flashing changeful waters until it grew bold and brilliant with promise! A French theorist, Albert Lavignac, calls Chopin a product of the German Romantic school. This is hitching the star to the wagon. Chopin influenced Schumann; it can be proved a hundred times, and Schumann understood Chopin, else he could not have written the "Chopin" of

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the Carneval which quite out-Chopins Chopin.

Chopin is the musical soul of Poland; he perhaps incarnates its political passion. First a Slav, by adoption a Parisian, he is the "open door" because he admitted into the West, Eastern musical ideas, Eastern tonalities, rhythms, in fine the Slavic, all that is objectionable, decadent, and dangerous. He inducted Europe into the mysteries and seductions of the Orient. His music lies wavering between East and West. A neurotic man, his tissues trembling, his sensibilities aflame, the offspring of a nation doomed to pain and partition, it was quite natural for him to go to France—Poland had ever been her historical client—the France that overheated all Europe. Chopin, born after two revolutions, the true child of insurrection, chose Paris for his second home. Revolt sat easily upon his inherited aristocratic instincts—no proletarian is quite so thorough a revolutionist as the born aristocrat, witness Nietzsche—and Chopin in the bloodless battle of the Romantics, in the silent warring of Slav against Teuton, Gaul, and Anglo-Saxon, was ever, is ever, the protagonist of the artistic drama.

All that followed, the breaking up of the old hard-and-fast boundaries on the musical map, is due to Chopin. A pioneer, he has been rewarded as such with a polite ignoring or bland condescension. He smashed the portals of the convention that forbade a man baring quite naked his soul to the multitude. The psychology of music, of Wagner, is the gainer thereby. Chopin, like Velasquez, could paint single figures perfectly; to great massed effects he was a stranger. Wagner did not fail to profit by these marvellously drawn soul-portraits. Chopin taught his century the pathos of patriotism and Grieg the value of national ore. He practically re-created the harmonic charts, he gave voice to the individual, himself a product of a nation dissolved by overwrought individualism. As Schumann assures us, his is "the proudest and most poetic spirit of his time;" Nietzsche, too, in whose veins runs Polish blood. Chopin, subdued by his familiar demon, was a true specimen of the *übermensch*," Nietzsche's "Overman"—which is but Emerson's "Oversoul" shorn of her wings. Chopin's transcendental scheme of technics is the image of a supernormal lift in composition. He sometimes robs music of its corporeal vesture and his transcendentalism lies not alone in his striving after strange tonalities and rhythms, but in seeking the emotionally recondite. Self-tormented, ever "a dweller on the threshold," he saw visions that outshone the glories of Hasheesh and his nerve-swept soul ground in its mills exceeding fine music. His vision is of beauty; he persistently groped at the hem of her robe, but never sought to transpose to tone the commonplace of life. For this he reproved Schubert. Such intensity could not be purchased but at the cost of breadth, of sanity, so his picture of life is not so high, wide, sublime, so awful as Beethoven's. Yet is it just as inevitable, sincere, and as tragically poignant.

Stanislaw Przybyszewski, in his "Zur Psychologie des Individuums," approaches the morbid Chopin—this Chopin who threw open to the world the East, who waved his chromatic wand to Liszt, Tschaikowsky, Saint-Saëns, Goldmark, Rubinstein, Richard Strauss, Dvorák and all Russia with its consonantal composers. The Polish psychologist—a fulgurant expounder of Nietzsche—finds in Chopin's make-up, faith, and mania—the true stigma of the mad individualist—the individual "who in the first instance is naught but an oxydation apparatus." Nietzsche and Chopin are the most outspoken individualities of the age—he forgets Wagner—Chopin himself the finest flowering of a morbid and rare culture. His music is a series of psychoses—he has the *Sehnsucht* of a marvellously constituted nature and the "shrill dissonance" of his nerves—as seen in the physiological and psychical outbursts of the B minor Scherzo, is the agony of a tortured soul. The piece is Chopin's Iliad; in it are the ghosts that lurk in the hidden alleys of the soul, but here come out to leer and exult.

Horla! the Horla of Guy de Maupassant, the sinister *Doppelgänger* of mankind, which races with him to the goal of eternity, perhaps to outstrip and master him in the next evolutionary cycle, master as does man, the brute creation. This Horla, according to Przybyszewski, mastered Chopin and became vocal in his

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music. This Horla has mastered Nietzsche, who, quite mad, gave the world that Bible of the *Uebermensch,* that dancing lyric prose-poem, "Also Sprach Zarasthustra."

This disciple of Nietzsche is, however, half right. Chopin's moods are often morbid, his music often pathological, but so is Beethoven morbid, only in his kingdom, so vast, so varied, the mood is lost or lightly felt, while in Chopin's province, it looms a maleficent upas-tree, with flowers of evil and its leaves glistering with sensuousness. So keen for symmetry, for all the term formal beauty implies, is Chopin, that seldom his morbidity maddens, his voluptuousness poisons. His music has its morasses, but also its uplands where the gale blows strong and true. Perhaps all art is, as the incorrigible Nordau declares, a slight deviation from the normal, though Ribot scoffs at the existence of any standard of normality. The butcher and the candlestick-maker have their Horla, their secret soul convulsions, which they set down to taxation, vapors, or the weather.

Chopin has surprised the malady of the century. He is its chief spokesman. After the vague, mad, noble dreams of Byron, Shelley, and Napoleon, the rebound bore a crop of disillusioned souls. Wagner, Nietzsche, and Chopin are the three prime ones. Wagner sought, in the epical rehabilitation of a vanished Valhalla, a surcease from the world-pain. He consciously selected his anodyne, and in "Die Meistersinger" touched a consoling earth. Chopin and Nietzsche could not. Temperamentally finer and more sensitive than Wagner — the one musically, the other intellectually — they sang themselves in music and philosophy, because they could not do otherwise. Their nerves rode them to death. Neither found the serenity and repose of Wagner, for neither was as sane, and both suffered mortally from hyperæsthesia, the penalty of all sick genius.

Chopin's music is the æsthetic symbol of a personality nurtured on patriotism, pride, and love; that it is better expressed by the piano is because of that instrument's idiosyncracies of evanescent tone, sensitive touch, and wide range in dynamics. It was Chopin's lyre, "the orchestra of his heart;" from it he extorted music the most intimate since Sappho. Among lyric moderns Heine more closely resembles the Pole. Both sang because they suffered, sang ineffable and ironic melodies. Both will endure because of their brave sincerity, their surpassing art. The musical, the psychical history of the nineteenth century would be incomplete without the name of Frédéric François Chopin. Wagner externalized its dramatic soul; in Chopin the mad lyricism of the *Zeitgeist* is made eloquent. Into his music modulated the spirit of his age; he is one of its heroes, a hero of whom Swinburne might have sung:

> O strong-winged soul with prophetic
> Lips hot with the blood-beats of song;
> With tremor of heart-strings magnetic,
> With thoughts as thunder in throng;
> With consonant ardor of chords
> That pierce men's souls as with swords
> And hale them hearing along.

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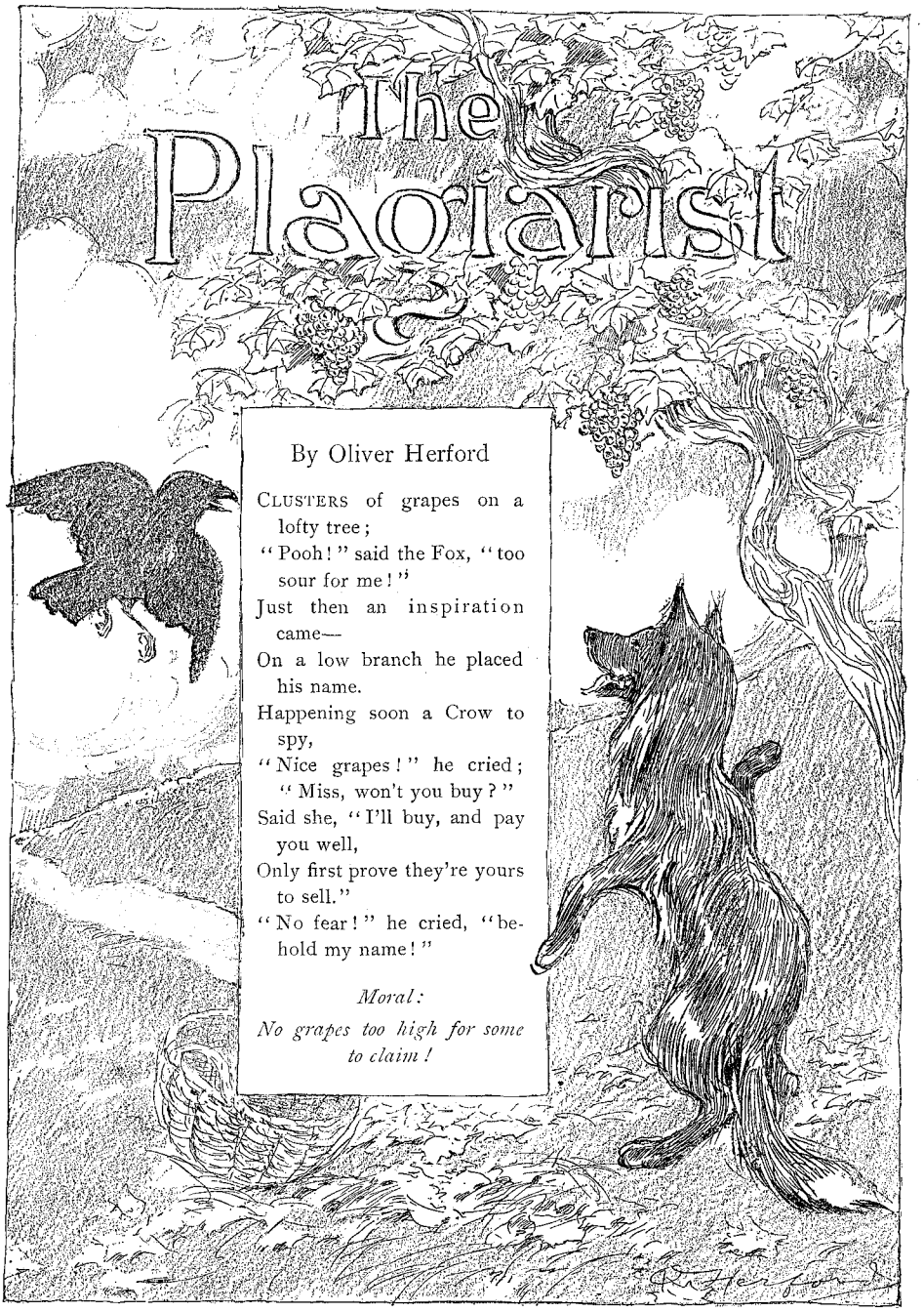

By Oliver Herford

CLUSTERS of grapes on a lofty tree;
"Pooh!" said the Fox, "too sour for me!"
Just then an inspiration came—
On a low branch he placed his name.
Happening soon a Crow to spy,
"Nice grapes!" he cried; "Miss, won't you buy?"
Said she, "I'll buy, and pay you well,
Only first prove they're yours to sell."
"No fear!" he cried, "behold my name!"

Moral:

No grapes too high for some to claim!

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THE FIRST STAGE OF THE BOER WAR

IN THE BRITISH CAMP AT ORANGE RIVER

By H. J. Whigham

ILLUSTRATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

WHEN President Krüger sent his famous ultimatum to Sir Alfred Milner on October 9, 1899, the military situation in South Africa from a British point of view was, to say the least of it, precarious. It is true that troops had for several months been quietly poured into Natal and Cape Colony; relieving batteries had gone out from home, while the relieved forces remained where they were; a whole brigade had sailed from India, and was in a process of disembarkation at Durban. But at the very best Sir George White was expected to hold Natal with about 16,000 men of all arms, while the enormous borderland of Cape Colony and the various garrison towns within it was under the protection of only 8,000 British troops. Sir George White had altogether six batteries of field artillery and one mountain battery, making a total of forty-two guns; in the Cape there were only eighteen guns exclusive of garrison artillery. The Natal force was well equipped with cavalry—the most useful arm of the service for Boer fighting—but in Cape Colony the Ninth Lancers constituted the only mounted troops on the border except the small bodies of Cape Mounted Police, scattered here and there about the country.

A Ninth Lancer.

Viewed from a distance this force seemed by no means inconsiderable, and was certainly deemed sufficient for defensive purposes by those sanguine members of the community who talked cheerfully of invading the Transvaal with 10,000 men—even Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who should have known better, told a member of Parliament that 15,000 men would finish the business. But in reality Krüger had chosen his time very wisely.

In the first place he had far more troops at his command than we in England had given him credit for. The military critics allowed him altogether about 35,000 men, including Free State Burghers and disloyal colonists. Of these 20,000 were expected to enter Natal and the rest were set apart for more or less defensive purposes, guarding the frontier and looking after the Basutos. Unfortunately, the Boers came out in far larger numbers. What they actually mustered when the war began, it is quite impossible to say at the present time of writing. But it is quite certain that Joubert had at least the expected 20,000 in Natal, while on the other side there were forces large enough to invest Mafeking and Kimberley with some 6,000 men, and also advance across the Orange River into Cape Colony, destroying miles of railway and annexing large districts to the Free State.

With 16,000 men it may be said that Sir George White should easily have stopped the invasion of 20,000 Boers. Yet with his whole force shut up in Ladysmith and General Joubert on the Tugela River, the Boers had at least an apparent advantage at the beginning.

This is how affairs stood when the

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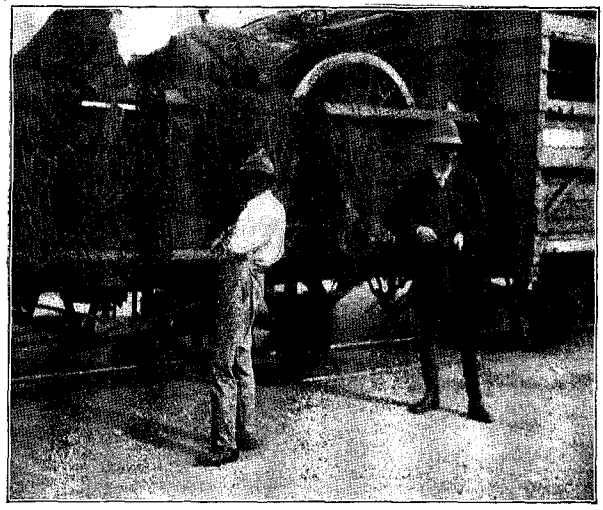

Our Baggage Car (Earl De La Warr in front).

South African Field Force landed at the Cape. With practically the whole Natal army locked up in Ladysmith the Boers had a somewhat merry time on the Cape Border. Twenty-five thousand men may seem a large army to defend the Queen's possessions in South Africa when the casual observer is using a small-scale map and regards Natal and Cape Colony as one and the same thing. In reality they are as distinct as France and Poland, and even if Sir George White had not been locked up by the Boers, he could in no way have reinforced the troops in the Cape.

There is no line of railway from Maritzburg to Cape Town, except by way of Johannesburg, which obviously was out of the question. In order to get from Durban in Natal to anywhere in Cape Colony you must embark at Durban and go by sea to East London or Port Elizabeth, and go by train from there to your destination. De Aar, for instance, is as far from Maritzburg as New York is from Havana, and by no means as easy of ac-

Cape Volunteers Getting Off Train at Laingsberg to Guard Railway Line.
(Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteers.)

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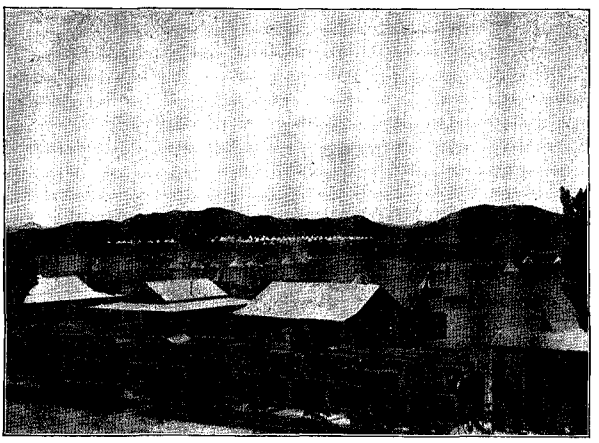
cess. In a word, as soon as President Krüger began his attack we were fighting two distinct campaigns, in both of which we were heavily outnumbered and were further handicapped by fighting in a country which was nominally our own, but whose partial hostility was only half concealed. The Cape Boers were only waiting for the cat to jump, and already might have risen if it were not for the difficulties in the way of concentration. The railways, their only means of rapid movement, were still in our hands and they lacked a leader. In the meantime, Krüger, with his ally, Steyn, held the inside position, and while absolutely safe from invasion himself, could use his whole available force to overrun British territory and work his sweet will upon the inhabitants. We were not even strong enough to seize the two railway bridges which cross the Orange River into the Free State, the main arteries by which the Boers were able afterward to pass to and fro between Cape Colony and their own country. We could not, moreover, play them at their own game and arm every burgher in the two colonies against them. For various reasons the British Government refused to call out the burghers and even used the ordinary colonial troops very sparingly until they found that irregular mounted infantry were practically indispensable.

Camp at Laingsberg.
(Volunteers are practising at range.)



Camp at De Aar under General Wauchope.
(Black Watch and Highland Light Infantry.)

At this point it is proper to ask why

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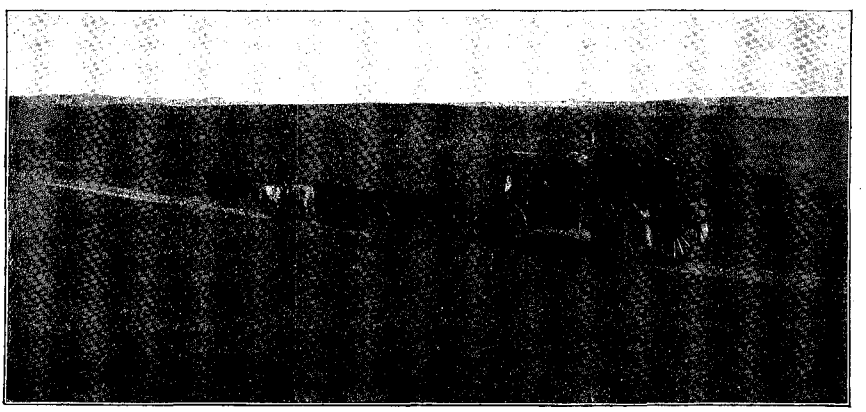

Donkey Wagon on the Karroo—Sixteen Donkeys.

Mr. Chamberlain or the government of which Mr. Chamberlain was in this matter the mouth-piece, allowed Mr. Krüger to take the initiative with so much in his favor. As soon as the slightest reverse comes in a war, the people are sure to blame the administration, and no sooner had General Yule retired from Dundee and the situation in Natal began to look critical than the voice of the croaker was heard in the land. The army corps ought to have been sent two months earlier; the Government had been criminally careless; the War Office had shown itself, as usual, inefficient; the whole military system was rotten; an army corps ought to be ready to take the sea at a moment's notice.

All these arguments were to be expected, and needless to say they were hopelessly beside the point. The English people have been accustomed for years to rather bloodless victories over savages; and they showed themselves on this occasion as impatient as the Americans last year, who were angry because an army corps could not be created, transported, and landed in Cuba twenty-four hours after the declaration of Cuban Independence. Lord Salisbury's government, throughout the protracted negotiations which have ended in this South African war, was in an extremely difficult predicament, from which there was no easy escape.

Supposing Chamberlain had forced matters to an issue three months sooner and put an army corps on the sea in July, Natal and the Cape would have been even worse off than they are now. Krüger would have invaded Natal as soon as the order was given to mobilize our army corps, and Joubert would not have found 16,000 men north of Maritzburg when he descended upon Dundee.

Indeed the Government did a clever piece of work in getting so many men into Natal as they actually did before hostilities began.

As I write it is less than six weeks since the fateful 9th of October. Yet in that time an army corps of 30,000 men has been organized with its attendant force of 5,500 cavalry, and troops for the line of communications to the extent of 10,000. A force, that is, say of some fifty-four thousand fighting men has been mobilized with every possible sort of provision for their comfort, has been put on the sea in thirty transports, and of that force a whole division is to-day, on the banks of the Orange River, ready to strike for Kimberley, having travelled 6,000 miles by sea and nearly six hundred miles by land, over a single line of railway through the parched and pathless Karroo.

I can put the feat in a stronger light yet. On the 21st of October I watched the Scots Guards march through the fog of a London morning to their transport on the Thames. A week later I left by the fastest mail steamer for the Cape, left Cape Town immediately on landing, travelled post-haste for Orange River, and found the Scots Guards, with seven thousand more troops, camped on the banks of the river under the burning sun of the Southern subtropical zone, with their tents

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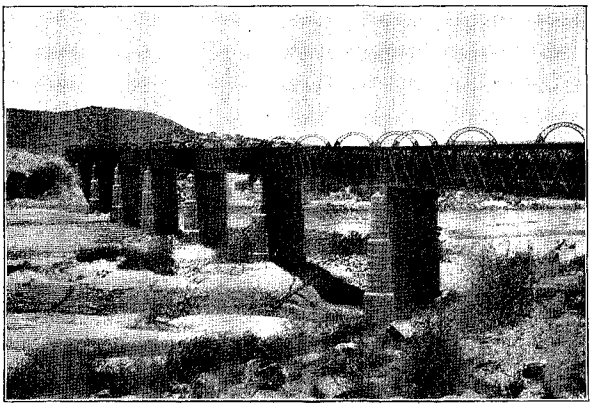

Orange River Bridge from the North.

Looking Along the Bridge, November 18, 1899.

and provisions and hospital supplies as complete as they could be at Chelsea or Hounslow.

When it is considered that this is by far the largest force that has ever crossed the sea since the days of Xerxes, and is besides the largest British force that has ever taken the field anywhere in the history of the nation, it must be admitted that the War Office and the whole system have covered themselves with glory at least up to the present time. For it is one thing to move troops by land and sea; it is quite another to move 50,000 men into what is practically a desert, and keep them perfectly supplied with food and the other necessaries of life. In this regard the Army Service Corps has done extraordinary work. Before a regiment of the army corps landed there was a million pounds' worth of supplies at De Aar, within sixty miles of the Orange River, and that in spite of the fact that two months ago the Army Service Corps was not even equipped with half its complement of horses.

The Naval Department has also done its share. Out of all the transports employed for this campaign and engaged at a moment's notice, two were notoriously rotten, and one broke down altogether. But against these mishaps must be placed the fine records made by nearly all the ships of the transport service, in spite of many days of heavy sea and head wind. The contract speed for the transports was an average of twelve knots an hour, a fair rate of speed for a journey of six thousand miles. Most of the ships so far have fulfilled the contract with something

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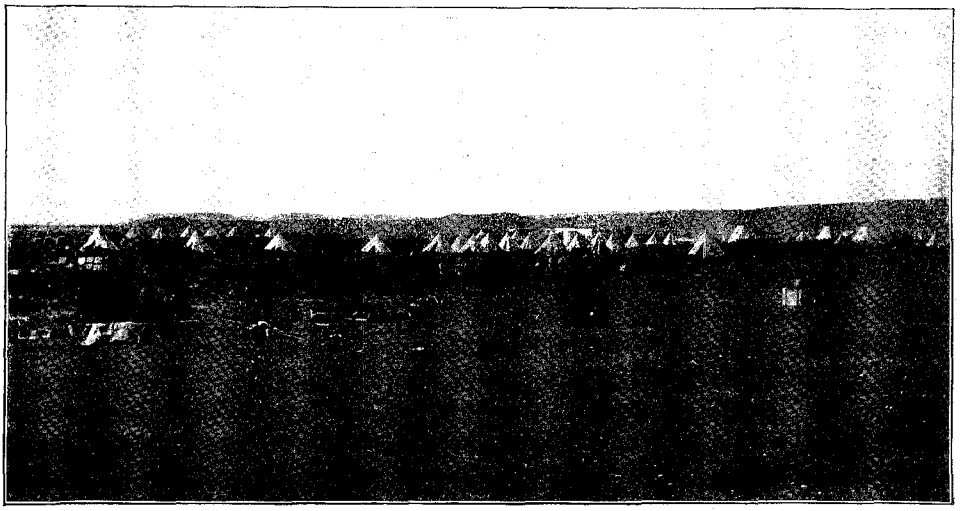

First View of the Camp at Orange River.

to spare, and one, the Aurania, kept up an average speed of nearly sixteen miles an hour.

And now for the invasion of the Dutch Republics. With a total force of nearly 78,000 men, exclusive of irregular and colonial troops, General Sir Redvers Buller has certainly an effective weapon in his hand. But a glance at the map will show that the task is not altogether a simple one. The Orange Free State has two natural defences in the Drakensberg Mountains, to the east, and the Orange River to the south. It would be practically impossible to force the mountain passes if the Boers made the slightest effort to hold them; consequently it may be taken for granted that to invade the Free State at all one must cross the Orange River.

It might naturally have been supposed that, with this object in view, a strong attempt should have been made to hold the railway bridges across the river. That for one reason or another was found to be impossible. Of the three railway bridges, the two leading into the Free State are now in the hands of the Boers. The third, on the De Aar and Kimberley line, is ours still, but more by good luck than by good forethought.

November 19, 1899.

Camp of the Ninth Lancers.

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II

WHY the Boers did not descend upon Orange River Station or De Aar Junction, it is quite impossible to imagine. The important bridge at Orange River where yesterday nearly 11,000 men were encamped, was held less than two weeks ago by 500 of the Lancashire Regiment, under Colonel Kincaid. De Aar Junction, with a million pounds' worth of provisions had a garrison of less than 2,000 men with two guns, one of which was an old muzzle-loading piece of hardly any value.

The Boers are now in possession of Colesburg and possibly Naauwpoort and Molteno. It would have been very easy to attack or at least cut off De Aar and Orange River Station. As it is they have missed their opportunity, and our line of communication from Cape Town to De Aar and on to Orange River is practically secure. And so the plan of campaign has been modified to suit the occasion.

Originally the scheme for invading the Republics was as follows: Sir George White was to hold Natal; Mafeking and Kimberley were considered more or less impregnable, and so the army corps with its attendant cavalry was to advance upon the Free State in three divisions from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London. From each of these ports there is a railway line running in a northerly direction, and the three converge upon Naauwpoort, some sixty odd miles from Norval's Pont, where the railway crosses the Orange River into the Free State. Here at Naauwpoort Junction the three divisions were to unite and advance *en masse* upon Bloemfontein, passing through Colesburg and crossing the river at Norval's Pont. Reaching Bloemfontein in this way the army corps would naturally have drawn off the Free State Boers from Natal and from Kimberley. Ladysmith and Kimberley would thus have been to all practical purposes relieved; the fall of

Drill at Orange River Camp—Volley Firing on the Advance.

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Bloemfontein would have meant the total surrender of the Free State, and General Buller would then have been free to march on to Pretoria by way of Kroonstadt and Viljoens drift, keeping the railway with him all the way.

This pretty plan has been modified by several unforeseen, or at least only partly foreseen, events. First of all Sir George White, having been shut up a long time in Ladysmith, with a danger of his ammunition running short, must be relieved. That means detaching at least a whole brigade from the army corps.

Men of the Highland Light Infantry in Marching Kit.

Secondly, Kimberley having been invested for many weeks, is also crying for succor, although the messages are all to the same purport—that all is well. Still, by means of runners, we have learned they are getting short of rations, and relief will be most welcome. It is all the more convenient to relieve Kimberley because the Orange River Bridge on the way to Kimberley is in our hands, and we have no difficulty in getting any number of men along this western line from De Aar to Kimberley. Besides, the Boers have overrun the border at Norval's Pont and Bethulie Bridge and are very near Naauwpoort and Molteno, so that our plan of concentrating upon Naauwpoort is not so easy as it might have been, and will require time during which Kimberley might be sorely pressed.

So here is the actual situation as the final day of reckoning draws near. Lord Methuen, with a whole division and a regiment of cavalry, is making a flying march toward Kimberley by way of Orange River Bridge. He will probably engage the Boers somewhere about Modder River, half-way between Orange River and Kimberley.

The inadequacy of the railways' rolling stock, so frequently used as an argument by English experts, exists only in the imagination of the critics. In a single week a whole division, with its complement of engineers and hospital train, has been carried six hundred miles from Cape Town to Orange River. There are already enormous supplies at De Aar, and enough food and ammunition to last a division for months at Orange River Station. If the London and Northwestern, or any other of the big English lines, had to carry out a similar task, the result could hardly be more satisfactory. And so, on the whole, up to the present time, whatever the future may bring in the way of success or failure, General Buller appears to have exhibited the distinctive quality of all great generals—the ability to grasp the situation and immediately alter plans to suit altered circumstances.

The men who are this very morning marching lightly equipped toward Modder River, six hundred and fifty miles from Cape Town, were only landed a

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week ago from the transports; yet to-day they are advancing in fighting trim to the relief of Kimberley, with an excellent forward base behind them where a few days ago there was only provision for a few hundred men, and railway trains following close in their rear with all the supplies they can possibly need. General Buller is not the man to spare his troops where extra exertion is necessary, but he has at the same time a due regard for the commissariat department.

Fortunately soldiering in the northern section of Cape Colony is wonderfully healthy work. If you have ever read Mr. Bryce's impressions of South Africa, you know exactly what the country is like. It is a country above all others which exactly realizes one's preconceived ideas of its character.

The mail leaves Cape Town by night, so we could not see that splendid ascent up to the first plateau which travellers compare with the line between Bombay and Poona, or that which rises from the Gulf to the City of Mexico. But morning brings the traveller to the green edge of the desert, where the largeness of the view and the never ending roll of the uplands are enough to satisfy the appetite of any lover of scenery. You breakfast at Matjesfontein, not quite yet in the Karroo desert, but very near it. There is a total absence of trees except where the Australian eucalyptus gives a sparse and doleful shade to the small group of houses which constitute a town. This town of Matjesfontein is well built and well kept, for it is owned by John Logan, generally called the "laird," because of his nationality, who possesses 130,000 acres of Karroo, and, what is more valuable, all the refreshment rooms and bars along the Cape railroad to Kimberley.

He has mounted a Maxim on the tower of his hotel, and he is ready for the Boers of the District, or would be, if Mr. Schreiner would let him have ammunition for his gun; but Mr. Schreiner, who had no compunction about passing millions of rounds of ammunition through the colony to the Free State for the purpose of arming the Queen's enemies, has scruples apparently about allowing a loyal colonist to defend his own property.

Mr. Logan is no lover of Mr. Schreiner, indeed his speech in the upper House at Cape Town, in which he openly accused Mr. Schreiner of treason, was widely quoted in the English papers. Still he has his profit of the war, for the refreshment rooms—and bars—along the line to Orange River, are gradually absorbing most of the currency of South Africa, and Mr. Logan will shortly own perhaps another 130,000 acres of the Karroo, and may possibly issue a challenge for the America's cup. Anyhow he is a fine type of the self-respecting progressive colonist as he stands upon the platform of Matjesfontein, to welcome passing officers and troops to his own town.

Leaving Matjesfontein we enter the real Karroo, a desolate waste of sand and scrub whose rivers are dry roads even in this the beginning of the wet season.

Drilling the Coldstream Guards at Orange River Camp.

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The Coldstream Guards Nearing the Summit of a Hill, Advancing by Quick Rushes.

These long ridges of brown mountains, these arid plains and waterless streams suggest some dead planet like the moon, rather than a portion of this habitable globe. Yet it needs but an influx of population and the sinking of wells to make the wilderness blossom like the rose. Water there is in plenty below ground, and the wind that blows every day over the vast tableland makes the supply of water by wind-mills an easy matter. Wherever the settlers have sunk their wells, fruit-trees and flowers of all descriptions spring into instant life. Some day, perhaps, the Karroo will be a garden. To-day we are glad to be through it for all its exhilarating air and brilliant sunshine.

Toward sunset the hills take on hues as glorious as those of the Scotch moors or Norwegian mountains in summer-time; but, suddenly, as the sun is sinking, the whole landscape is obscured by a violent dust-storm which obliterates the surrounding landscape and reduces the clear atmosphere to the density of a London fog. We are rather glad to see, from the comparative security of our railway-car, this striking phenomenon of the desert, but we cannot help pitying the detachment of the Highland Light Infantry at the next crossing when we learn that the sand-storm is a daily occurrence, coming on regularly about sundown. Indeed, camping in the Karroo has its disadvantages, for there is no shade from the noonday sun, no escape from the penetrating dust-storm in the afternoon, and no shelter from the chill winds which sweep over the desert at this altitude of 4,000 feet above the sea.

But the culminating point for general discomfort is De Aar. The junction makes the borderland between the Karroo and the Veldt, though to the untutored eye the characteristics of the two are ulmost identical. One can only say that the Veldt grows more level as one nears the Orange River, and the scrub is more like grass and must be more nutritious, for herds of goats and sheep and horses are soon discernible from the carriage window.

De Aar is an arid, windswept, dusty hollow, surrounded by low hills which is said to be good for consumptive patients. It is certainly good for nothing else, except

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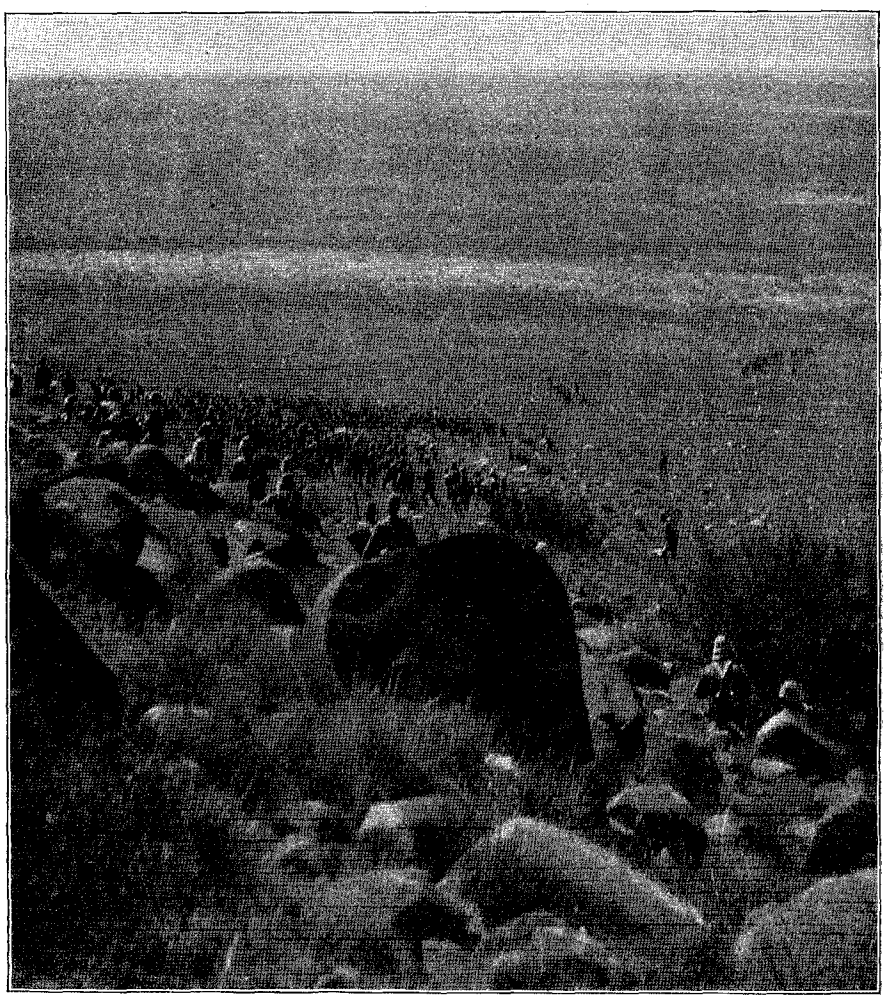
perhaps as a means of livelihood for a storekeeper who provides the necessaries of life at the most exorbitant rates. Its position, however, as the junction of the lines which run east to Naauwpoort and north to Kimberley, gives it a spurious air of importance as a military centre of great strategical value.

Here are massed most of our stores, and here we found most of the Highland Brigade under the gallant General Wauchope. The Highland Brigade, which includes the Seaforths, the famous Black Watch, and the Highland Light Infantry, has not been pushed so fast to the front as usual, and the officers and men have double reason to blame De Aar. The desolate junction delays us only a few hours, while we collect mules and horses and fodder already sent on in advance, and we hasten to join the troops on the Orange River. We travel by freight-train, but as it carries an empty kitchen-car we are by no means uncomfortable, and the Government very kindly conveys us free of charge, which is only fair perhaps as an offset to the enormous charges made for freight and extra baggage from Cape Town. Mr. Bryce, in his excellent work on South Africa, congratulates the Cape Government on constructing a railway across the Karroo and running it at a profit. We now understand how the profit is made.

The short run to Orange River is only remarkable for a first experience of South



The Coldstream Guards at the Base of a Hill.

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Church Parade, Coldstream Guards.

African mirage, and the unwonted sight of real water in a marsh which the map dignifies with the name of a lake. At last toward evening of the second day from Cape Town, we run into Orange River Station, which stands now in the very centre of the big Orange River Camp.

It is a scene of great yet orderly bustle. Wagons drawn by from ten to sixteen mules are driven wildly through the dusty camp by black kaffirs, who exhort their beasts with a great deal of language and a most effective use of a long whip. But they are wonderfully expert drivers, and the mules, collected at random from Italy, Spain, Texas, and South Africa, quite bely their proverbial characters by doing their work quickly and well. Everything is directed toward the northern bank of the river, a mile or more away, where already there are five thousand men ready to start for Kimberley.

We are well within the limits of martial law by this time. The camp bristles with staff-officers, known by the red band about the neck, holding all sorts of commissions. We, as correspondents, have to deal with the press-censor, the provost-marshal, the assistant provost-marshal, the camp commandant, and, in the last resource, the general himself. So we have no difficulty in discovering that we are not the first correspondents on the spot, and our chances of accompanying the flying column to Kimberley are practically *nil*. It may save time to state here that only eight correspondents were allowed to march with the column this morning. The rest of us, after three days of suspense and inward cursing, during which we were given to understand that we could not possibly follow the column for two or three days, have been allowed to start this very afternoon with as much baggage as we care to take by road; so that we shall overtake the column long before it comes in touch with the Boers, and are much better off than those privileged ones who went off at daybreak this morning with one horse between two and the minimum of impedimenta. The ways of generals in dealing with correspondents are indeed wonderful and past all understanding.

In the meantime, during these three days, we have seen a good deal of camp-life on the Veldt, and if one excepts a few discomforts such as the brown color of our drinking-water and an occasional flight of locusts, we must admit that the Veldt, with its level space and bracing air, is an almost ideal field for campaigning. And even the storms of dust, rain, and locusts are welcome in moderation, for they are features of the country which go to make up a full experience of life in South Africa. In one week there have been two rain-storms and one flight of locusts. There is certainly no hardship in that; indeed, the rain is most welcome, for it cools the air and helps to lay the dust.

Perhaps the most interesting incident of the twenty-four hours is the nightly signal from Kimberley. The beleaguered town is some eighty miles away as the crow flies; yet every night they throw a signal on the clouds with their flash-light, which can be read from the kopjes just beyond the river, and every night the signal has

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been R. T., which signifies that they are all right.

At one o'clock this morning the flying column began marching out of camp. The men carried nothing but their arms, their water-bottles, and a waterproof rug and blanket for each. The officers were similarly equipped, actually carrying rifles, so that they can be in no way distinguished from the men. Something must be done to reduce the terrible mortality of officers experienced in the first two fights in Natal. In reality, the high percentage of officers killed is due to the fact that they must of necessity expose themselves more than the men under their command, and with the enormous amount of lead poured into an advancing force by the modern magazine rifle, the officers who are standing up to direct their men run a tremendous risk of being hit. In small skirmishes, however, it is possible that the good rifle-shots on either side can pick their men carefully, so that the absence of a distinctive mark may prove to be of value to officers. In any case there can be no harm in making the experiment of arming them with rifles, though in the long run their losses are not likely to decrease to any great extent.

It is one of the myths of war that the enemy pick off officers, just as it is a common legend that the enemy, whether he be Boer, Spaniard, Turk or any other infidel, is in the habit of aiming at wounded men and using explosive bullets. Most men who have taken part in a hot engagement where troops are under artillery fire will tell you that anyone who can pick off his men, whether officers, or wounded, must be rather more than humanly cool and collected. However, the officers have all gone off to-day with rifles and cartridge-belts, and we hope that the extra labor incurred on the march will be rewarded by some slight added security.

One of the great difficulties of modern warfare is not to be able to distinguish officers from men, but to be able to distinguish your enemies from your friends. So levelling is the universal adoption of Khaki in these torrid climes that our Remington Guides, a force of colonial mounted infantry, came within an ace of being fired upon by the Ninth Lancers only a few days ago. In their sand-colored Khaki and felt hats they were as like Boers as they well could be, and in divisional orders, two days later, our troops were asked to take special notice of the guides' uniform, in order to prevent similar mistakes in the future. Their distinguishing mark is a strip of bearskin or other pelt round the broad-brimmed felt hat, otherwise they are much like other troopers. All regiments look alike in Khaki—the Coldstreams wear a scarlet feather in their helmets, but they will probably pocket the feather in action. The Highlanders have their kilts or their tartan trews. But for the rest, the regiment to which the soldier belongs can only be detected by the letters on his shoulder-strap.

We are leaving to-day for the Modder River.

November 22d.

Grave of Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Keith-Falconer, First Northumberland Fusiliers.
(Killed, Belmont, November 10, 1899.)

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A GARDEN IDYL

By George Meredith

WITH sagest craft Arachne worked
Her web, and at a corner lurked,
Awaiting what should plump her soon,
To case it in the death-cocoon.
Sagaciously her home she chose
For visits that would never close;
Inside my chalet-porch her feast
Plucked all the winds but chill Northeast.

The finished structure, bar on bar,
Had snatched from light to form a star,
And struck on sight, when quick with dews,
Like music of the very Muse.
Great artists pass our single sense;
We hear in seeing, strung to tense;
Then haply marvel, groan mayhap,
To think such beauty means a trap.
But Nature's genius, even man's
At best, is practical in plans;
Subservient to the needy thought,
However rare the weapon wrought.
As long as Nature holds it good
To urge her creatures' quest for food,
Will beauty stamp the just intent
Of weapons upon service bent.
For beauty is a flower of roots
Embedded lower than our boots;
Out of the primal strata springs,
And shows for crown of useful things.

Arachne's dream of prey to size
Aspired; so we could nigh despise
The puny specks the breezes round
Supplied, and let them shake unwound;
Assured of her fat fly to come;
Perhaps a blue, the spider's plum;
Who takes the fatal odds in fight,
And gives repast an appetite,
By plunging, whizzing, till his wings
Are webbed, and in the lists he swings,
A shrouded lump, for her to see
Her banquet in her victory.

This matron of the unnumbered threads,
One day of dandelions' heads
Distributing their gray perruques
Up every gust, I watched with looks
Discreet beside the chalet-door;
And gracefully a light wind bore,
Direct upon my webster's wall,
A monster in the form of ball;
The mildest captive ever snared,
That neither struggled nor despaired,

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On half the net invading hung,
And plain as in her mother tongue,
While low the weaver cursed her lures,
Remarked, "You have me; I am yours."

Thrice magnified, in phantom shape,
Her dream of size she saw, agape.
Midway the vast round-raying beard
A desiccated midge appeared;
Whose body pricked the name of meal,
Whose hair had growth in earth's unreal;
Provocative of dread and wrath,
Contempt and horror, in one froth,
Inextricable, insensible,
His poison presence there would dwell,
Declaring him her dream fulfilled,
A catch to compliment the skilled;
And she reduced to beaky skin,
Disgraceful among kith and kin.

Against her corner, humped and aged,
Arachne wrinkled, past enraged,
Beyond disgust or hope in guile.
Ridiculously volatile
He seemed to her last spark of mind;
And that in pallid ash declined
Beneath the blow by knowledge dealt,
Wherein throughout her frame she felt
That he, the light wind's libertine,
Without a scoff, without a grin,
And mannered like the courtly few,
Who merely danced when light winds blew,
Impervious to beak and claws,
Tradition's ruinous Whitebeard was;
Of whom, as actors in old scenes,
Had grannam weavers warned their weans,
With word, that less than feather-weight,
He smote the web like bolt of Fate.

This muted drama, hour by hour,
I watched amid a world in flower,
Ere yet Autumnal threads had laid
Their gray-blue o'er the grass's blade,
And still along the garden-run
The blindworm stretched him, drunk of sun.
Arachne crouched unmoved; perchance
Her visitor performed a dance;
She puckered thinner; he the same
As when on that light wind he came.

Next day was told what deeds of night
Were done; the web had vanished quite;
With it the strange opposing pair;
And listless waved on vacant air,
For her adieu to heart's content,
A solitary filament.

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MISS IRENE

By Joel Chandler Harris

LATE in the seventies—or, it may have been the first year of the eighties—when Colonel Bolivar Blasengame (so named after the great South American liberator) was working up a "boom" in real estate in and around Halcyondale in middle Georgia, the visitors who responded to his ingeniously worded and highly colored invitations invariably paused (on their way from the depot to the hotel) to admire a fine old house that sat far back from the red and dusty thoroughfare. Invariably, because, if by chance the visitors failed to remark the prospect, Colonel Blasengame was sure to rivet their attention upon it. That done, their admiration might be taken for granted.

And, in this case, admiration was not unreasonable, for the house, which sat in the middle of a five-acre lot, was a very elegant and substantial specimen of the colonial style of architecture. The picture it presented was pleasing to the eye and soothing to the mind. It suggested peace and repose. Munificence and good taste seemed to have joined hands in rearing the structure, which, both in mass and detail, was grandly simple. There was not a flaw in the imposing beauty and dignity of its proportions. The noble columns of the piazza rose to the roof, where they blossomed into carved capitals, while behind them, apparently suspended in the air, hung a balcony beautiful enough to serve as a stage for Juliet's amorous discourse.

The house was painted white, and time had mellowed without dimming the color. On the roof a flock of white and blue pigeons preened and cooed, or rose circling in the upper air, as caprice seized them. This fine piece of architecture was not without its appropriate and harmonious surroundings. Large as it was, it seemed to cuddle in the bosom of the grove of oaks that grew about it, the trees raising their tall tops above it in primitive grandeur. Two immense specimens of boxwood stood like sentinels at the corners of the house fronting the lawn, and neat ly trimmed privet hedges enclosed and marked the course of a wide driveway. The hedges parted company at the double-gate, to meet again and merge into one on the thither side of the house.

Colonel Blasengame had gone into the business of speculation for the entire community, and, taking his cue from some energetic and thrifty spirits whose marvellous enterprise had been blown about on the wings of the newspapers, he had arranged a very ingenious and attractive programme for drawing the attention of well-to-do settlers from the North and Northwest. The Colonel had a double purpose in view in calling attention to the fine house and its picturesque surroundings: first, because the structure was one of the "sights" of the neighborhood, giving an atmosphere of distinction to the whole region; and, second, because it served to introduce a story which he rightly judged would make his Northern and Western visitors feel that the air they were breathing was not entirely alien.

It is unnecessary, and it would be improper, to give the Colonel's version of the story. He suppressed or ignored many vital facts, and gave over to hopeless exaggeration many details essentially simple. This may have been due to forgetfulness; for assuredly it was not ignorance that led the Colonel to suppress the fact that he himself was one of the chief actors in the little drama.

The house was built in the forties by Aaron Chippendale, a man of most substantial parts, whose individuality and independence won for him an enviable reputation in middle Georgia, where these characteristics were by no means uncommon. He might have boasted of his ancestors with good reason, but his lot was cast among the most democratic people the world has ever seen, and in a section where, to this day, the ideals of character and conduct are held in higher esteem than wealth or ancient lineage.

In this society the Chippendales lived

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and flourished until Aaron died in 1855, leaving a widow and two children, Tom and Irene. The widow followed her husband in 1859. When this last bereavement came Tom was twenty-two and Irene nineteen, and both were fully capable of managing the estate—Tom by reason of experience already acquired, and Irene by reason of common-sense and observation; for, although she was a very womanly young woman, she had never chosen to put on the airs or play the part of the grand lady.

Even if Irene had not been brought up in an atmosphere of simplicity and industry, these traits would have been hers by right of inheritance. They were bred in the bone. She had travelled a good deal, and her very liberal education was supplemented by a course of miscellaneous reading. Simple and democratic as she was, her ideals were too high to suit the views of the marriageable young men of Halcyondale. Nevertheless, they continued to hover around her, though in an aimless and a hesitating sort of way; for she was not only very attractive to the masculine eye, but had a comfortable fortune at her command.

She was a trifle taller than the average of her sex, and, therefore, according to all the theories, she should have had a great deal of dignity; but buoyancy took the place of stateliness, and gave an unexpected charm to her manner. She was not beautiful according to the rules, but her face was singularly attractive, having that magnetic quality, which, since it can be traced to no particular feature, is beyond description. Her personality was restful and helpful to appreciative people, especially to those in trouble; and even the young gallants who hovered around her when opportunity permitted, would have had no uncomfortable feelings in her presence had they not allowed themselves to be baffled by her extreme simplicity and candor, which they knew not how to interpret.

To the eye, brother and sister seemed to be opposites. She was a brunette, while he was florid, fair-haired, and fat. In his face the lines of good-humor and mirth were well developed, while Irene's countenance most frequently wore a pensive, serious expression. But appearances are frequently deceitful. Behind Tom's mirthfulness, firmness and determination dwelt, and behind Irene's pensiveness humor had its jocund abiding-place, flanked by a will as strong as Tom's.

Irene's name for her brother was Master Toodie, to which Tom responded by calling her Miss Priss—a term for which you will search the dictionaries in vain, for it conveys no meaning to the scholarly ear. Nevertheless, "prissy" is a good English word, being apt and effective when properly applied, and is not likely to be lost to the language because the reference-books ignore it. The point of its application to Irene lay in the fact that, while it is descriptive of attitudes and poses, which she never saw without a shiver of disgust, it fitted, with laughable precision, her mental attitude toward the common run of Tom's blind, awkward, and unfortunate sex.

There was one young man, however, who stood apart from the rest in her fancy. This was Harvey Haskell, who had been Tom's college-mate, and who was now his chum. For a long time Irene could see nothing in this young man different from the rest, and she often wondered why Tom had chosen him to be his bosom friend and companion. And, indeed, there seemed to be little in common between them. Tom was jovial, always ready for a frolic, and with plenty of money to gratify his whims and desires, while Harvey Haskell was serious and dignified, with no taste for ordinary amusements, and as poor as a church-mouse. At one time—for the feminine mind is cutely sage and suspicious—Irene had an idea that Haskell, under cover of his friendship for Tom, was burning incense at her altar. The thought put her to the blush and vexed her, not because she was averse to the offering, but because, like all young women, she had no enjoyment in incense that she could not get a whiff of. Afterward, and for some years, she abused herself roundly for giving entertainment to the suspicion.

Afternoons and evenings, the two young men were rarely apart. Tom would go to Haskell's small and musty office and sit patiently until his friend was through with his law-books, and then they would stroll through the woods, or roll nine-pins, or play billiards, or sit on the Chippendale piazza and discuss questions common

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to their experience and understanding. Whatever the tie existing between temperaments so radically dissimilar outwardly, they were inseparable when leisure permitted them to be together.

On one occasion, after the two young men had been conversing more confidentially than usual, Irene observed that her brother was inclined to be mopish. This was so unusual that she made bold to inquire as to the cause, and such was her persistence that Tom felt obliged to tell her. But it was not of much importance after all. Tom had found out, in some way, that Haskell was in sore need of ready money, and had offered to lend his friend as much as he wanted. The proffer was gently but firmly declined.

"I would take it and be glad to get it, Tom," Haskell had said, "if I were not so dreadfully in need of it. But I have made up my mind to fight it out alone. If I whip the fight I'll be something of a man; if I'm whipped I'll be—well, I'll be just what I am."

Tom made a faithful report of this speech to Irene, closing abruptly with, "Now, what do you think of that?"

"Why, I think what I've always thought," she promptly replied; "the man is daft."

But of course this was not what she thought at all. It made her pulse beat high to know there was a young man in the world capable of entertaining such notions, and strong enough to stand by them. Women, as we know, are terribly unpractical at times, and especially in matters of this kind.

Well, anyhow, Harvey Haskell won his battle, by what shifts and at what sacrifices large or small it is not our business to inquire. But he had no sooner settled down to enjoy the first-fruits of his victory than the trumpets sounded summons to a real war; and he and Tom, in common with nearly all the young men of that region, were drawn pell-mell into the centre of the murderous conflict.

Now, while the people of the North and South, armed with guns, were treating one another with unpolite familiarity, Irene Chippendale was managing the affairs of the estate the best she could, and she did it very well. The system her father had introduced was so perfect that all she had to do was to keep the ends from falling loose, as the saying is. And as she found time for thought, it was natural that she should think of Harvey Haskell whenever she thought of Tom, and on more than one occasion she sent him a souvenir in the shape of a tobacco-pouch, or some present more substantial, in the boxes periodically expressed to her brother. Invariably these gifts, small as they were, brought from the young man a cordial note of thanks.

Haskell was made captain, and then colonel, and, at Malvern Hill, was promoted to be a brigadier-general. Tom's career was not so brilliant, but he was a solid fighter, and was finally made adjutant of Haskell's brigade. And then all promotions of whatsoever kind were suddenly cut short in the Southern army by the falling of the curtain on the dismal spectacle of war.

Tom came home, not much the worse for wear, bringing word that Haskell had fallen in with some kinsmen in Virginia with whom he would spend a long-needed vacation. The Chippendales were not wholly given over to poverty by the war, for Aaron Chippendale, with a shrewdness that was an offset to his simplicity, had invested in the commercial future of the village. He had built and owned more than half the stores on the only business street in Halcyondale, and these made a very handsome return on the investment; for whatever else happens, business and trade must go on. Since people must buy, there must be men to sell to them, and these last must have fairly comfortable quarters whereat to display their wares. Thus it was that Aaron Chippendale's foresight made itself felt, not only on his beloved children, but on the community itself, for Irene and Tom, out of their income, large for that time and place, were able to give succor to many unfortunates among their friends and acquaintances.

As for Harvey Haskell, he fell in with some relatives in Virginia, as we have seen, and his talent for war, together with the commission based thereon, did for him what consanguinity never could have done. It caused his kindred to seek him out and lay claims upon his time and attention; and, what with resting from the cares and duties of a very active command, and with

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convalescing from a long and very trying spell of fever that sapped all his energies and came within one of carrying him off, he remained among them a long time.

He had been absent from Halcyondale six years almost to a day (Irene called his attention to the fact later) when he returned and found himself, willy-nilly, the central figure, as it were, in an episode that threatened to be as aggravating as any in his career. And thereby hangs the tale that Colonel Blasengame so often spoiled in the telling.

II

In the late spring of 1866, there came to Halcyondale, Mr. Orestes Richardson and his daughter Grace. They began housekeeping on a modest scale by renting the small but comfortable house in which Aaron Chippendale had lived before he built the more ambitious structure to which attention has been directed. Father and daughter were very quiet and retiring in their habits. They did not seek acquaintances. The few neighbors who called on them out of curiosity, or in search of food for gossip, did not meet with an encouraging reception. Early every morning the father would visit the village post-office, where he received a surprising number of newspapers. On his return his daughter would run over to the Chippendales for a pitcher of milk, which Irene sold under protest, or, rather, which she permitted to be sold by Mammy Minty, the cook. This was the extent of their goings and comings, so far as their neighbors could perceive; but this was not the way to escape observation in a small community. It simply made them conspicuous and gave zest to rumor. Even Irene, who had caught a glimpse of Miss Richardson now and then, and noted that she was a tall young woman with a profusion of yellow hair, was anxious to find out something substantial and satisfactory about her new neighbors. So, when Mammy Minty showed a tendency to gossip about them, Irene made no protest.

"Dey aint our kind er white folks," said the cook, "kaze when I say we don't sell no milk, she ax ef we ain't got none ter spar'. I 'low we got 'bun'ance, but dat we don't sell it. Dat what we don't use we gi' ter de chickens, an' dat what de chickens don't want, we gi' ter de pigs. But she say she want ter buy it an' pay de money down. I 'low dat she kin have all she want, but she say ef she can't buy it she don't want none. I up an' 'low, I did, dat she mus' be mo' richer dan what she look, but she say dat ain't got nothin' 'tall ter do wid it, kaze folks don't hatter be too rich fer ter pay fer dat what dey git. So I say, here's what don't keer ef Miss Irene don't, an' den she planked down er shinplaster an' I po'd out de milk, an' I gin her good medjer, too, ef I does say it myse'f. Nex' day she up an' ax me what my name, an' I 'low hit's Minty. Den she say de full name mus' be Arryminty, an' I 'low ef dat's de case, I shedded de Arry whence I wuz too little fer ter cry 'bout it. She's a mighty talker. She ax me ter day ef I glad I free, an' I make answer dat I hatter work so hard, I ain't had no time fer ter ax myse'f 'bout dat. She say I oughter be mighty, mighty glad; an' den I ax her what de diffunce in hard work one year an' harder work de nex'; but 'bout dat time Marse Tom come sa'nt'in' roun' de cornder er de house, an' she wuz de wuss flurried white gal you ever laid eyes on. She snatched up her pitcher an' Marse Tom snatched off his hat. He ax her ef he can't tote de milk fer her, but she got red in de face an' 'low dat 'tain't no trouble ter tote it. But you know how Marse Tom is. Ef dat white gal hadn't broke an' run, he'd er tuck de pitcher 'way fum her anyhow."

This was Mammy Minty's report, more accurate than satisfactory. Meanwhile rumor was busy, being spurred on by the thousand and one prejudices growing out of Southern defeat, and by the irritation resulting from the obnoxious Reconstruction Laws. Fresh as that period is in the memory, it is difficult to reproduce, on paper, even a hint of the bubbling, boiling, hissing cauldron in which one party heated water to pour on the other party's back. It is difficult to revive, even for a moment, an adequate recollection of that desperate crisis when the politicians on both sides gave themselves over to attacks and reprisals brutal enough to belong to the dark ages.

Mr. Orestes Richardson was a problem,

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but the vigorous watchfulness and painfully keen suspicions of his neighbors were not long in fathoming what they thought were his plans and purposes. They hit upon the substance and missed the essence. They mistook him for a politician, whereas he was simply a missionary. It is safe to say that a man more innocent and harmless, more earnest and persistent than Mr. Orestes Richardson was not to be found on the face of the earth. A school-teacher in Maine, he had lived a secluded and scholarly life, until he was suddenly fired with the idea that the war had found and left him a mission. Why should he devote his days and nights to teaching those who would be taught in any event, when, in the far South, there were millions of benighted souls that needed to be uplifted? Yea, why? The scheme absorbed and inthralled him. No fanatic was ever more completely captured and consumed by an idea. To uplift the black people—that was the scheme to which he gave his waking thoughts and fondly carried out in his dreams. The negro he yearned over was the negro of politics and literature. The real negro, Mr. Orestes Richardson had no conception of whatever. Living in Maine, he could not know that the genuine negro is as superior to the negro of politics and literature as man is superior to a myth.

So he came South and his daughter came with him; and, after looking over the ground, as he termed it, he determined to make Halcyondale his head-quarters. At that point he would begin his work of uplifting, and gradually enlarge his field of operations.

Now it happened that at the moment Mr. Orestes Richardson and his daughter came to Halcyondale, public opinion was tremendously stirred up over the fact that certain alien political agents, known as carpet-baggers, had been going about organizing the negroes into "Union Leagues." It was soon known, from the negroes themselves, that the chief object of their organization was to array the blacks against the whites, and this discovery aroused the deepest resentment, giving rise to many acts of unreasoning violence.

Just when this feeling was at its height, Mr. Orestes Richardson, the uplifter, as innocent of practical politics and as free from a desire to stir up strife as the bird that flies, appeared on the scene. Rumor, whetted by suspicion, made him out a very dangerous character. He had lectured to the negroes in their little church, and he had organized a colored school. Suspicion, giving a crooked tongue to rumor, would have it that these things were the mere surface indications of the activity of this man in forming "Union Leagues," in fomenting strife between the races, and in urging the negroes to make reprisals on the lives and property of their late masters. All these things were on the political cards in that day.

In the midst of this atmosphere, Mr. Orestes Richardson, the uplifter, found himself. A mere atom of humanity, his figure, projected against the screen of this situation, assumed colossal proportions—a giant and demon.

But he never realized it. He knew less of life than his daughter did, except as a scholar and a student may be said to know it by inference and hearsay. It was in vain that the more sober and conservative citizens of the community dropped hints and intimations in his ears; it was in vain that the more reckless uttered veiled threats. He took none of them home to himself. Having no prejudice whatever against the Southern people, simply deploring the necessity that had made them slave-owners, charged with the patriotic views of Lincoln, and holding all men equally in his good-will, it was simply impossible that he should conceive himself to be the object of suspicion. His simplicity was a match for his sincerity. He had come to teach the negroes the value of individuality, to tell them that their freedom would be worth no more to them than to a flock of sheep unless they made it the basis of character, industry, and economy. He was in the field a quarter of a century too soon, as all men now know; but how was he to know it then?

But since no man asked these questions while Mr. Orestes Richardson was occupied with his unrewarded and unrecognized labors at Halcyondale, why ask them now? For one thing because they shed a side-light on the events that followed the failure of the Uplifter (as he was contemptuously referred to in Halcyondale) to heed the various warnings, oral and written, that came to ears and hands. He

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had come to the South expecting to be misunderstood, and was even prepared to be the victim of persecution, but, even at the worst, he fully expected the work he was undertaking to be his complete vindication; and it was not the fault of his sincerity and honesty that the vindication never came.

What did come was very surprising to Mr. Orestes Richardson, though a man less sincere and simple-minded would have been prepared for anything after his interview with Colonel Blasengame. It seems that the Colonel roused himself from his slumbers earlier one morning than usual, for the sole purpose of having a confidential talk with the Uplifter. They met at the post-office.

"Judge," remarked the Colonel in his suavest tones, "if you can spare me five minutes I'd like mighty well to have a little confidential talk with you."

Mr. Orestes Richardson was more than willing, and Colonel Blasengame, though there was nobody within hearing and but few persons to be seen at all, took the man's arm and led him to the stile, or steps, leading over the fence that surrounded the court-house, where, the Colonel explained, no one was likely to interrupt them. When at last they had reached that point of municipal seclusion, and seated themselves, Colonel Blasengame appeared to be somewhat embarrassed. He had a piece of white pine which he began to whittle nervously, and he chewed his tobacco vigorously.

"Judge," he said, finally, "I dunno whether's it's any of my blamed business, but I thought I'd take it on myself to tell you how the boys are talkin'. It may be doin' you a favor and it may not; it's accordin' to how you look at it. It's the talk of the county that you are goin' around amongst the niggers organizin' these here danged Union leagues, and tellin' 'em that the white folks are makin' all arrangements to put 'em in slavery ag'in."

"That is a mistake," replied Mr. Orestes Richardson, with a smile. "I know nothing of the leagues, except through report. I am no politician."

"That's what I told the boys," remarked Colonel Blasengame, reassuringly; "almost them very words. Now, if it was the town boys, everything would be all right; we'd have the smoothest kind of sailin'. But it's them pleggon'd country chaps. They live out there in the woods and swamps, an' when they git an idee in their heads it's danged hard to git it out ag'in—next to impossible, as you may say. From all that I can hear, an' I hear a great deal more than I want to, some of these country chaps are fixin' up to invite you to a little frolic."

"I'm much too old for frolics," remarked Mr. Orestes Richardson, sorting his letters carefully. "I have no time but for my duties. These are pressing enough, heaven knows."

"In regards to which, for instance?" suggested Colonel Blasengame with a dryness that made no impression whatever on the Uplifter.

"Well, sir," responded Mr. Richardson, "with respect to elevating and uplifting the unfortunate people who have so suddenly been cast on their own resources."

"I reckon you think a white man is most as good as a nigger, don't you?" inquired Colonel Blasengame. There was just a shade—the faintest tinge—of indignation in his tone.

"In what respect?" Mr. Richardson asked, simply and seriously. Colonel Blasengame was so nearly boiling over with indignation that he would not trust himself to reply. He merely dipped his sharp knife an eighth of an inch deeper into the white pine paddle he had been fashioning. "It is important to know in what respect," Mr. Richardson went on calmly; "for if a white man has taken due advantage of his opportunities he should be a great deal more useful in every way than a negro, and, therefore, from a practical point of view, a great deal better."

Into these waters Colonel Blasengame did not care to wade. He simply shrugged his shoulders and nodded his head. When he did speak, he gave a new direction to the interview.

"Well, I just thought I'd see you, and drop you a hint," he said. "These danged country chaps have got old Nick in 'em since the surrender. They think you're stirrin' up the niggers ag'in the whites, and preachin' social equality and the like of that, an' you couldn't git the idee out

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of their heads to save your life. Some time or other they'll git a dram or two ahead, an' they'll ride into town after you, and when they do it'll be all-night-Isom, as sure as you're born. Now, if I was in your place, knowin' what I do, I wouldn't have the least hesitation about leavin' these diggin's. Anyways, if I didn't go myself, I know mighty well I'd send the young lady off."

"My daughter? I have nowhere to send her," the Uplifter explained.

"No kinfolks, nor friends, nor anything of that kind?" persisted Colonel Blasengame.

"None that she'd be willing to go to," the Uplifter said.

Colonel Blasengame's whittling came slowly to a conclusion. The shavings from the strokes of his knife grew thinner and thinner, smaller and smaller. At last he threw the paddle from him with an exclamation of impatience, and rose to his feet. The other rose also.

"I jest thought I'd let you know how things was movin'," he explained. "A wink is as good as a nod to a blind hoss, they say."

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," said the Uplifter. "I'd be very glad if you'd read a little pamphlet of mine on 'The Potency of an Upright Life.' I'll send it to you; I think you'll like it." He offered his hand at parting, and gripped the Colonel's with great warmth and strength, and went hurrying down the street.

The Colonel stood for some moments, looking first at the retreating form of Mr. Orestes Richardson, and then at his hand, which, for some reason or other, he still held stretched out. Finally he rubbed the member on his breeches, and looked at it again—and by this time Mr. Orestes Richardson had disappeared.

"It's what I call pretty damned tough," remarked the Colonel, confidentially to himself, and with that he went home to an earlier breakfast than usual.

It is due to the truth of history to say that Mr. Orestes Richardson read no warning in the Colonel's words and gestures, and had not gone ten steps on his homeward way before the whole conversation (with the exception of the remark about his pamphlet) had passed entirely from his mind, never to be recalled again. He had expected for Colonel Blasengame to press him for a small loan of money, and judged him to be pretty far gone in his cups, whereas the Colonel had taken only two modest nips that morning.

III

Colonel Blasengame regarded himself as a very conservative citizen. And so he was. He was politic—a great stickler for ordinances, customs, systems, establishments, institutions, and things of that kind. He was an authority on the duelling code, and an active arbiter in all quarrels and disputes for which that code gave warrant of a peaceful settlement. He hated the radicals, as the republicans were called at that day, but his hatred was political, and not personal. In short, Colonel Blasengame was considered to be a very useful citizen, and he tried hard to live up to his reputation.

One day, some weeks after his conversation with Mr. Orestes Richardson, the Colonel found himself the centre of a very enthusiastic group of young men, the most of them living in the Fishing Creek settlement. It was Saturday, and on the heels of court, which they had been attending as jurors, witnesses, and spectators. The Colonel had been telling them a new series of war adventures, mixed with anecdotes too spicy for feminine ears. But after awhile the conversation lagged, and then turned on the political situation, a topic uppermost in the minds of all, no matter what else might be talked of. This reminded Colonel Blasengame of the friendly warning he had given Mr. Orestes Richardson, and he related the incident with such exaggeration as his own importance suggested.

"And I'll tell you what, boys," he concluded, "the man's game. He heard me out, and didn't bat his eyes. But it takes these measly little chaps to have sand in their gizzards. I remember Buck Sawyer——"

"Ain't the man gone, Colonel?" interrupted Bud Flewellen.

"Gone!" exclaimed the Colonel; "why he ain't no more gone than I am—not one bit and grain."

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"And you all jest set down and let him go on day in and day out! Why, Colonel, it don't look reasonable to a man up a tree," said Flewellen.

To this all the young men agreed, making various emphatic remarks in regard to the carelessness of town people.

"Well, I'll tell you, boys," explained Colonel Blasengame; "I don't believe the man's doin' much harm, if any. That's my candid belief."

"Maybe you'd change your beliefs if you was to wake up some fine mornin' an' find the whole blasted town burnt up," said Mr. Flewellen.

"Well, I reckon I would," replied the Colonel.

"It'd be a mighty purty time to change your beliefs, now, wouldn't it?"

To this statement the Colonel vouchsafed no reply, but sat drumming on a chair with his fingers.

"And they do say," Mr. Flewellen went on, "that country folks is as green as grass."

"That's what I've been told," remarked Bill-Tom Birch.

"Where does the chap hang out?" Bud Flewellen inquired.

"Why, right spang in the little red house on the Chippendale lot," replied Colonel Blasengame.

"Is that so?" inquired Mr. Flewellen. His tone expressed real astonishment. Being reassured on that point, he continued: "Why, there's a gal there, and she's a blamed scrumptious lookin' little trick. I seen her this mornin'; yaller hair, big blue eyes, and a hand like—well, like a Cape jessamin." Mr. Flewellen leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and inwardly contemplated the vision which his words had conjured up.

"That's a fact!" exclaimed Colonel Blasengame, after a pause. "A mighty likely gal. That's why I hope you boys won't do anything that you'd maybe regret. I'm heartily sorry I brought the matter up," he went on. "I don't care what the man's up to: in town here we can take care of ourselves. Let the calaboose bell ring after hours, and we'll all be up and armed in ten minutes."

"Oh, quite so, quite so!" exclaimed Mr. Bill-Tom Birch, with a sinister grin. "It's all greased and fixed. Everything's on skids—in town; but what about we-all in the settlements. *We* ain't got no calaboose bell; *we* ain't got no great big crowd ready to muster every time a dog barks. You-all have got everything fixed, but what are we-all goin' to do when the worst comes to the worst and keeps on gittin' worser? I wish you'd tell me that."

If there was any answer to this, Colonel Blasengame didn't have it at his tongue's end, and, as for the others, it seemed to settle the matter. The Colonel realized this, apparently, and seemed to feel a sense of responsibility.

"Now, if I was you, boys," he said soothingly, "I'd jest get on my hoss and canter home. Whatever the man maybe a doin', there's the gal, and no Southern gentleman (I don't care who he is) can afford to do anything calculated to worry a young woman. By letting the man alone you let the gal alone."

Mr. Bill-Tom Birch's under-jaw was prominent enough at best, but it protruded a trifle farther, as he allowed his cold gray eyes to rest on the Colonel's pinkish face.

"Colonel," he said, "I reckon maybe you've forgot that we've got wimmin folks to look after. Who's goin' to up and beg somebody to let *them* alone when the pinch comes? Oh, no, Colonel; you can't come that game on us. We're goin' to stay in town a good part of the night, and if you and your town folks don't like that, why you can jest go home and go to bed and pull the cover over your head."

Colonel Blasengame dismissed the whole subject by a graceful flourish of his right hand. But he could not dismiss it from his mind. He had lost a daughter a year or two before, and she was constantly in his thoughts, but on this particular day she jumped into his memory and stayed there most persistently. She, too, would have answered to the description which Bud Flewellen had given of Mr. Orestes Richardson's daughter—"yellow hair, big blue eyes, and a hand like a Cape jessamin." The words rung in his head. "'A hand like a Cape jessamin!' How did the blamed fool ever hit on it?" he asked himself. As he passed the stores going home to supper, he saw groups of young men sitting on the counters, eating cheese, sardines, and crackers, and they seemed to be enjoying the unusual fare. The boys

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from the Fishing Creek Settlement were taking a light lunch preparatory to a night's frolic.

When the Colonel reached home, he found his wife sitting in the hall-way patching a pair of his old trousers by the dim light of a lamp. He went in and sat on the lounge.

"I reckon supper'll be ready directly," she said with a sigh.

"I'm in no hurry, honey," he replied.

"I don't know what's going to happen," she remarked after awhile. "I've been thinking of Sally all the afternoon. It was almost the same as if she was in the house."

The faded woman looked at her husband with a faint smile to see what effect the statement would have on him. It seemed to have none whatever. He sat gazing at the floor twirling his thumbs. His wife sighed again, and bent over her work, with a vain wish that men had more sentiment than they have, or were more sympathetic than they are. Yet her remark made such a deep impression on Colonel Blasengame that it changed the whole tenor of his purpose. He accepted it as a sign. At the supper-table he betrayed more cheerfulness. "A hand like a Cape jessamin." He kept on repeating it to himself.

"Honey, which one of my guns has got the buckshot in it? Ain't it the one in your room? I thought so. Well, I'll have to borry your far-seein' specs to-night, and I wish you'd git Mrs. Winchell to stay all night with you. It'll be late when I come home."

Mrs. Blasengame asked no questions, but when he was ready to go, she tucked the ends of his cravat under his vest, saying, "Now, don't go and lose your temper."

"All right, honey. To-night's one of the nights when I'll jest *have* to hold in."

She laughed softly and patted him on the cheek. He stooped and kissed her, a proceeding so unusual that it brought a faint hint of a blush to her pale face. She watched him pass through the yard between the green files of dwarf boxwood, and heard him shut the gate carefully behind him, as was his wont. Then she turned away feeling a little happier than usual. She did not even ask herself what he was going to do with the shot-gun. Experience had taught her that the Colonel, whether in a riot, a hand-to-hand contest, or a vendetta, had the knack of staying at the front and taking care of himself.

When Colonel Blasengame left his front gate, he turned sharply to the left, thus avoiding the main thoroughfare that led through Halcyondale. He went two blocks and turned sharply to the right, still traversing what might be called a back street. He carried his gun at "trail arms," and moved rapidly. Presently he paused at the little red house where Mr. Orestes Richardson made his home. Without hesitation, he went along the gravelled walk, mounted the low steps and knocked at the door. There was a little flutter of preparation and expectation on the inside which was so natural that it reminded him of home. But the door was opened promptly enough—opened by Miss Grace Richardson.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"Good-evening, ma'm." Excess of politeness caused the Colonel to address even young girls as "ma'm." "My name is Blasengame. I'd like to see your pa. I'll not take up his time five minutes."

"Come in, sir," said Grace. "Father is not here, but if you want to see him on business of any kind I'll do as well."

"Not here!" exclaimed the Colonel, stepping across the threshold, and allowing his gun to rest at "order arms," seeing which Miss Richardson shrank back with surprise and alarm. "Not here! Why, I'm mighty sorry for that. He'd better be here, that's all I've got to say." The Colonel walked over to the fireplace and leaned his gun in the corner and wiped his face with his red silk handkerchief. "Why, what on earth—what is he doing?"

"Take that chair, Mr. Blasengame. What is the matter? What is the trouble? What has happened?"

The young woman was visibly excited. Apprehension looked from her eyes. She seated herself sidewise on a low lounge and threw a hand to her throat, as though the tightness of her collar vexed her. The Colonel noted this and again he thought of the Cape Jessamin and of his daughter.

"Won't you please tell me?" cried Grace. "Is there any trouble?"

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"Trouble's on foot, ma'm; I've come here to stop it, but how can I stop it if your pa is away somewheres, I don't know where?"

"Why, he's teaching the colored people at their church," Grace explained.

Colonel Blasengame frowned heavily and pursed up his mouth as if to say something very emphatic, but he hesitated and the words died on his lips. Over the fireplace was a portrait of Grace painted when she was fifteen, and but for the color that the painter had ostentatiously put in, it was his dead daughter over again, even to a tricksy droop of the mouth.

"Please tell me what the trouble is," Grace insisted. "I'm not afraid."

"No, ma'm, I'll not worry you with it," replied the Colonel; "but I'll tell you this much: if your pa gits back before I do, don't you let him open that door to a livin' human bein'. If it must be opened, you open it yourself, and stand and hold it. And tell your pa to take that gun there and empty both loads in the first man that crosses the doorsill. Is there any body you can git to stay with you till he comes?"

"No one at all," said the young girl.

The Colonel paused. "I wonder if Miss Irene——"

"Oh, *she's* not friendly at all," exclaimed Grace, bridling a little.

"No matter," said the Colonel. He hesitated again, regarded the young woman closely, and started for the door. "Mind what I told you," he said as he stepped out into the darkness.

Grace held the door ajar until she heard the click of the gate as the Colonel shut it gently. Then she applied such bars to the door as lock and thumb-bolt provided, and, woman-like, also propped a chair against it. As she turned away, with no light heart, she heard a tap on the back door, and the sound of it nearly caused her to drop with excitement. Would the trouble which Colonel Blasengame had vaguely hinted at come from *that* direction? She crept into the dark back room and listened. The tapping came a trifle louder, and with it she heard the voice of Mammy Minty.

"Open de do', honey; 'taint nobody but me."

Grace could hardly get the door opened fast enough. Here, at least was friendly company. Mammy Minty had come over on business. She wanted to buy some of Grace's old things for her daughter, who was preparing to get married. Grace went about satisfying the desires of the old negro woman in the most deliberate way. She dived deep into her trunks, and fished out frocks that had not hitherto been aired in that atmosphere. She brought forth the treasures of her chest, and spread out the gowns that had long been hanging in the stuffy closet. She told the history of each, she higgled and quibbled and hesitated, all for the purpose of holding Mammy Minty as long as possible. At last the old negro gave a snort and a grunt.

"Huh! I done hear tell 'bout you-all Northron folks lovin' money, but de Lord knows I ain't never b'lieve hit wuz *dis* bad."

"What do you mean?" Grace inquired, taken by surprise.

"I mean 'bout deze cloze," replied Mammy Minty. "I offer you dollar an' a half fer dish yer frock, an' you 'low hit's wuff two dollars. Den I offer you dollar fer dis'n, an' you up'n say it's wuff dollar an' a half. Hit bangs my time, sho."

Grace saw she had carried higgling as far as she could, and then she proceeded to purchase delay.

"Why, you asked me what they were worth, and I told you," she said. "I am going to make you a present of the best one, and I think I can find you a little hat to go with it."

"Ma'm?" inquired Mammy Minty. She wanted to make sure she had heard aright. Thereupon Grace repeated the information.

"Is you gwine ter gi' um to me sho nuff, honey? Well, de Lord knows——"

She paused and listened. The tramp of heavy feet on the small porch arrested her attention. Then there came a knock, and a very decisive one, on the door. The old negro woman looked at the young white woman.

"Ain't you gwine ter open de do', honey?"

"No," replied Grace.

"How come? Don't you know who 'tis?" The young woman shook her head. "Well, bless God! I'm gwine roun' de house an' see."

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Mammy Minty crept cautiously to the front. There was no moon, but the stars were shining, and a pale light seemed to filtrate from the Milky Way. One man was walking about on the porch impatiently. A group of men stood near the gate. In the street three or four horsemen were congregated.

Mammy Minty took all this in at a glance and crept to the back door again. "Come on, honey, less go 'way from here! Hit's de Ku-kluck! Come on! Make 'as'e! Deyer gwine ter do damage dis night. Come on! run!"

But Grace Richardson shook her head. Now that the worst had come, she would remain. She was pale, but composed. If she went away, her father might return and find that his daughter had deserted him at this hour; and this thought held her with a strong grip and would not let her go.

Again the knock came on the door, and this time Mammy Minty disappeared from Grace's vision as suddenly and as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. Frightened as she was, the old negro did not lose her wits. She ran to the big house, toiled up the flight of back steps, and went into the wide hall only to find the house apparently deserted. Irene and Tom were sitting on the veranda. Mammy Minty lifted up her voice——

"Miss Irene! 's Irene! *Oh*, Miss Irene!"

"What is it, Mammy?" came the reply.

"I wish you'd please, ma'm, step here quick ez you kin."

Irene went tripping from the porch into the hall, where Mammy Minty was standing panting.

"Miss Irene!" she exclaimed, "you better run over yon' ter the yuther house. De white men is ku-kluckin' dat ar young 'oman."

"Nonsense! who told you?"

"I seed um. I seed um wid my own eyes. Dey got hosses! an', mo' dan dat, dey got guns! I seed um—an' when I come 'way fum dar, dey wuz lammin' on de do'. I speck dey done broke it down by now. An' she settin' dar by her own 'lone se'f."

"Brother Tom!" Irene called out. "Mammy has something to tell you. I can't wait."

She whisked along the hallway, gathered her skirt firmly in her hand as she went, fluttered down the steps, and went running through the lot, with not the least idea of what she intended to do. Near the back door of the red house she ran against two men. Stifling a scream, she flew past them and went in at the door without ceremony. Grace Richardson was leaning against the table. "You are in trouble," cried Irene; "what is it?" The friendly face and the eager, friendly voice were too much for the excited girl. She broke down and fell to weeping, and this was perhaps a very good thing under the circumstances.

Then came the sound of footsteps at the back door, and in walked the two men whom Irene had surprised by running against them—Colonel Blasengame and Mr. Orestes Richardson, the first a little red and fretful, the last as cool as a cucumber and wearing a smile of perfect peace and contentment.

"Howdy, Miss Irene?" said the Colonel. Then to Grace: "He would come. I tried to argy with him; but I might as well have been talkin' to a tree."

"He thought I was afraid," remarked Mr. Richardson, after politely greeting Irene.

"For your daughter's sake, Judge, you could well afford to be afraid. That's what I thought, and that's what I still think."

Over at Chippendale's, when Irene ran out of the hall, Mammy Minty waited to tell Tom the news, while Tom waited to be told. Finally he yawned, and this was too much for Mammy Minty. She walked to the door and gave the young man a piece of her mind.

"De Lord knows ef de ku-kluckers wuz trompin' 'bout on my place, an' I had a sister right 'mongst um, I wouldn't be settin' up here gapin' an' gwine on—dat I wouldn't!"

"What are you talking about, you fat rascal?" cried Tom, jocularly. "Gracious! if we had slavery times again, I'd give you a paddling!"

"Well, you better go yan' whar Miss Irene gone. De ku-kluckers done come atter dat Yankee man, and by dis time

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Miss Irine right 'mongst um. Den come back an' we'll see who'll git de paddlin'."

"By George!" cried Tom; "why didn't you tell me at first?"

"Kaze how I know but what you 'uz in wid um? An' 'sides dat, how kin I talk ter anybody when dey er gapin' an' noddin'?"

Tom Chippendale didn't wait to hear any explanation. He rushed into the house, seized his Winchester, emptied a box of cartridges into his coat-pockets, and went tearing through the lot at such a rate that he roused the dogs, and had them all chasing him in full cry. He arrived on the spot not half a minute behind Colonel Blasengame and his charge.

Now it happened, as Tom went out at the back door, a buggy drove up the gravelled walk to the front, and a gentleman bearing a valise alighted therefrom and dismissed the vehicle, which went rattling off. The new-comer walked leisurely up the steps with the air of a man sure of a welcome. Mammy Minty was still standing in the hall-way, and she came forward as the stranger approached the door.

"Howdy, Mammy?" he said, reaching forth his hand to greet her. The sonorous voice had a ring in it that stirred pleasant memories in Mammy's mind. She laughed aloud, crying out:

"Ain't dat Marse Harvey Haskell? Ah, Lord, honey! you nee'nter put on no long whiskers tryin' ter fool me! I'd know you ef you had yo' head in a bag!"

She took his valise and explained the situation in a few words.

"This is too bad!" he exclaimed. "I'll walk around and see how the trouble may be mended."

He had grown taller and stouter, and as he went down the steps holding himself proudly erect, Mammy Minty exclaimed to herself: "De Lord knows *he's* a man!"

Meanwhile Tom Chippendale took charge of affairs inside the house. Would Miss Richardson oblige him by sitting at the table where the light fell on her face? And would Mr. Richardson go into the next room out of range of the front door?

"One moment," said Mr. Richardson. "You are not doing this as the result of any special friendship for me?"

"No, not special," replied Tom. He looked at Grace as he spoke, and his face suddenly grew red, a symptom that was eloquently answered by a rosiness that crept into the young lady's face and persisted in displaying itself whenever Tom glanced at her.

There came another loud rap on the door, and this time it was promptly opened by Tom. The man at the door was evidently taken by surprise, for he slunk to one side.

"Is that you, Flewellen?" he said. "Come in; come right in! What is the trouble?"

The man was embarrassed, but he responded to the invitation, and Tom shut the door again.

Mr. Flewellen looked about him with quick-moving eyes, and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. The silence was painful until Tom Chippendale spoke again.

"Flewellen, what are you doing around my premises at this time of night?"

His voice was so harsh and so hard that Grace Richardson looked at him in surprise. The man as well as the voice had changed. The blushing, awkward young fellow had disappeared altogether, and in his place stood a self-poised, stern-faced man.

"If you want to find out about the whole business, go out there and ax the boys. I lay they'll tell you all you want to know." There was just the faintest glimmer of defiance in Mr. Flewellen's tone.

Tom Chippendale took his Winchester from the lounge, flung the door open and walked out, followed first by Mr. Flewellen, and then by Colonel Blasengame. Before the latter could shut the door Irene, by some sudden impulse, also went out. Two or three pine-torches had been lit to illuminate the scene, and by the fitful and flaring light of these, one could count from fifty to a hundred people, the most of them spectators and some of them young boys.

What would have happened if Tom Chippendale had been permitted to follow his impulses it is impossible to say, for he had a fierce temper when aroused. But

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just as he stepped to the front of the little porch, where he could see and be seen, a tall man clad in gray, entered the gate and advanced leisurely toward the house.

"Good-evening to one and all," he said, lifting his hat as he came up. His voice, strong and yet musical, carried far. It was heard in the highway where the mob was beginning to make a stir, and carried a thrill to the innocent bosom of a certain young woman on the porch, who was quick to recognize it, and who promptly shrank behind the friendly shadow of the honeysuckle vine that clambered across one corner.

"Why, General Haskell! Harvey!" cried Tom. He seized his old friend and hugged him as well as he could with one arm, the other holding the Winchester rifle

Colonel Blasengame also gave the General a genuine, if somewhat boisterous, greeting.

Mr. Flewellen was less effusive, not because he was not a warm admirer of General Haskell, but because it was not his nature to expose his feelings to the light. He was glad to see the man he had served under, not only because he was fond of him, but because the General's opportune presence showed him a way out of a position that had now become too embarrassing to be comfortable.

"General," he said, "there's a whole lot of the boys out there, and they'd all be glad to see you."

"Not gladder than I'll be to see them," replied Harvey Haskell.

Whereupon Mr. Flewellen called to Birch and Dave Reddick and a few others, and told them that the General was there and would be glad to see them and shake hands with them. The whole crowd came rushing forward with a shout and a hurrah, for it was felt to convey some distinction to the whole population that the county and the town had produced a commander as famous as Harvey Haskell had come to be.

"You may be surprised to find me at this particular place," said the General, "but I went to Chippendale's, and finding the family gone, I concluded to pay my respects to the gentleman who lives here, and to thank him for some of the letters he has written to the Northern papers. He is the only Northern man who seems to understand the difficulties we are facing down here."

The only fabrication about this was that Harvey Haskell had not intended to call on this particular night.

"Well, dang me!" exclaimed Mr. Birch, scratching his head. "If that's the fact, I am mighty glad you come. Me and the boys was jest about to call on another little matter!"

"Well, I am glad you appreciate a gentleman who is trying to clear the atmosphere," remarked Harvey Haskell. He spoke seriously, but the tone of his voice carried a good deal of information to Mr. Birch's ears.

There was little more to be said after that. Some of the boys had far to ride, and they made haste to get on the road; so that in a little while peace fell around the place where, a few minutes before, there had been promise of a tragedy.

Then those who were left went inside, and if Harvey Haskell's greeting of Grace Richardson was a trifle more constrained than it should have been, it was because he fully expected to find another lady with her.

"Where is Miss Irene?" he asked, finally.

"Hiding out there on the porch," remarked Colonel Blasengame, with the air of an usher.

"On the porch! Why, I didn't see her," exclaimed General Haskell.

He hurried out, closing the door behind him. He found Irene in the darkest corner. He spoke to her and received no answer. She was crying.

"Won't you shake hands?" he asked. "I have come many a long mile to see you."

Well, he did shake hands, and although the porch was dark, Harvey Haskell found that he had come out to Irene in the very nick and score of time. A moment earlier, a second later, would have doomed him to a period of skirmishing for which he was not at all fitted.

As for Tom Chippendale, he began the next day a series of discussions with Mr. Orestes Richardson on the various problems of the hour, and after he had been uplifted by the Uplifter, he asked Grace if she wouldn't be so kind as to lift him to

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the seventh heaven, and she was kind enough to do so.

When Colonel Blasengame reached home that night, he found his wife sitting up for him—and still mending and patching.

"Why, honey!" he cried, "why don't you put up that everlastin' work and go to bed?"

"I've been doing it so long, it doesn't seem like work," she exclaimed, with a faint smile. "I thought you'd be tired, and I fixed you a pot of coffee. Mrs. Winchell couldn't come."

As the Colonel drank his coffee, he related the incidents of the night. His wife listened, asking a question now and then: how was the Yankee girl dressed, and did she seem to be afraid?

"Well," said the little woman at last, "you must watch that Flewellen. You've had one fuss with him."

"That's the reason I'll never have another," remarked the Colonel, dryly.

Then they went to bed, and by that time there was not a light to be seen in Halcyondale except the one that shone from the windows at Chippendale's where Harvey Haskell, speaking in no loud voice, was telling all the troubles he had had on account of the wrinkled and crooked course of true love.

THE PROBLEMS OF A PACIFIC CABLE

By Herbert Laws Webb

A CABLE across the Pacific Ocean has been planned by different people at different times during the past thirty years. At present there are no less than five different plans for trans-Pacific cables before the public of two hemispheres. Probably the oldest definite scheme was broached by Mr. Sandford Fleming, the chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the early seventies Mr. Fleming stated that the Canadian transcontinental railway and telegraph would be incomplete without an extension across the Pacific Ocean to connect with the telegraph systems of the countries on the far side of the Pacific. The Pacific cable has also received considerable attention in the United States, and, owing to recent events, may at the present time almost be considered a burning question. Up to a few years ago American Pacific cable schemes were confined to a cable between the Californian coast and the Hawaiian Islands, and several enterprising gentlemen have at various times obtained exclusive concessions for landing a cable at Honolulu. One of these concessionaires was the late Cyrus W. Field, of Atlantic cable fame. At the present time, however, it is recognized, and indeed for some years past it has been recognized by those familiar with the management of cable systems, that an American Pacific cable could not stop at Honolulu, but would necessarily have to connect with either Australia, Japan, or China in order to secure direct communication between the American continent and the vast system of telegraphs of the Far East.

The oldest of Pacific cable schemes is generally known as the "all-British" cable, which would start from Vancouver and connect with both Australia and New Zealand. This is the most ambitious cable-laying plan that has been formed since the days of the first Atlantic cable. The first section of the British Pacific cable would join Vancouver with Fanning Island, and would require a length of cable of about 3,560 nautical miles, which is about 1,000 miles longer than the longest of the older Atlantic cables. Within recent years, however, it may be noted that a French Atlantic cable has been laid from Brest to Cape Cod, which measures a total length of 3,185 nautical miles, thus closely approaching the length of the Vancouver-Fanning cable. From Fanning Island the cable would run to Fiji, and thence to Norfolk Island, from

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which point one section would run to Australia and another to New Zealand.

A second government cable in the Pacific is proposed by the United States Government. According to the original bill this was intended to connect the Californian coast with Honolulu only. During this session a government plan for laying a cable clear across the Pacific, to give direct communication with the Philippines, will be urged. The Secretary of the Navy has prepared a draft of a bill providing for Pacific cables to be constructed under the supervision of the Navy Department. The Chief of the Bureau of Equipment estimates the cost of laying and equipping the proposed cables at $10,000,000. Senator Lodge has introduced a bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract with an American cable company for telegraph communication with Honolulu, Guam, Manila, China and Japan. The annual payment to the company is not to exceed $400,000 for twenty years. Government messages are to be transmitted free for twenty years and at half rates thereafter. The cable must be in operation by January 1, 1903. Two other bills relating to the construction of Pacific cables, either by the United States Government or with its aid, have been introduced this session.

Two other American plans have been put forward by two companies, one of which proposed a cable running from San Francisco to Honolulu, and thence, via the Marshall Islands, to Japan and Australia; and the other proposed a somewhat similar plan, and a few years ago claimed to have an exclusive concession from the Hawaiian Government for landing-rights in the Hawaiian Islands. Any claim to such an exclusive concession has now disappeared. Each of these companies has approached Congress at various times for government aid in laying the proposed cables; but although it has sometimes appeared as if Congress would grant the required aid to one or other of the two, such a measure always eventually has been lost.

The fifth plan for a trans-Pacific cable was expounded by Mr. Harrington Emerson in a recent issue of the *Engineering Magazine*. Mr. Emerson proposes what might be called an Arctic cable, running from Cape Flattery to Sitka, from there by way of the Aleutian Islands to an island in the Kurile group, whence a short cable to the Siberian coast and another to Japan would give connection with the existing Russian and Japanese lines. Mr. Emerson argues for this northern route with a good deal of plausibility, pointing out that the total length of cable required is only about 5,000 miles, as compared with between 7,000 and 8,000 miles for either of the southern routes; also that the cables following the line of the Alaskan coast and the Aleutian and Kurile islands could be laid in short sections, of which the longest need not exceed 528 miles. This would naturally give cables of a high speed and low cost, compared with the long sections required between either Vancouver and Fanning Island or San Francisco and Honolulu. This northern route was first suggested by Mr. Fleming in the early seventies, in connection with his plan before described. It was at that time considered that physical difficulties existed in the southern part of the Pacific Ocean, which would prove insuperable obstacles to the laying of a cable on a direct route between Canada and Australasia. As regards communication between North America and Australia, the northern route across the Pacific advocated by Mr. Emerson would be a very round-about one and would involve almost as many transmissions and as high rates as the present route via Europe and India, and practically the same objection holds as regards communication between America and the Philippines. There is the further objection to this route that the cables would traverse a part of the ocean much exposed to fogs and heavy storms and suffering from a prolonged winter, which would render repairs often a matter of great difficulty, while probably of frequent necessity. What is a fatal objection to the Arctic route, in the minds of those most interested in an American Pacific cable, is that it leaves the Hawaiian Islands out of the question altogether.

In the past thirty-five years some eighteen cables have been laid across the Atlantic Ocean, and at the present time another is building to afford direct connection between Germany and the United States, which, touching at the Azores, will

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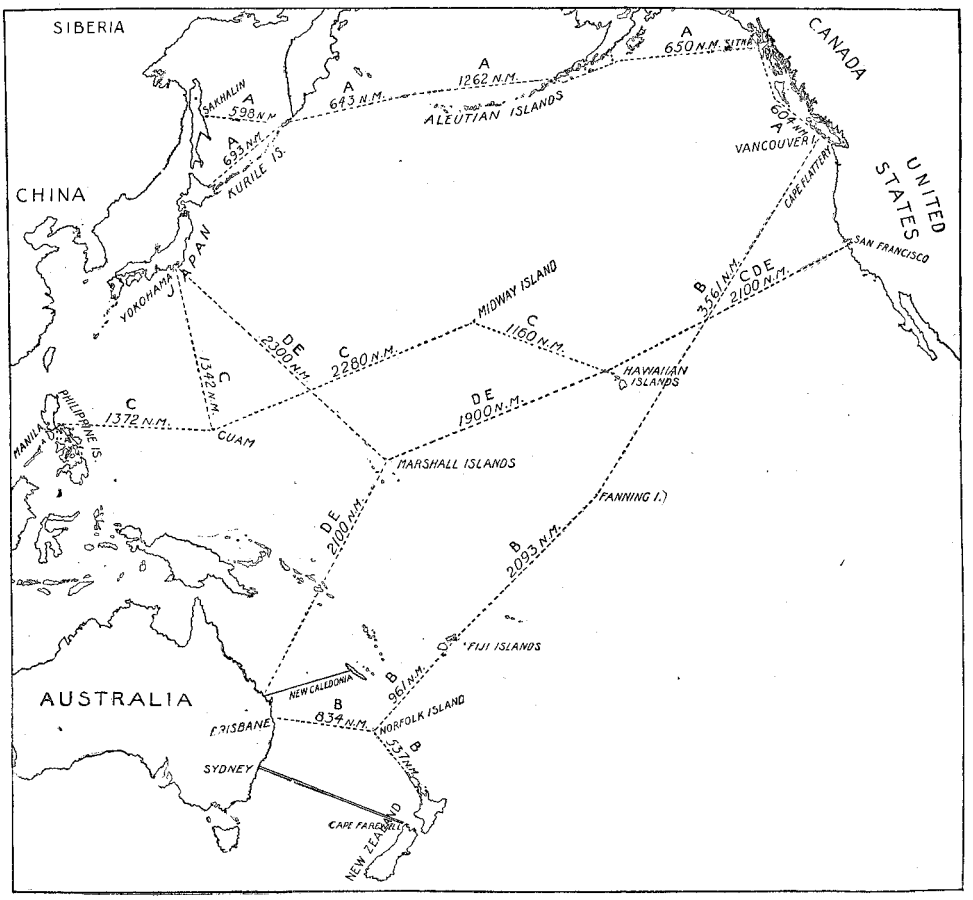

Proposed Pacific Cables.

A—Northern Route from Cape Flattery, via the Alaskan Coast, Aleutian Islands and Kurile Islands, to Siberia and Japan; 5,040 nautical miles.
B—All-British cable from Vancouver, via Fanning, Fiji, and Norfolk Island to Australia and New Zealand; 7,986 nautical miles.
C—United States Government cable, from San Francisco, via Hawaii and Guam, to the Philippines and Japan; 8,254 nautical miles.
D—Pacific Cable Company of New York, from San Francisco via Hawaii and the Marshall Islands to Australia and Japan. (Landing points between Hawaii and the Far East not definitely chosen.) About 8,400 nautical miles.
E—Pacific Cable Company of New Jersey. Similar route to that proposed by the Pacific Cable Company of New York.

have a total length of over 5,000 miles. In view of the constant activity in Atlantic cables which has resulted in a new cable about every two years since the first successful cable of 1866, it stands to reason that the difficulties offered by the Pacific Ocean must be very great for the nineteenth century to reach its close without a definite scheme for spanning the Pacific by telegraph having been adopted. The difficulties may be summed up in a few words: First, the great cost of a complete system of cables; second, the extreme depth of water known to exist in certain parts of the Pacific and feared in others; third, the long distances between landing-points; and fourth, the lack of intermediate points having an active trade. The estimated cost of the British Pacific cable, for a single cable connecting Vancouver with Australia and New Zealand, is placed at about $7,000,000, including two repairing-ships and a sum of $175,000 for maintenance of the cables for six months. The president of one of the cable companies of New York estimates the total capital cost of a cable to Japan, Australia, and the Philippines via Hawaii at $12,000,000, and the cost of maintenance, including two repairing-ships, and of operating expenses, at $300,000 a year. It is not considered that a single cable will be sufficient to insure permanent communication, and any scheme for

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a Pacific cable must provide eventually for duplicate cables throughout the entire route, so that the total capital cost of a thoroughly reliable and efficient Pacific cable system may be put down at approximately $26,000,000, which would include two repairing-ships, a reasonable quantity of spare cable, and the equipment of operating stations at the various landing-points.

Sums such as these are well calculated to intimidate private capital from embarking in a venture subject to the risks that submarine cables are known to suffer from, and where the returns in the shape of a large volume of paying traffic cannot be considered a certain quantity. One of the companies, however, has offered to the United States Government to lay such a system of cables and to transmit, free of charge, all the official telegrams of that Government for twenty years, provided the United States will assist the company with a subsidy of $275,000 a year. After twenty years Government messages will be transmitted at half rates, it being stipulated that the commercial rate from the United States to Japan, Manila, and Australia shall not exceed one dollar per word, which is about one-half the existing rates. It will be seen that this proposal does not contemplate a subsidy in the strict sense of the word, as the company would give the Government a very fair return for its money by transmitting all official telegrams free for twenty years, and at half rates thereafter. It is quite conceivable, in view of the events of the past eighteen months, that the Government might have rather the best of the bargain. How much the United States Government has spent in the past two years in cablegrams to the Far East is not public knowledge, and how much it would have spent in the past four or five years for cablegrams to Honolulu if a cable had existed can only be guessed at. But some idea may be had of the freedom with which the Government spends money on telegrams when international difficulties exist, from the statement of the president of the Central and South American Telegraph Company before a Senate committee some years ago to the effect that his company had received from the United States Government, during the dispute with Chili, upward of $50,000 in a single month for telegrams to Valparaiso. Numerous instances of costly government telegrams to different parts of the world are on record, and it is impossible to estimate how much a government may spend in telegraphing in grave emergencies, and equally impossible to estimate how much may be saved by these costly government messages. It may be safely stated that a trans-Pacific cable, had it been in existence during the past two years, would have had very extensive patronage from Washington.

The great cost of the Pacific cable system, whichever route is adopted, would probably for some years to come deter private capital from attempting the establishment of a cable unaided, and this large capital cost is the chief argument in favor of a government cable, as a government can raise money at very much lower interest than a private company. The difference between two and a half or three per cent. and five or six per cent. is all-important when the capital on which that interest has to be paid runs well up into the millions. Apart from this feature of the enterprise, a government scheme has little to recommend it. A Pacific cable system would necessarily be run as a competitive enterprise, for much of its traffic would be between Europe and the Far East, and would have to be fought for with the existing systems that connect Great Britain with China, Japan, and Australia. It is pretty generally recognized, I believe, that competitive enterprises are better managed by commercial companies than by government departments.

Turning to the physical features of the cable itself, it is clear that the doubts as to the practicability of a Pacific cable, freely expressed in various quarters a few years ago, no longer exist. This is evident from the fact that firm offers have been made both to the Canadian Government and to the United States Government to lay a complete system of cables across the Pacific for certain specified sums. These offers have been made by some of the oldest and most experienced cable manufacturers, with a full knowledge of what is required and of all the conditions of the Pacific Ocean that have so far been discovered. The great depths known to ex-

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ist in the Pacific Ocean are not on any of the routes along which it has been proposed to lay cables. The greatest depth of which accurate soundings have so far been made are in the neighborhood of the Kermadec Islands, a few hundred miles to the northeast of New Zealand. In this part of the Pacific soundings of over 5,000 fathoms, or about six miles, have been made. None of the proposed routes, however, goes near these tremendous depressions in the ocean bed. Complete surveys have not been made of the southern Pacific to the westward of the Hawaiian Islands and the Fiji Islands, and although no very great depths are known to exist on any of the proposed routes, a detailed survey would no doubt reveal many inequalities of just as serious a nature. The route between California and Hawaii has been pretty thoroughly surveyed by United States Government vessels, and a thoroughly practicable route for a cable has been established by the aid of these soundings. The greatest depth discovered was about 3,100 fathoms, at about the point where the route for the American cable from California to Hawaii crosses that of the British cable from Vancouver to Fanning. The average depth of the route after deep water has once been struck ranges from 2,400 fathoms to 3,100, a large part of the distance being in water closely bordering on 3,000 fathoms in depth. This great depth, of which some idea may be got by imagining Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to Seventy-ninth Street set on end, is not exceeded on any existing cable route, though closely approached on many. The Atlantic cables are laid in a depth of from 2,400 fathoms up to about 2,700 fathoms, and such depths as 2,700 to 2,800 fathoms are found in many other parts of the ocean, so that no startling novelty is presented by what is known so far of the Pacific route. Cables have frequently been repaired in depths of considerably over 2,000 fathoms, and numerous instances are on record of repairs effected in depths of 2,700 fathoms, or about three miles. The difference between 2,700 fathoms and 3,100 fathoms is more than counterbalanced by the improvements that have been made in the manufacture of submarine cables and in the art of repairing them. What is a greater obstacle than the depth of the Pacific Ocean is the long distance between landing-points. This applies specially to the British project, which on its longest section calls for a cable of 3,560 miles in one section. In order to get a fair working speed over a section of this length a very heavy cable has to be constructed. No such difficulty exists in connection with the American scheme, as the section from San Francisco to Honolulu will be but a little over 2,000 miles long, which is not much more than most of the Atlantic cables, and less than some of them.

The principal conditions to be considered in connection with a submarine-cable project are the selection of a route which will afford a bed for the cable where it will be free from undue risk of interruption, and the design of a cable which will give the maximum security against interruption, the maximum strength to enable it to be lifted for repairs, and the maximum speed of signalling. The selection of the route, which is necessarily brought within narrow limits by the points between which the cable is to be laid, is determined nowadays by an extremely careful preliminary survey of the ground. Deep-sea soundings are usually taken a good many miles apart. Even in government surveys, made when a plan such as the laying of a Pacific cable is under consideration, the distance between soundings is often ten or fifteen miles. Intervals as long as this are quite sufficient to allow of a submarine mountain being passed over without any suspicion of its existence. Submarine-cable contractors in making a detailed survey preliminary to the actual laying of a cable usually sound over a zigzag course, following the general direction of the proposed route, and making the soundings at very frequent intervals. Such a sounding expedition was described in an article on a cable expedition in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October, 1890. On this survey, made between Spain and the Canary Islands, two ships spent about three weeks in sounding over a course of some 780 miles, and a very large number of soundings, revealing previously unknown inequalities, were made. At one point a submarine mountain, rising from a depth

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of 2,400 fathoms to within about 250 feet of the surface of the ocean, was discovered. If soundings had been made in a straight line ten or fifteen miles apart, this mountain and other banks of lesser magnitude might easily have been passed over. In fact, one bank, of a much less steep slope than the mountain just referred to, *was* passed over by the sounding expedition and was discovered by a sounding-ship a few miles ahead of the cable-ship during the actual laying of the cable. The discovery was fortunately made in sufficient time to permit the cable-ship to avoid laying the cable taut over the bank. How important it is to have the most detailed and accurate survey that can possibly be made before starting to lay a long deep-sea cable can readily be understood from the following facts.

A cable-ship paying out deep-sea cable at the rate of from six to eight knots an hour, the usual rate of paying out in deep water, in a depth of say 2,500 fathoms, has about twenty miles of cable suspended between the stern of the ship and the bottom of the ocean. The cable, in a manner, slides down an inclined plane until it finally reaches the bottom about twenty miles behind the point over which the ship is actually steaming. If, for example, we could imagine New York City submerged with a depth of about three miles of sea water over it, and a cable-ship laying a cable from north to south, when the ship was over the City Hall the cable would begin to reach the bottom somewhere in the neighborhood of Yonkers. If now we imagine Murray Hill, instead of being the gentle eminence that it is, were a mountain rising to a height of nearly 15,000 feet, the cable would be suspended from its peak in a long loop, and by the time the ship got southward to a point below the Narrows such a length of cable would be hanging between the peak of the submarine mountain and the stern of the ship that the breaking strain of the cable would be exceeded and the cable would part from its own weight. This sort of accident has actually happened on several cable expeditions, and can only be avoided by a careful and accurate preliminary survey of the ground over which a new cable is to be laid. It is well-known that in laying a long cable, or indeed a cable of any length of over a few miles, a certain percentage of "slack" has to be allowed for, that is, that the amount of cable actually laid exceeds the air-line distance between the two points connected, by about ten per cent. This slack is usually supposed to permit the cable to adjust itself to the contour of the ocean-bed, but in reality it is impossible to lay a cable without slack, and in any case practically no amount of slack would prevent ultimate disaster if a cable were laid over a precipitous elevation rising 10,000 or 15,000 feet from the bottom of the ocean. Even if the ocean were absolutely level, however, it would not be possible to lay a cable without slack, for the reason that the resistance of the water to the passage of the cable through it causes, as above described, a long length of cable to be suspended between the stern of the ship and the bottom of the ocean when the ship is going at normal speed over deep water. The cable, then, has a motion akin to a sliding down the inclined plane of water which partially supports it, and this results in a certain amount of cable being paid out in excess of that required to cover the distance in a straight line. Just what shape the cable takes when it finally slides onto the bottom of the ocean it is impossible to say, as no one has ever been down to investigate, but one thing is certain, and that is that for the cable to have a fair chance it must lie on the bottom, and not be suspended at any point from a submerged mountain or precipice. A large number of breakages of deep-sea cables have been due to "suspension."

The enemies to submarine cables are many. Apart from the dangers arising from laying cables over unequal ground, which would cause them to be suspended and sooner or later to chafe through, there are occasionally mysterious deposits of chemical matter, even in deep water, which attack the armor wires of the cable, destroying their strength and rendering it impossible to lift the cable for repairs. In the earlier Atlantic cables the galvanized iron armor wires which give the cable mechanical strength to enable it to be properly laid and subsequently, if necessary, lifted for repairs, were surrounded by hemp to preserve the wires from the action of the sea-water. It was found that the hemp itself was soon destroyed, permitting the

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iron to be attacked in its turn, and many miles of valuable Atlantic cable have had to be abandoned because the cable could not be lifted for repairs. An improvement over the hemp covering was the substitution of a double covering of tape, soaked in a preservative compound of pitch, with which the entire cable was enveloped, and a recent refinement on this method is to tape and compound each individual sheathing wire, now of steel instead of iron, before the sheathing is applied to the cable. This method of protecting the sheathing wires insures the modern cable under normal conditions a very much longer life than many of its predecessors have had. In the neighborhood of the points where cables are landed many untoward conditions have to be guarded against, the chief of which are chemical deposits, rocks, tides, and anchors of vessels. In order to give the cable protection against all these enemies the shore-end, usually extending for several miles from the actual landing-place into comparatively deep water, is provided with a much heavier protection than the rest of the cable. Usually the shore-end is made up of the regular deep-sea type of cable enclosed in a second covering of very heavy armor wires. The shore-end often weighs over twenty tons to the nautical mile. From the point where the shore-end leaves off the cable tapers down by means of lengths of a less heavy type, known as "intermediate," to the deep-sea cable, weighing about two tons per nautical mile, which is usually laid when the depth of water reaches about three hundred fathoms. Among the most active and insidious of the enemies of submarine cables are the numerous families of submarine borers, of which the best known is the *teredo navalis*. Some of these borers have a special liking for the gutta-percha insulating envelope of the cable, through which they drill until the copper conductor is exposed to the sea, resulting in the complete breakdown of the cable. Submarine borers are usually not found in depths of over a few hundred fathoms, but all shallow-water cables and those parts of all deep-sea cables which lie in shallow water are now protected against the attacks of the *teredo* and all his family by the envelopment of the gutta-percha core with a continuous brass tape, which forms an impregnable armor against the boring implements of these submarine mosquitoes.

One of the essential features of a submarine cable is the speed of signalling. In operating long cables very delicate instruments are required, and the currents arriving at the receiving end are very feeble in comparison with those employed in land-line signalling. The longer the cable, naturally, the feebler the impulses arriving at the receiving end. A short cable, a cable of under 1,000 miles being generally considered a short cable, gives a speed of signalling amply sufficient for all purposes with a conductor weighing about 100 pounds to the mile, surrounded by an insulating envelope of gutta-percha weighing about an equal amount. When we come to a cable of about twice this length it is found necessary, in order to get a practically unlimited speed, that is, a speed as high as the most expert operator can read at, to employ a core of 650 pounds of copper to the mile, insulated with 400 pounds of gutta-percha to the mile. These are the proportions of copper and gutta-percha in the 1894 Anglo-American Atlantic cable, which is considered the record Atlantic cable for speed of working, and has been worked, by automatic transmission, at the rate of some 45 words a minute. The type of cable proposed for the Vancouver-Fanning section of the British Pacific cable, as designed by Lord Kelvin, is to have a core of 552 pounds of copper and 368 pounds of gutta-percha to the mile, and is calculated to give a speed of 12 words per minute over a length of 3,560 miles. It is not considered safe to adopt a very much heavier core than this, for the reason that the weight of the complete cable with a core that should weigh more than about half a ton to the nautical mile would be so great that picking it up for repairs from a depth of 3,000 fathoms would be an extremely difficult and hazardous operation.

The speed of a cable is usually reckoned in reputed words of five letters each. Consequently the calculated speed of 12 words per minute for the Vancouver-Fanning cable means an average of 60 letters per minute. A cable having this theoretical speed would carry about seven

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commercial eight-letter words per minute, or 420 words per hour; reckoning a cable day at about twenty hours, this gives a capacity of about 8,400 words per day, and allowing 300 working days to the year, of 2,520,000 words in a year. In the case of a trans-Pacific cable a working day of twenty hours is not an excessive estimate. The largest year's traffic between Europe and America and Australia, of which there is any available record, occurred in the year 1895, when a total of 1,860,423 words were transmitted, so that a cable having a capacity of over 2,000,000 words per year is really sufficient to cope with all the traffic it is likely to get in the first year or two. The figures given above are based more especially on the British Pacific cable where the through speed is limited by the speed of the long Vancouver-Fanning section. An American cable, of which the longest section would be not more than two-thirds the length of the Vancouver-Fanning cable, would have a very much higher speed and could easily accommodate double the total traffic given as the capacity of the British Pacific cable.

The total time which would be required to establish a complete line of cable across the Pacific Ocean is generally put at about three years, but it need not take quite so long as this. The average rate at which cable is manufactured in the principal large factories in England is about twenty nautical miles per day. The total amount of cable that would be required for a single line across the Pacific is about 8,000 miles, so that the making of the cable would occupy a factory continuously for about sixteen months. On some occasions cable-making has been carried on at a considerably higher rate than twenty miles per day. A record piece of cable-making was 1,027 miles made in twenty-seven working days, or at the average rate of thirty-eight miles per day. On this occasion the maximum length made in any one day was fifty-two miles. So it is evident that if necessary the cable could really be made at a higher rate than twenty miles per day, and in any case there is little doubt that the whole work could be finished in less than two years. The detailed survey would naturally be made during the manufacture of the cable, and the laying would be done in sections as portions of the cable were finished. One important reason for the work taking a long time is the great distance of the scene of operations from the point where deep-sea cables are made. Cable-ships have not the speed of trans-Atlantic liners, and the cable would have to be carried a voyage of about three months from the point of manufacture before any work could be begun at all.

With so many different schemes in the air, some of them being actively pushed and ready to take definite shape at any moment, it seems probable that the Pacific cable will be soon laid. A cable laid by an American commercial company seems to have the best chances of success as a sound undertaking. The lack of intermediate points having a large population and volume of trade is not as serious an objection as is generally made out. A cable to a new point, to a large extent, creates its own traffic. The establishment of telegraphic communication results in new ways of doing business and opens up new avenues of profitable endeavor. The electric current, like that set alive by royalty or by the President at the opening of an exhibition, sets in motion a variety of machinery that before lay dormant. The trade of the Pacific is looking up, and hosts of enterprising Americans are busily engaged in looking up that trade. A trans-Pacific cable is not an absolute necessity, because communication, certain, if expensive and relatively slow, between America and the Far East is already had over the existing system, but that such a cable would soon find a profitable traffic is not to be questioned by those who are at all familiar with the rising volume of trade between the Far East and America. And be it remembered that to-day every commercial transaction between two points separated by the sea, like this article, begins and ends with a cable.

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THE MERCY OF DEATH

By William Allen White

WITH the reporter it was only the matter of a Sunday story. If Congressman Thomas Wharton had not been elected United States Senator the day before, the story that Sunday would have been a sanitary article under the head "A Little Italy is a Dangerous Thing." But with Senator-elect Wharton it was a matter of some moment to have a city reporter come down to one's home on the eight o'clock train in the morning and stay until the six-thirty train in the evening, taking an inventory of one's goods and chattels, intellectual equipment, moral endowment, and previous condition of servitude. In his capacity of cataloguer the reporter made mental note of the masterpieces of art in Wharton's library—the campaign picture of Blaine and Logan, a dust-stained steel engraving representing the Lincoln family, apparently glued about a marble-topped centre-table; also portraits of Hereford royalty by Cecil Palmer, and of Berkshire royalty of unknown artisanship. During the morning Wharton took the reporter over the wide, tame grass fields and showed off the royal originals.

As the two men walked in the fields Wharton explained that his father was a Pennsylvanian and his mother pure-bred Donegal Irish. While he was relating the details of his early life, his struggles for an education with the appurtenances of the log school-house, the pine-knot and the blue Webster Speller, the reporter was condensing the narrative into a paragraph in which the phrase "the short and simple annals of the poor" should find a place.

After the noonday dinner, and when the reporter had secured photographs of Mrs. Wharton and of the children—the two married daughters in the little town of Baxter, the daughter in the high-school, and the boy who was running the farm—also five likenesses of Wharton, including an army daguerreotype, the newly made senator was in a talkative mood. He was sprawling, rather than sitting, in a huge leather chair in front of the fire; his feet were wide apart. One hand kept ruffing his iron-gray hair, the other hand held a cigar. As he talked the reporter wondered just how much of Wharton's double chin and crescent-shaped vest the managing editor would leave in the copy if the reporter told the truth about them. Wharton was saying:

"The trouble with the East is, they're getting flabby. They don't get enough hard knocks. Take the Eastern fellows in Congress. Why, not one in ten of the younger set ever went barefooted. They've lived in steam-heated flats and ridden around in street-cars all their lives. They can't stick to a fight. They're what you fellows call effete. Look at the pickle that Harvard puts on a boy. You can spot a boy from Harvard as far as you can see him. He has a kind of highty-tighty air, sniffs at his country, and tolerates his universe. If I ever had a boy come home with that Harvard pickle on him I'd put him into the chamber-work department of a livery stable till he got so he could say his prayers and take off his hat to the flag."

Wharton threw a leg over the low arm of his chair, opened his half-shut eyes, grinned at the reporter, and added: "Don't you put that in the paper. There's a little bunch of Harvard in the Senate, and I may need it in my business." The reporter assented and Wharton cut in with:

"Yep, son, sugar catches more flies than vinegar."

"Do you want to talk Civil Service, Senator?" questioned the reporter, as he mentally stored away Wharton's epigram to use in some other part of the interview.

Wharton rose and paced the room twice, with his cigar in his teeth and his hands deep in his trousers pockets.

"I dunno—anything wrong with this: say that the thing that threatens this country is political apathy. Citizens pay too

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much attention to business and not enough to politics—and then ask how you're going to get more interest in politics by taking all the offices away from the people and putting them in cold-storage. Get my idea ? "

The reporter nodded.

" Well, if you think it's any good, trim it up. Tell 'em it's all right to holler about a public office being a private snap, but ask how the registration is going to be kept up in the ward if mansions in the skies are to be the only reward for the fellows who drive the hacks. Of course, don't use those words, but you understand my point."

When the interview and the Sunday story were printed they appeared under the head "A Tribune of the People," and the story told how Thomas Wharton had risen from an humble farmer boy, step by step, office upon office, from school-teacher to county superintendent, from that to State legislator, upward into the National Congress, where he served six terms ; and how, by trusting in the people, he had weathered every political storm and had finally anchored in the United States Senate. The reporter made a good story. The managing editor said so, and Wharton bought ten copies of the paper, an unusually large number of copies to buy for any story, if the papers are not ordered in advance. But the story had its limitations. There was much that it did not tell, and in the nature of things, could not tell. For instance, to lay bare Wharton's ambition would be interesting, of course, but perhaps libellous ; for it was fearfully and wonderfully made, that ambition—and it was constantly changing. Yet Wharton had worshipped it for forty years, observing no variation in it. When he came home from the Civil War and taught country school, his ambition beckoned him to be a statesman, to serve his country, to thwart corruption in high places, and to stand for the rights of the poor and the oppressed. He made a good record in the State legislature, and when the best element in his party sent him to Congress, in his speech at the ratification meeting he shed tears of joyful gratitude that his opportunity had come to him. He chose to forget certain irregularities of the ballot in a doubtful county, for he had an earnest faith that the end justified the means. The insincerity, corruption, the pulling and hauling for place and power which he saw during his first term in Congress, shocked him. But in his second term he began to count that sort of thing as part of the game. During his third term he accepted deals and jobs and sly, legalized official steals as matters of fact and of course. Later he took Indian supply contracts himself. The women lobbyists, who provoked Wharton's disgust as a young congressman, ceased to interest him at all in his fifth term. The justification of his means by faith, being needed less and less frequently to salve his conscience, was no longer an act of volition with Wharton. He lived in hotels at Washington, while his family lived at home on the farm in the outskirts of Baxter. Wharton grew mellow and cynical in his cast of thought, yet there were times when he recalled his youthful visions and hoped against hope that the day would come when he might realize them. In the meantime he controlled his district machine, and his party's national organization oiled the machine well with fat fried from concerns east of the Alleghanies which were affected by Wharton's attitude upon important congressional committees.

For Wharton was a power in the House. He was known as an efficient man, which being translated means that he was a proficient log-roller and that he had reduced mutual back-scratching to a fine art. His strong hold as a congressman was in pensions. He framed a pension law which made his name hated in the East, but made it sacred at the campfires and bean-dinners in the West, where the soldiers took their free homesteads after Appomattox.

In his last congressional fight he spent $2,300 to buy some refractory delegations in the nominating convention, and the end was nebulous and hazy while the means were palpable to an important degree. So palpable, indeed, that, when Tom Wharton defeated Senator Gardner and the Wharton machine won, the element in his party that first sent Wharton to Congress opposed him most bitterly in the senatorial contest.

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When Senator-elect Wharton went back to Washington, it was not into a strange country. He had measured swords with many of the Senators when he and they had been members of the lower house of Congress together. He had been on conference committees at the end of two sessions of Congress, and, being a member of the steering committee of his party's caucus, knew the kind of timber of which every Senator was made. On the other hand, Wharton knew that the Senate knew Tom Wharton. So, when he was cartooned by Coffin, in the *Washington Post*, as an Agrarian Hercules, in a breech-clout and a straw hat, cleaning out the Augean stables of senatorial flub-dub, Wharton's cup of satisfaction brimmed.

When Wharton took the oath of office he walked down the middle aisle of the Senate Chamber in a gray sack coat and a lay-down collar, with one hand in his trouser's pocket. His only sign of nervousness was manifested when he bit at his bristly, close-cropped mustache as the informal ceremony proceeded. He lounged hulkily back to his seat with his thumbs in his vest holes, sucking his teeth and holding his head at an angle which seemed to him to proclaim his composure.

A year later Wharton was walking alone up and down the red-carpeted lobby of the Senate, his eyes on the floor, his hands clasped behind him, his cigar trailing a white wraith over his shoulder. Senator Felt, from a New England State, nudged a companion and said :

"See Tom Wharton over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, he thinks he's thinking."

That remark came to Wharton's ears and opened a most cordial and interesting enmity, an enmity bred of physical, mental, moral, and political antipathies, so marked that descriptive writers doing the Senate always linked the two men, Wharton and Felt, in beautifully balanced sentences, which made Wharton swear in English, Spanish, and Missouri Valley.

Wharton still foraged in pensions. He kept four clerks, besides his private secretary, busy answering letters from pensioners, or from those who would, could, should, or might be pensioners. He attended camp-fires and contributed money to soldiers' societies without stint. Before he had been in the Senate a year Wharton's old army friends began to appear as messengers and guards and guides, until the Senate pay-roll became almost a copy of Tom Wharton's company roster. He would help other Senators with bills, general bills, or local bills, and in return for his services required that his cohorts be cared for.

Early in his first senatorial term he edged into the Committee of the District of Columbia and traded everything for good standing there. He retained certain ideals of honesty. He was, as he said, as honest as the times would permit ; and his standard of political honor in others only drew the line at taking money from both sides of an issue. Personally Wharton made it a point never to take money at all, but he made propitious investments in real estate, in Massachusetts Avenue Extended, and in street railway stock. He reasoned, however, that his constituents were none the worse off for his foresight, and because no one accused him of taking bribes his conscience did not prick. During his first term in the Senate, Wharton spoke vehemently and voted for all laws which expanded the currency and curtailed what he called "the money power." The day after one of his denunciations of the railroads he returned all his passes, and a friend from Baxter who was in Wharton's committee-room when the Senator was dictating letters to the railroads, told at home that Tom said he was rich enough to afford the luxury of being honest ; and the remark passed into the proverbial literature of the State.

Shortly after this proverb became public property, Senator Wharton, who, in his congressional days, had been tempted by the devil in various disguises, began to hunt up the devil and to employ a broker. Now it is a long jump from taking a little $5,000 nibble at an Indian supply contract or munching a $10,000 bit of public land grazing lease, when these things come one's way, to grabbing for plums right and left and standing at the pantry door demanding that nothing shall go to the table until it is divided. The devil helped Wharton to make the jump. After he took the jump Wharton concerned himself with the interests of Wharton first, and considered his constituents after-

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ward. The creeping moral paralysis, which had been atrophying his nature for a dozen years, began to manifest itself in various ways. When a circuit judge in Wharton's neighborhood, ambitious for promotion, appointed a receiver for a railroad in Wharton's State, Wharton managed to own profit-bearing stock in the concerns which furnished the receiver with supplies. When a railroad desired an extension of time for earning its land grant, Wharton's broker and the law department of the railroad had to discuss a great many things which came under the head of "that matter." It happened sometimes that Wharton's broker bought sugar felicitously, and sold silver with unusual luck. And the devil, whom Wharton had found in a mask, used to pull it aside frequently and wink gayly at the Senator, who would pat his rotund vest and smile, seemingly to himself but really at the Old Boy, and say to his private secretary, "Well, Bob, we seem to be able to keep the wolf from scratching all the varnish off the front door! Eh?"

For Wharton had become a financier, and was known in New York banking circles as "the business man of the senate." His introduction to the New Yorkers was brilliant, and admitted him to the inner circle of brigands at once. Wharton and a group of New York bankers got hold of a controlling interest in a Western railroad, the H. & 2 O's, when the stock was selling at 70. The H. & 2 O's ran, as Wharton succinctly put it, "from hell to breakfast, over two streaks of rust, through a four-acre mortgage." Senator Felt put $50,000 of his wife's money into the scheme on the advice of his bankers. Wharton organized a $100,000 pool among the stockholders to keep the stock of the road at par, the pool agreeing to buy up all the stock on the market offered below par. Felt borrowed money of the pool to buy up several little blocks of stock that came floating his way, slightly below par. But Wharton sold to the pool through his broker at nearly par all of the stock which he had bought at 70. Then he faced Felt and the New Yorkers down with uproarious laughter, and asked them if they saw any hayseed in his hair. He thought the joke was too good to keep and told it after the eighth glass of raw whiskey at the senatorial poker parties which Senator Felt always avoided. Men of Wharton's stripe gazed at him with fond admiration, and he was revered as Captain Kidd was in his time for less profitable and more daring enterprises.

Nature began to brand Tom Wharton in the fifth year of his first senatorial term. Little hair-line wrinkles spread over his face, radiating from his eyes and mouth. His brow cracked in a hundred places. Under his eyes deep, lateral, fatty wrinkles gathered and insolence leered from behind the bloated lids. The skin of his neck began to hang loose. Nature was marking her danger-signals on his face to tell the world that Tom Wharton's soul was rotting out. He took heed of wherewithal he should be clothed, and his raiment, which once had been of coarse, gray Scotch cheviot, became broadcloth. He swathed himself in fancy vests, and the poker set said that the Thompson woman had persuaded him to get his high silk hat. For the Thompson woman was noted for her clothes, and when she walked down an aisle in the pension office, treading firmly on her heels and hiking her skirt up in the back, one could hear her silk petticoats rustle all over the room, and the girls who held their jobs on their merits pretended not to notice her. But whether or not the Thompson woman was the inspiration of Wharton's silk hat, he wore it only in the East. When he went home that year he donned some familiar togs and went under the old black felt that was well known to the people of his State.

During his first senatorial term Wharton mixed in a score of local fights in his State and built a State machine of iron. County officers were his assistant foremen in the political organization that he conducted as one would conduct a great factory, wherein no detail was too trivial for the owner's personal attention. When he helped his friends with money in a political transaction Senator Wharton took their notes, thus mixing business with politics and keeping his allies true—Congressman Wharton had never done this. When the machine sent him back to Washington without opposition to serve a second senatorial term, Tom Wharton was a power of the first class. Although the men in the

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Senate whom he called the Good, the True, and the Beautiful might ignore him socially, when these men needed help for a local bill they had to consult Senator Wharton. For his political savings bank, where record is kept of services to political associates, was full to overflowing. He was wary and drew on his account but sparingly. And the Thompson woman kept her own hours in the pension office, and one day, in a sportive moment, she told the assistant commissioner, under whom she was supposed to work, that if she could ever remember his name she would have him dismissed. Her speech was unwise, for she forgot—if she ever knew—that when a man passes his fortieth year his moral lapses are not for the woman, but for a woman, and he is easily irritated.

Tom Wharton's business interests grew. Whatever he touched he gilded. He worked far into the night, and reached the point where it took four glasses of whiskey to steam up his boilers for work in the morning. He ate breakfast dictating letters across his egg, and had little time for speech-making. But his secretary sent out three or four extracts from the *Congressional Record* every year, in which were Wharton's speeches demanding a tariff on hides and butter, or sounding the alarm against the trusts. Occasionally he fanned one of these out of the thin air of the lonesome Senate chamber, but usually asked leave to print and went about his business. His fortune crept past one million, jumped past two, and a chalky pallor stole into his face.

Still, for all his success, Tom Wharton recognized his limitations. He cherished a venomous envy for Senator Felt, who, Wharton fancied, knew the difference between brands of champagne and understood what Wharton called the "time-table of a wine-list" at dinner. So, naturally, Wharton boasted of the superiority of whiskey and reviled those who did not appreciate the intricate points of its quality.

"Bob," said Wharton to his private secretary one day, when the Senate galleries were filled to hear Felt discourse upon a minor clause in the tariff bill under consideration, "what a poser that fellow is—always before the public, always on dress parade. I'd strangle with surprise if I'd ever see that long-tailed coat of his unbuttoned. Do you suppose he sleeps in it? Can you imagine him *in his night-shirt?*"

The secretary laughed, and Wharton, who was looking over the stenographer's work before signing his letters, went on:

"What I don't see is how he holds his job. He can't do anything. I'll bet he don't know the fourth assistant postmaster-general from Adam's off ox. He hasn't got a bill through, except some local bills, since he came. That sophomore twaddle he's reciting this afternoon will have about as much to do with the passage of the tariff bill as a painted toot from one of the painted angels over there in that gingerbread library building that he struts around so much about. And yet a lot of old hens cluck and scratch worms for the Great Senator Felt whenever he stretches his neck and hollers."

To which Senator Felt made fair return *in kind*. To a crony in a Boston club Senator Felt said: "He is a thrifty fellow, that Wharton. He has saved from his salary of $5,000 a year a fortune reaching into the millions." The two men laughed. The mask of Felt's face did not wrinkle or quiver as he added: "He is a subject for the biologist, for he retains the strength of a mastodon, revives the manners of a cave man, and preserves the morals of a hyena."

Ostensibly Felt and Wharton were friends. Yet their mutual politeness was inspired by the jealousy that breeds punctiliousness in men more surely than it is bred by friendship or esteem. The fires of jealousy between Wharton and Felt could never be quenched, for Felt had youth and culture, and Wharton had power and courage.

One year well along in the nineties there arose in Wharton's State a political movement which puzzled him. The first shock of the movement made the little bolts and screws and cogs of the Wharton machine quiver, and the second shock, coming as it did in a presidential year, snapped a hundred levers. The defeated candidates filled Wharton's mail with letters, asking for repairs and damages and for expert opinion. The constant habit of considering the affairs of the wracked

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machine gave to Wharton's mind after six months a color of anxiety. In meditative moments this anxiety sometimes deepened into terror. For because Tom Wharton's heart had no solace save in the use of power, in the soul of him Tom Wharton was an abject coward. He had hypnotized himself into the belief that his luck was infallible; but the low burring, the shrill rasping, and the irregular clicking of the machine got upon his nerves and filled him with alarm. He hammered away ineffectually at the money power. He wrenched and jacked unavailingly at the trusts. Then Senator Wharton got his trip-hammer and started to pound the people into plumb by the promise of a service pension law. The promise backed by Wharton's power to fulfil it brought consternation to the East, where most of the nation's taxes to pay the pensions would be gathered, and where but a small portion of the pensions would be distributed. Wharton saw this Eastern consternation and chuckled, for he believed that it would be matched by rejoicing in the West. In congratulating himself upon the probable success of his pension plans Wharton found another pleasure and perhaps a keener one. All New England turned toward Senator Felt as its hope in the struggle against the Wharton bill. If Felt failed to thwart Wharton, the East and his State and his party would have none of him. So Tom Wharton changed his tobacco quid from one jaw to the other and exhaled a curse upon Felt from the worm-eaten caverns of his soul.

The god of business is an exacting god, and he puts all sorts of warning signs at the mile-posts of the years in men's lives. At the sixtieth mile-post there is a danger sign which warns men against new enterprises. The penalties for disregarding this sign are severe. But sinful pride having tilted Wharton's nose he could not see the warning on his third-score mile-post. So he began to dabble in wheat. Of course he scalded his fingers. A Chicago packer tempted him, and the two old fellows went on to the market as bears. Wharton's name was not known in the deal; but, little by little, while wheat kept going up, his available collateral went into his broker's hands and was dumped upon the New York market. The Chicago packer could have commanded securities representing twenty million dollars in a few hours. But Wharton's poor little two millions began to shrink when he turned it into bankable paper, and evaporated before his eyes. One day late in May a small financial tornado struck Wall Street. It began in R. B. T. and spread to every industrial stock on the market. Wharton's collateral at that time had been reduced to its lowest terms, and he had nothing but the industrial stocks to offer. When the day closed wheat had gone skyward, and not a banking concern in Wall Street, New Street, Exchange Place, or lower Broadway would accept as collateral a single stock that Wharton had put in his broker's hands. The New York broker could not reach Wharton during the mad hour when industrial stocks were being pounded down. The broker had to protect himself. Wharton's stocks were thrown under the hammer. They did not realize enough to pay the margins on his wheat orders. His note went to protest, and when the day closed Tom Wharton's fortune was gone.

The latter years of Wharton's life had been spent out of partnerships and away from close companions. His very greed had isolated him, and so when misfortune befell him he could turn to no friendly hand for help. His family had departed from him in all but the outer semblance, and he was absolutely alone in his calamity. When he had learned the worst that the broker had to tell, Wharton locked himself in his private room with a flask of whiskey, and when he came out his pallid face was the only sign of his perturbation. For his daring was not lessened; he never played "old maid" or "penny ante," and he loved the game best when the forfeit was high. He believed that wheat had reached its summit, and he had figured it out that with $75,000 to operate upon he could regain everything. But he decided that he must have that amount. He rejected a dozen plans to get it, and only one was left. It was a desperate plan, but Wharton did not hesitate to follow it. He left that night on the midnight train for the West. Ike Russell, the treasurer of Wharton's State, was made of clay with Wharton's own hand. When Wharton ar-

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rived at his State capital there was an ugly three minutes in the State treasurer's office and then it was over. Russell went out of the room, and Wharton went into the vault and filled his little valise with school bonds. Wharton had no trouble in floating them. He deposited them with a Washington bank where he had done all his business for twenty years. The money he realized went into the wheat pit in New York, and he glorified Tom Wharton and prepared to enjoy him forever. For it is the chief end of some self-made men to confuse their deities.

Ten days later wheat shot into the nineties, turning nimble hand-springs over the fractional points. And Senator Thomas Wharton went to the safety deposit box for even a bone to feed the dogs of the pit which were gnawing his margins. When he got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dogs had to lick their chops over the memory of the feasts Wharton had thrown to them. Wharton did not expect to find anything in his box when he went, and yet, until he had looked over all his plunder there and found not one scrap of paper negotiable for a dollar, he did not realize that the end had come absolutely.

Wharton fumbled for nearly a minute, taking the key from the box. The close air of the room seemed to stifle him, and he hurried—almost staggered—into the fresh air, which he breathed deeply. His tremor came from mental causes partly—induced by the maddening grip of the taut tether of his fate, but his nerves were rioting because they knew no master save whiskey. As Wharton walked back to the Shoreham, a distance of ten blocks, he lighted and threw away four cigars. And cigar-ashes fell on the immaculate vest. He raged because he could not see his way, but his mind's eyes were blinded by dust from the apples of Sodom. His isolation among his fellows smote him when he saw that he was afraid to advise with his banker and ashamed to talk with his lawyer. Way back deeply in his submerged consciousness was the concept of the penitentiary, conceived hardly as a possibility—much less a probability; yet the thing stuck there like a thorn in the flesh. After pacing the diagonal lines of his room in the hotel for half an hour, Wharton went to the telephone and asked the local banker who held the stolen bonds to hold them off the market for twenty-four hours. The request was granted, for Wharton had done many hundred thousand dollars' worth of business at the bank. With a twenty-four hours' reprieve Wharton thought he could find some ford that would lead him back over the fatal Rubicon he had crossed. He decided to direct all his legislative force for a few hours away from the Wharton pension bill and into another channel. The dead wall of a prison seemed to bar his path; but the jaws that hung loose while he walked from the safety deposit vault to his hotel were set when he went forth to burrow under his barrier.

Now there were in Washington two electric light and power companies contesting for business—one, old and established, with wires strung all over the city; the other a suburban concern, with a city franchise, but without wires in the city. For several months an innocent-looking bill, which provided that all electric light wires be buried twenty inches under ground, had rested in a pigeon-hole of Wharton's desk in the committee-room of the District of Columbia. To make this bill a law would be in effect to put the new electric company on an equal footing with the old company. Wharton himself had quietly urged the organization of the new company. He had pushed the bill through the lower house of Congress, and shortly thereafter he found $150,000 worth of the new company's stock in his safety deposit box. When the Wharton pension bill should become a law it had been Wharton's purpose to push the underground electric wire bill through the senate and unload the stock he owned for a fortune. Two hours after Wharton left his hotel the House underground wire bill had been recommended for passage by the Senate committee of the District of Columbia and had been advanced on the calendar for consideration on the following day. For the old company was rich and Wharton believed that it would not see five years' dividends eaten up by trench-diggers without a struggle. He did not go to his hotel that night, and Mrs. Wharton went to sleep with a familiar suspicion by her side that for once in its long hateful life was false. For Wharton, greedy, des-

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perate, bold, and cunning, was prowling about the town in a carriage, routing men out of bed at unseemly hours, seeking whom he might devour. When he lay down at three o'clock on his office lounge the war of the two electric lighting companies was waging and he was prepared to loot. With his booty he was going to redeem the stolen school bonds. He was so sure of winning his game that he spent the closing minutes of consciousness before sleep in malevolent anticipation of the hour when he would annihilate Senator Felt by passing the pension bill over his opposition.

He woke from the horror of a nightmare with the horror of reality upon him. And the thought of the reality made his hand tremble as he put the first four glasses of his morning's whiskey to his lips. Until he had consumed nearly a pint of liquor he could not muster courage to review the details of the day's campaign. It was Wharton's intention to galvanize his shares in the new company, so that he could sell his stock immediately, or—but the old company had stuck at $50,000 the night before and the stolen school bonds were in pawn for $75,000, to be redeemed that day. So it was that or nothing. When the steam of the morning's whiskey had sent his drivers to pounding, Wharton took a car for the Capitol. When he left the car his face was haggard and he walked across the asphalt with a physical curse of hatred for mankind in every rap of his heavy foot. He did not veer a fraction of an inch from a straight line as he walked, and he snubbed the man brutally who ran the elevator. In an upper corridor Wharton met Curt, the agent for the old electric company—Curt, whose bed-room Wharton had left at three that morning. Curt had promised to confer with some one whom he called "his people" to see if they would meet Wharton's $75,000 ultimatum.

"Well," asked Curt festively of Wharton as the two men walked down the corridor, "have you concluded to be decent?"

Wharton tried to see into the recesses of the lobbyist's mind as he replied, gruffly: "I'm right where I was. It's that or nothing. I'm going to make a speech to-day that will fix you fellows so you'll wish I'd sunk your wires six miles in —— instead of twenty inches under the street level. Come up and hear it," he snapped over his shoulder.

"All right, Senator," laughed Curt, "Blaze away. Tell Bob Dunning to come up to the gallery and we'll enjoy it together."

Wharton turned into his committee room. Dunning, the private secretary, was there. He greeted Wharton with a look that matched all of the Senator's anxiety. Wharton nodded and said: "You're to go up in the gallery with Curt. I think he's going to come to time. But I'm going on with my speech unless he does—I'll show 'em. It's the first thing up this morning."

Wharton swung into the senate chamber like a bull into the pit. He feared treachery in his closest allies. He scowled at his fellows from under heavy eyelids and peered furtively around for some knowledge of his financial condition to show upon their faces. Then he brushed away the pages that swarmed around him with other people's business, and his pen scratched incessantly and angrily until he rose to make his speech. Foreboding and a sense of danger mingled in him until he sickened, as the look down the sheer drop of the ladder makes a man's knees tremble before he starts down. Wharton mumbled through his preliminary speech. Then he saw his private secretary sitting by Curt shake a dubious head, and with a rush of courage Wharton fell to his subject. And soon the old electric company was withering in the hot wind of his oratory. He kept his eyes on Curt and Dunning in the gallery. Wharton was about to finish his climax when he saw, as a drowning man sees a rope, Curt lean over to Dunning and Dunning smile and nod an affirmative head to Wharton. His hand fell to his side. His shoulders collapsed and he said, before he dropped to his seat:

"Gentlemen, I see I've trespassed too long upon your time already to-day; but there are a few more remarks I wish to submit on this subject at another time, so I ask that this bill take its former place on the calendar."

He heaved a deep sigh, as one returning to consciousness. He caught Senator Felt's eyes returning from the pair in the gallery, and Wharton's eyes met the twin-

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kle in Felt's with a glare that forced the twinkle into a laugh.

When Wharton met his private secretary in the committee-room, to Wharton's implied question the secretary nodded and said: "I gave him the key; he hasn't brought it back yet."

The Senator's safety deposit box had been the trysting-place for many of his affairs before. On occasion he had found there stocks and bonds and all sorts of booty. Half an hour later a messenger boy brought Dunning a package. It contained the key to the Senator's safety deposit box. Wharton took the key and hurried away. It seemed to him that if he could but get the bonds again he would never put them down until he replaced them in the State treasurer's vault. Sheer fear came upon him and quickened his pace almost to a trot. But when he walked out of the bank with the valise containing the stolen bonds in his hands he was bearing down upon his heels and not upon his toes, and planning to take the midnight train for the West. He was atremble and felt a revulsion for the routine of the day. His lips were dry, his feet were heavy, and he loathed the sight of his associates. It was nearly three o'clock when he hailed a green car and rode for ten minutes with eyes half shut, planning a score of things. He viewed the wreck of his fortune with something like composure. He believed that with four years more in the Senate he could find opportunities to rebuild most of the crumbled structure, and he pinned a complacent faith to his service pension bill to add at least one more term to his service. In ten years—Tom Wharton had blind faith in his power to do anything he pleased in that time. Indeed, he felt himself so fully restored to his day-dreams that he took from his pocket-book a well-worn clipping from the Davenport, Iowa, *Democrat and Gazette*, and read, for the hundredth time in the two years that he had carried it, the editorial which announced Senator Wharton, the Tribune of the People, as a presidential possibility in 1900. He knew the piece by heart and it was manna to his ravening soul in times of trouble. The conductor stopped the car with a "Here you are, Senator." Wharton walked to a flat-house near by and entered with a latch-key. No one greeted him, and he lay down on a couch in the parlor with his hand-satchel for a pillow. Wharton slept like a log. At six o'clock a servant, bringing in the last edition of the *Star*, awakened him. Glancing over the heads on the news page this item attracted him:

COMPANIES COMBINE.

TWO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANIES CONSOLIDATED THIS MORNING.

NEW COMPANY SWALLOWED BY OLD.

Capitalization over $1,000,000 and Politics Caused the Union.

AN INVESTIGATION LIKELY.

Wharton's vision skipped nervously down the column. He saw that the consolidation had been accomplished before the hour of his speech. Then his eyes stopped roaming as he read these words under a sub-head:

HINT AT A HOLD-UP.

"To a reporter for the *Star*, President Williams gave out the following statement, which he had dictated to his stenographer and revised before letting it pass out of his hands: 'There is room for but one electric company here. For some time the matter of consolidation has been talked of. During the last twenty-four hours, however, it has become imperative. The situation this morning is this: either to unite and fight the bandits who had planned to rifle our treasury, or being separate to stand and deliver to every brigand with a legislative club who chooses to come out on a dark night. The books of the old company contain some interesting entries, and I believe that no confidence is violated by the assertion that the wires will not be laid underground.'"

When Wharton finished the paragraph his mouth was open and his eyes distended. A pulse in his head was beating madly, and he breathed like a stunned ox. He saw his face in the mirror. It was purple and it seemed bloated. A terror seized him. He tried to rise. He summoned control of his nerves, and, holding to his chair-arm, rose and poured a glass of water from a sweating silver pitcher in the room. When the Thompson woman came in five minutes later Wharton's wrinkle-scratched face

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was ashen gray and his voice shook. His hat was on and he was about to go. He knew that what he did to hush the scandal must be done quickly, and that with all the work before him for the coming five hours he could not be handicapped with the bonds. He pointed to the valise and said to the woman, huskily: "I'll leave that here. Take it to your room and keep it locked up. It's got some valuable papers in it. Don't let any one touch it."

He started away and answered her protesting gesture with: "Yes, I got to." She noticed that he tottered a little at first, but seemed to walk steadily when he reached the sidewalk, and boarded the car before it had fully stopped.

By half-past eight that night Senator Wharton had done several important things, to wit: He had made an engagement by telephone with Williams, the president of the new Consolidated Electric Company; sent a messenger-boy to his wife telling her not to expect to see him that night; devoured a thick and greasy porterhouse steak garnished with an enormous quantity of Saratoga chips; and consumed a pint of whiskey. As the clock was marking the half-hour the bartender at Chamberlain's was mixing for Wharton his second absinthe cocktail, and the liquor had put the Senator into fine form and high spirits. It was a beautiful June night when he got into a landau and directed the driver to a house in Chevy Chase. Wharton lolled in the seat with his two arms sprawled over the cushion, his hat tilted back and the cigar in his mouth angling upward reflectively. He intended to play his favorite game, and by the force of arrogant insistence and domineering threats of utter destruction he expected to bring the president of the Consolidated Company to terms. Wharton's terms were these: First, the interview in the *Star* must be denied; second, the Wharton shares in the Suburban Company must be recognized in the consolidation; third, as a reparation for damages done by the *Star's* interview Wharton must be given at least a temporary place in the Consolidated Company's directorate. It was an old game with Wharton, and he had learned long since that the higher the stakes the more likelihood he had of winning. He jabbed the electric button in the door of Williams's house with a stiff, fat forefinger, and tried to put some of his boiling rage into this greeting. A servant explained that Mr. Williams was busy, and took Wharton into a reception-parlor. Wharton fancied, as he sat waiting on the edge of a chair, that he could hear men laughing in some distant room of the house. The iron rattle of a voice that sounded like Felt's invaded the recesses of Wharton's consciousness and hurt him like a sword twisting in his vitals. Five minutes, ten minutes passed; twenty minutes dragged by, and he began pacing the floor like a caged jackal. The room was close, and as Wharton's rage mounted his collar wilted. He turned to leave the house in a fury. He saw the servant and sent up a second card to Williams. The servant brought back word that Mr. Williams would be at leisure in fifteen minutes.

Wharton entered Williams's smoking-room with a burst of profanity. Williams, who was alone in the room writing a letter, did not look up, but said:

"Be careful, sir, there are women in the house."

In the minute that followed Wharton executed a sort of war-dance before his host and chanted a bill of wrongs and a defy. He ended by thumping the writing-table and glaring at Williams.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Williams as he folded his letter and addressed the envelope. Wharton dropped into a chair and Williams continued: "I fancied you'd be out to-night, Senator, even before you telephoned. I broke a social engagement this afternoon that I might be with you to-night."

"I'm sorry I spoiled any of your infernal drop-the-handkerchief orgies," retorted Wharton, unbuttoning his vest and changing his position in the leather chair.

Williams was a small, gray-haired man, with a sallow skin at least three sizes too large for his face. His beady, black eyes glittered as he went on, ignoring Wharton's demands: "We thought you were good for that $75,000, when we arranged the matter this morning. You probably value your reputation a little higher than $75,000, and we knew it would be safe to let you have the money temporarily without security. We also desired to have a

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public record of your perfidy, and in your speech to-day you furnished it. But we are arranging our books now, and we need that money to make the cash balance."

Wharton started to speak, but Williams's soft velvety voice went on: "I beg pardon—but as I was about to say, what I want to-night is to know whether you will give us a check, or"—he smiled pleasantly and added: "Will you send us the key to your safety deposit box?"

Wharton's face blanched a little. His voice did not rise to the oratorical pitch of his opening challenge as he replied:

"Mr. Williams, this is what I call a dishonorable trick. I have always considered you a gentleman before now." Williams did not reply. "Yes, sir," continued Wharton; "I always thought you was a man of honor, but I find you're a dirty, contemptible little pup, and I'll see you —— before I'll give you any $75,000."

Williams looked up quickly and caught Wharton's eye, which dropped. "Is that final?" snapped Williams like the click of a trigger. Wharton gazed at Williams for a moment before replying. Wharton took off his coat and vest, with a mumbled apology about the heat. He paced the floor, occasionally running his fingers through his hair. A slump of all his powers was upon him. He answered:

"I just don't see how I can. I invested every dollar I had to-day in a little scheme, and I'm in the red at the bank clear up to the limit now."

"Give me your note then, sir," returned Williams. Wharton saw that he must gain time and said: "Lookee here, let's settle this thing up in the morning. We're both excited now, and we better cool off." Williams shook his head and Wharton asked, "Why not?" Williams spoke:

"Senator Wharton, there must be a definite settlement of this thing right now. The *Post* wants an interview with me about this matter, and I am to answer them to-night at eleven o'clock. If the books don't balance then, I shall explain why they don't balance." He tore a sheet of paper from a pad upon which he was writing and said to Wharton:

"There's the note."

Wharton hesitated and still playing a game for time replied, sulkily:

"Gimme your pen."

When Wharton had signed the note, Williams explained: "You need not send your collateral over until to-morrow, but we shall insist upon it then as a matter of form." Wharton's mind reverted to the school bonds as a help in last resort. He assented tacitly and rose to go. As he put on his vest Williams exclaimed: "Hold on, Senator," and addressed a servant who entered, "Show Senator Felt in now, John."

Wharton's anger returned with a rush. He started for the door, crying, "I'm not in on any of your private theatricals." But Felt in the doorway blocked the passage. Felt was tall. His closely cropped beard and glinting nose-glasses gave him a hard, metallic guise, and his unyielding monotonous voice carried on the similitude. He faced Wharton, who was coatless, flushed, and glistening with perspiration, and the two men surveyed one another as pugilists in the ring. Wharton burst out first:

"Aw, you long-nosed, canting hypocrite! So you ain't above a little blackmailing trick yourself." Felt removed his glasses and wiped them, looking fairly at Wharton, who bawled on: "This is your size! Just about your size! To get a man in a rat-trap and then bleed him. Oh, you ——, cowardly, psalm-singing cur! You're in on the rake off, are you? How much do you want?"

Felt put on his glasses, lighted a match for his cigar on his shoe-sole, and smiled, showing a set of beautiful white teeth of unusual size. When Wharton lost breath and finished, Felt spoke to Williams gayly:

"The Senator's vocabulary seems to be well spiced up this evening—at any rate." Felt's rasping little laugh cut the thread of the sentence. "Plenty of condiment, as my grandmother used to say of the pudding."

Wharton had regained his breath and said, as he grunted into his coat: "Now what in the devil are you doing here, anyhow!"

Felt seemed to pull himself together. The smile died out of his face in a flash. His jaw began to chop out the words—not loudly, but with remarkable precision, as his eyes through his glasses appeared to flick the blood from the purpling face of Wharton:

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"I came here," said Felt, "to give you full and fair notice that day after to-morrow in the Senate I shall ask for an investigation of this electric wire deal of yours, and offer in evidence the affidavits of a number of citizens, and such other exhibits and documents as may be needed to prove the justice of my request."

"You think I won't pay the note?" inquired Wharton, whose hand shook and whose facial muscles quivered above his mouth and about his nose. "Well, sir, I'm going to secure it with collateral."

"That," returned Felt, contemptuously, "is immaterial and irrelevant. I know nothing of the arrangement you may have made with Williams. Neither do I care. But I do know that you're a bribe-taker and a corrupt scoundrel, and I am going to do my duty by the American people and prove it to them." Felt paused an instant and looked at Wharton absently, then finished,—"Submitting some outward and visible signs of my inward and spiritual faith."

Wharton stared at Williams and asked: "My collateral is good, A No. 1 school-bonds—why do you hold this club over me? Call off your dog! How much does he want?" A silence fell. Then Wharton turned to Felt and spoke in a calmer voice, but with his face still twitching: "Lookee here, Felt, let's you and me fix this thing up. If you want anything, ask for it like a man." Felt did not answer, and Wharton walked around the room with his hands behind him for nearly a minute. He took a cigar from the desk in front of Williams and lighted it mechanically, striking the match on the side of his leg. Felt and Williams watched him in silence as he paced the longitude of the room three times. He stopped and cast his blood-shot eyes on Felt and said: "Of course I hain't got no blue stripe down my belly, and a lot of you fellows back here who have think I'm a social leper." Wharton shook his head majestically at Felt as he continued: "But out West, sir—out in God's country—there are several million people who believe in Tom Wharton. They give me reason to hope for something bigger than the United States Senate. The time may come before long when I can help you a good deal. But that's neither here nor there now. Come right down to first principles—what you got agin me? Say what you want right out and you can have it. If there's anything you don't like in any of my bills on the calendar, say so." The sound of his voice assured him; he had faith in his persuasive power.

"You might as well try to teach a rattlesnake the Beatitudes as to show you your shortcomings, sir," answered Felt. "Everything you've got on the calendar, from your demagogic pension bill to your electric wire steal, is dead wrong."

"All right then, Senator, let's agree to drop the pension bill—does that suit you?" Wharton knew that his words put the bars across his political career, but he was fighting for life then and re-election seemed a little matter, comparatively.

"My God! what a treacherous cur you are," exclaimed Felt. "I had hoped you believed at least in that!"

Wharton sat down facing Felt, who was leaning against the door-jamb. Wharton drew in deep breaths at long intervals apart, and because the alcohol was leaving his head he was having trouble to keep a coherent train of thought. After he had gazed at Felt for a long time rather stupidly he said:

"Damn it Felt—what you want to go and persecute me for? You've got me, maybe—but if I'd got you, do you think I'd grind you to death. Don't be a Shylock—be a man. I'll pay this outfit their notes all right, and I'll give 'em good collateral. What's more, I'll let you in with me in a little Western Pacific deal I've got, that there's a hundred thousand in—if you'll let up."

There was a whine in Wharton's voice that maddened Felt. He walked up to Wharton and bent over him. "Tom Wharton, I wasn't in the civil war because I was not old enough," began Felt in his musketry voice, which filled the room, but was so well controlled that it did not slip through the door-cracks. "But I believe I have a duty to my country now, as sacred as that which called my grandfather to Lexington, and my father to Bull's Run. That duty is to crush the political life out of one of the most powerful and dangerous influences menacing this nation to-day—the incarnation of political cowardice, corruption, and demagoguery. My

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forebears didn't shrink, and I'll not. With every talent God has given me I intend to fight you, to fight you until I shall strangle the last vestige of vitality from your rotten political carcass. Do you understand that, sir? I'll show you whether or not you'll shake your scarlet rags of presidential ambition before me! Why, man," and here Felt's voice grew husky with repressed wrath—"why, man, I'm going to drive you out of the United States Senate into oblivion, with the doors of the penitentiary banging at your heels."

Felt's voice must have got into Wharton's soul, for he grew paler and paler as Felt proceeded. When he closed there was a deep silence. In it Wharton began to slough off his identity. He became a fear-stricken animal. His wrinkles made his face look like a dirty cracked china plate. The trembling creature that had been Wharton spoke with Wharton's mouth and said:

"My—good—God—Felt. Do—you realize what this—m-m-means. Think of my family—my wife. You—are not——"

The Thing put its hands to its head in a tremor of pain, and something akin to a sob broke from its wracking frame. It was a horrible sight for men's eyes to see. Williams looked away. His eyes met Felt's and saw no mercy.

When Wharton finally got hold of his nerves he said, weakly:

"You're young, Senator Felt. You're an educated man. You have the advantage of me—for I am old. I am an ignorant old man, and you can make fine speeches against me. All right, go ahead; ruin me; but is it such a great thing to whip an old man?" Felt did not reply and dropped into a chair near Williams. Wharton rose heavily. "Is there no way I can make you see this—like I do?" he asked. Felt shook his head. Wharton looked appealingly at Williams, whose eyes were downcast. The silence grew painful. Wharton's hand groped for the door-knob. He hesitated for a moment, then said, awkwardly:

"Well, gentlemen, I guess I'll have to bid you good-night."

Before midnight Wharton stumbled into a Turkish bath with the daze of the combat upon him. By ten o'clock the next morning, after he had deadened an agonizing headache with antipyrine, a maudlin logic had convinced him that Senator Felt was a stockholder in the Consolidated Electric Light Company, and that his greed as a stockholder to get the $75,000 back was stimulated by his ambition as a senator to get a new lease of life by defeating the Wharton service pension bill. Wharton was satisfied with his own shrewdness, but the stupid smile he wore at the thought of his penetration of Felt's business acumen faded into a frightened stare as the recollection of Felt's voice swept over Wharton. In the hotel corridors and in the street he fancied that he heard his name spoken in derision, and imagined that his back was the target at which every eye was shooting curious and malicious darts. He hurried through the Capitol building and into his committee-room like a coward under fire.

"Bob," mumbled Wharton to his private secretary, "did you see that piece in the *Star* last night?"

Wharton's heavy fingers were cluttering the mail upon his desk as he spoke. When Dunning replied affirmatively, Wharton questioned:

"Anything more in the morning papers about it?"

"Nothing very much—about the same," answered Dunning.

"Mention any names?" asked Wharton, quickly.

"Not exactly. Want to see the *Post*? It has the most to say."

Wharton answered with a negative grunt and tried in vain to call the Thompson woman at three different telephone numbers. For the inebriated syllogisms of his logic had persuaded him that if he could get the school bonds to Williams, to secure the note, Felt would be placated and the threatened blow averted. This conviction grew upon him until it became a mania, and at noon he sent Dunning out to the house on the green-car line for the valise containing the bonds. When he returned empty-handed, and when Wharton could not find the Thompson woman by telephone again, he damned her and her kind almost vigorously. At lunch he put into the coal-box of his physical machine an astonishingly large quantity of soft-shell crabs and much whiskey—even much for Senator Wharton, to

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whom half a pint in an hour was an adult's dose. All the morning he had dreaded to enter the Senate Chamber as a condemned man dreads to look at his gallows. But Wharton was shrewd enough to know that he must not skulk. The liquor made him reckless even as he hoped it would. He stalked into the Senate Chamber with his mind made up that it would take a bigger man than Senator Felt, backed by cartloads of affidavits, to make Tom Wharton flinch. His large frame suggested the unwieldy bulk and power of a marine creature as he flung himself into his seat.

Ordinarily pages buzzed around Wharton like flies, during the first few minutes of his presence at his desk. But that day none came. No brother senator leaned over Wharton to confer with him, as was the custom. Wharton rose and joined a group of his associates in the back part of the room. The group melted in a few moments. He repeated his experiment twice with similar results. Scandal hissed through the place, and everyone feared to help Wharton lest he should spread his infection. At four o'clock Wharton's head was a pandemonium of furies, and his face was livid with rage. The swollen arteries in his wrinkled neck pumped the fires of the seventh pit into his brain. He tried to quench them with more whiskey. The only thought that helped him was the belief that he had the bonds and could secure the notes, and thereby stop Felt's investigation. He hugged that comfort with drunken affection, and reminded his more bibulous associates of the poker party that had been arranged for the approaching night at the house where he had left the valise with the bonds. Because a subconscious fear was upon Wharton he telephoned to Williams many times that afternoon between four and six to assure him that the bonds would be delivered that evening. But the house on the green-car line did not answer the telephone, and at dusk Wharton took Dunning to get the valise and deliver the bonds to Williams.

While Dunning waited in the hall of the Thompson woman's house he heard this dialogue upstairs; what the preliminaries were he did not know, but when the voice of the woman rose he heard her say:

"Well, if I needed the money I needed it. The bonds were here, so I soaked 'em."

Then the man's voice — Wharton's voice—spoke unpleasant things. Dunning could not see Wharton's face, nor could he tell what Wharton did. But the woman's strident voice broke in:

"You drunken old coward! Don't you raise your hand again. It will be better for you to lose twice the $50,000 that I got on 'em than to try that trick on me."

Other things passed which need not be set down here, and when Tom Wharton descended to the hall he was dizzy and felt for his steps cautiously. But he said to Dunning:

"You needn't wait, Bob, I'll fix it up in the morning."

He knew that with the bonds he had stolen from his State treasury, pawned by a woman like the Thompson woman and unredeemed by him, whatever Senator Felt might say about the electric company's bribery case could not matter much. So Wharton gripped his consciousness by the roots of it and averted a panic. But over and over rang Felt's parting words: "with the doors of the penitentiary banging at your heels." In Wharton's ears they clanged like the din of some monster gong, as he played the cards that night. Fear twisted his nerves tighter and tighter. When a telephone-bell tinkled he was abject with terror until it had rung off. When he caught other players peering into his face, as is the habit of poker players, Wharton winced and the gong in his head clamored louder than ever.

It was long after midnight, and the champagne-bucket had come and gone many times. But the cut-glass decanter with the brown liquor did not leave Wharton's elbow, and by three o'clock his face was a sickly white, and his eyes were sparkling. Wharton was dealing the cards. He had passed around once, when suddenly he tossed a card into the air, then threw his face upward, with an indescribable look of resentful anger upon his features. But his eyes were wild and staring, and his head dropped to the table with a thump. When they wiped the froth from his mouth Tom Wharton was dead.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE are few admirers of Mr. Howells who will not have felt their admiration increased by his recent admission that he had not been able to get out of his literary method in latter years all that he would have wished to get out of it. Such candor from one who stands, by popular consent, at the head of a great branch of American literature, demands a noble courage, has a fine *allure*. It is true, Mr. Howells believes that the rules of right which govern any ordinary honest man should also govern writers. But, after all, is it easy for the most ordinary of honest men to acknowledge that a not unimportant part of his life-work has, in his own feeling, not quite found the mark? Experience does not say so. Mr. Howells has apparently never had a doubt about the method of his later period; it is his inability to do full justice to that method which he seems to deplore. And he envies in his younger associates in the craft that birth-right of realism into which they have quite naturally come, with all the freedom from evil literary traditions and bad habits at the beginning which it implies.

Method and Inspiration.

Well, it is not everybody who is convinced that the question of literary procedure can thus be ranked among the all-important questions. It is possible to feel that the best method (not speaking too literally) is no method; that the vision, and a hold on life, are the essential things; and that the greatest writers, when they have really touched life, have been both idealists and realists, and that they had to be both, since life is both terribly realistic and terribly idealistic.

Vision and a hold on life are the things, and the strength and duration of the latter depend upon some hidden secret of the personality. We all know individuals whose personality has a strange persistence and tenacity, a true-to-itselfness from beginning to end, and who, while they may tack at one time, and try experiments at another, and even appear to run shipwreck dangerously close, straighten themselves again and again and head always for the open course and the high seas. They feel life; it pours through them where it trickles through others; they never lose touch with it. They may have the faculties which enable them to produce, to interpret; or they may be voiceless. But, as personalities, they are always salient, their vitality pierces the fog of the commonest lot. Very many men—some of the greatest—have not had this dogged, coherent continuity of identity, and their hold on life has been during a period only, when the best of them burned itself away in a splendid glow, leaving an automatic activity behind, the smoke and stone-rolling activity of half-extinguished craters. Sainte-Beuve says that, in most literary lives, there is "a moment when the maturity one looked for fails, or, if attained, is over-passed, and when the very excess of the quality becomes a defect; when some stiffen and run dry; some relax and let themselves go; some turned sour; and some hard and heavy; and when the smile becomes a grimace."

Ah, there is the peril! There is the trouble to be worried over and prayed against! How shall the writer keep flexible and *alive?* How shall he keep his fires going, his sympathies as good as new, and his antagonisms in repair? How shall he mix for himself that brew of passion, common-sense and criticism that will conserve all that makes his work move, go, travel over space? How shall he keep young, after the fashion of old Dr. Johnson, or of Balzac, or of Lessing? Youth is romantic, and naturally æsthetic, selective, and fastidious; but it has also a strange toughness. To be thus tough and romantic at once appears to be the principle of literary vitality and endurance. It is by these qualities that Up-lift gets into artistic work. And since we are continually fidgetting about the morality of art, why here it is, here is the only genuine morality that art and literature ever knew: The quality of Up-lift, which fills the lungs of those who read, or hear, or see it, makes them draw breath, and carry more lightly the pack upon their back.

Now realism is sometimes very immoral in that sense. It forces upon us the companionship of so many dull persons of the sort that theosophical and spiritualistic ladies might call "devitalizing." Such we all know; but in life we have a happy way of seeing as little of them as possible. And what is the use of meeting in books, of going out of your

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path to meet persons who spoil your day's work for you?—a good day's work being the Duty to most of us, and so hard to get! The great masters of realism understand these dumb impulses of self-preservation well enough, and give us as much of the helpful stuff of life, romance, illusion, imagination, as we want, and as many interesting persons as the idealists give us, only in another fashion. But the secret is that, at heart, they surely belong to the cynical or tough order of Romantics themselves. And perhaps a great romantic who "sees" realistically—as the author of an "Anna Karénina"—is the only sort of realist that a workaday world, that is not strong enough to be devitalized with impunity, will in the end care for. No other type of realist is perhaps worth talking about to workers; no other, in any case, should be held up before them as worthy to engross all their attention.

The Imperfect Librarian.

THERE was under consideration at the time of the opening of the Boston Public Library a plan for establishing, in the juvenile department, a species of adviserships for boys and girls selecting books, which adviserships was to be exercised by a woman capable of filling the so difficult demands of the position. Whether the plan passed into execution the present writer does not know. As to its value, however, and also as to the extraordinary qualities of tact, wisdom, and sympathy required for its effectual carrying out, there can be no manner of doubt.

Now these are hard things to ask of a librarian, or librarian's assistant. And it is certainly unreasonable to expect them, either for the use of children or adults. To be a librarian is not to belong to the most opulently remunerative professions; and there are so many mechanical details to be attended to in a well-managed modern library that you quite see how the, for the most part, very practical gentlemen and alert young women who minister to your wants, should have little leisure for infusing into their ministrations the aroma of the psychic element.

After having freely admitted that one is quite unreasonable to expect the average librarian to be anything but a mechanical librarian, one may go on with a quiet conscience to say that one does expect it; at least, that there are some of us who expect it, and who are bruised in our sensibilities when the matter falls out otherwise. There is browzing, for instance. The outward arrangements of a library may all be undisturbing enough, but the atmosphere is somehow wanting. And every browzer knows that the atmosphere is the beginning and end of all. That is, he knows it when he comes to think the matter over. When he is in the midst of the ruminating act itself he is dumbly conscious only of being comfortable or the reverse. But when he is comfortable he comes out rested, refreshed, renewed; and when he is not, the browzing has, in the true sense, been a failure; he has got no good from it.

And what have the librarian, and the librarian's assistants, hurried, over-worked, and underpaid, to do with this? Truly, they have a great deal to do with it. The perfect browzer, especially if he be into the bargain a lover of the physical body of the Book, is not a little of a harmless lunatic. He is beyond conventions, and has entered for the moment into the true humanity. Emperor and beggar alike would be brother and friend to him who loved these things as he loves them. Let us suppose that he meets the cold glance of the young woman in shirt-waist and eye-glasses, who, at the circulating desk, is handling books with up-to-the-minute movements that indicate that this is no world to moon in. The browzer's mood changes, and with the result that he finds it difficult to draw the two ends of the magic circle that before encompassed him together again.

This clearly is not as it should be. The perfect librarian is a subjective being, and moves more within than without the world of books that surrounds him. He is subdued to the reverence of what he works in, and has the student's perceptions, discreet and catholic. He helps to create the ambient with which a library should be permeated, and even to those who have no feeling for the right spirit of the place his manners and personality are an instruction, unconsciously absorbed, and leading them to a humaner attitude. In short, the most precious qualifications that a librarian can have are precisely such as cannot be taught; exactly as is the case with teachers, whose true efficiency is dependent upon some priceless personal gifts which are wholly incommunicable. The ideal of these qualifications should enter more prominently into the training of librarians than is now the case, even though the gifts are rare and difficult to secure.

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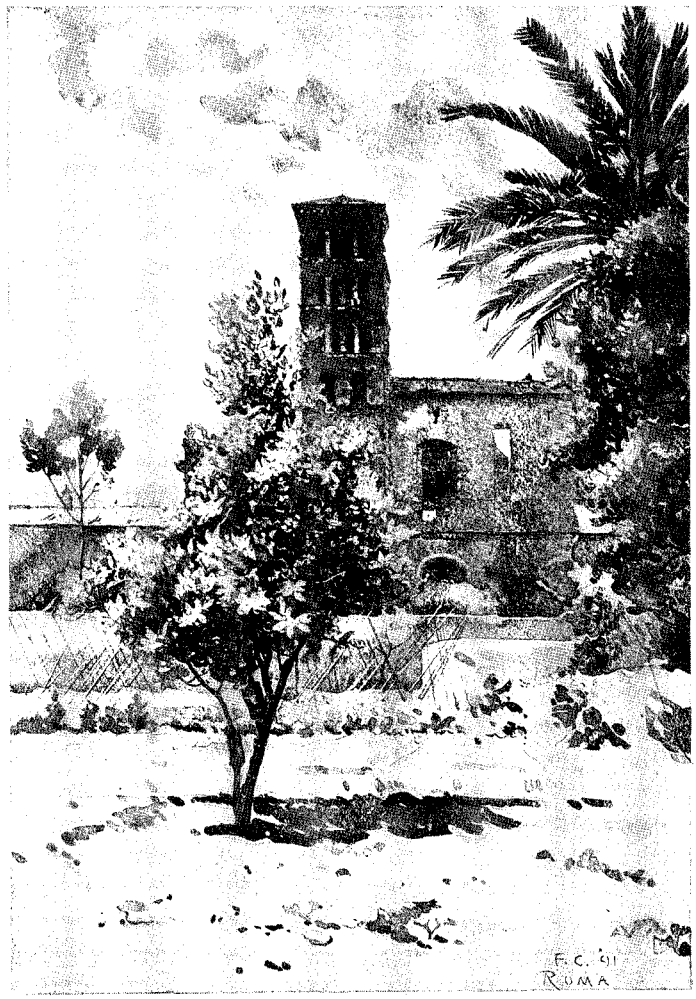
THE FIELD OF ART

MY DEAR R. S. :

You ask me to explain in words "what these drawings meant or now mean" to me. Pray, let me do so in the simple language of an artist, to whom circumlocutions are irksome.

In Italy, where they were made, it is difficult to overestimate the influence of landscape. Of this influence one is not always cognizant, deeming that the arts are playing the relatively preponderating rôle, when in reality they are but accessories to the dominating earth and skies. We say: "To-day let us visit the Vatican, passing the morning with the Raphaels." But it is May. We saunter through the "Loggie," we scent the aromatic air, we gaze on the blue Alban hills, on the expanse of sparkling, sun-drenched city, and *then* turn to the Giulios, the Giovannis and Raphaels on the walls and vaults. Again we say: "Let us study the paintings and reliefs of the Roman tombs on the Via Latina, for nature is kind to-day. "But the drive there is the fun of it—the monumental sweep of the Apennines, the noble Campagna, the gray ruins, the festive poppies, the sadness, the gladness. What part can tomb, fresco, temple or statue play but the secondary — always provided the skies are benign? And the gardens, the villas? Michelangelo is "divine," but these things are divine, too. Traveller, it is no shame to say "To-day I must wander amidst the ilexes, or the olives, or lie on my back beneath a great spreading stone-pine, or look upon the blue seas or the heroic mountains." On the contrary, it will prove positively beneficial, because only in this way, by absorbing the spirit of the place, can you ever understand Italian art, or literature, or music.



In the Garden of S. Sabina, Rome.

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Street Scene, Frascati.

Thus it is, my dear R. S., that your correspondent, whose *métier* it is to study imposing mosaics in glowing apses, stately figures on the frescoed wall, the beautiful decorative inventions of twenty centuries and more, sown broadcast through this pre-eminent land—thus it is that he wanders off, sneaks off, if you will—with his colors and brushes to absorb beauty and inadequately perpetuate on paper the emotions engendered by form, or light, or color. Not that these communings with nature are without their decided influence on the decorator's art—not that; for indeed they are the soul of it, that which vitalizes it, which prevents it from becoming dull convention, mere dead husks—but it would be wiser for us to talk of this matter at another time.

The motives that lead an artist to paint *this*, rather than *that*, are varied. At times he chronicles facts, mere disconnected statements for ulterior purposes; and there is much of this documentary work to be done. Again, while chronicling these facts, he is impelled to present them in an attractive form, for no other motive than mere love of the beautiful. At times one tackles nature for no ulterior purpose whatever, but merely because she charms, and because it is good to abide with her. In dreamy spring I drive up the Aventine slope to Santa Sabina, which in itself is well worth the sight-seer's while for its venerable carved cypress-wood doors, its files of noble Corinthian columns, and its *pietra dura* incrustations. But the garden! "Here," I say to myself, "in this delicious sequestered nook, will I pass every morning of the week." For, primarily, it will be pleasant to sit near the full-blossoming, fragrant orange-tree, and, secondarily, it will be useful to have a careful rendering of its flowers and glossy leaves. Therefore, I will study it to my utmost capacity for detail. Moreover, combined with its environment, it will make an admirable picture, and I shall have something for my pains. Certainly it composes happily with the mediæval tower of San Alessio, one of those square, storied, picturesque, brick constructions so frequent in Rome. And that must be studied very carefully, too. There are other things within the frame that help, and which must be rendered, but more loosely. As for the rest, it is nothing, and its suppression will emphasize the intention. As everyone knows, art is an emphasis—if you will, an exaggeration—and at the same time an elimination.

Why, again, do I crouch close to the high, gloomy walls that climb the narrow Frascati alley, beneath the parti-colored wash, strung

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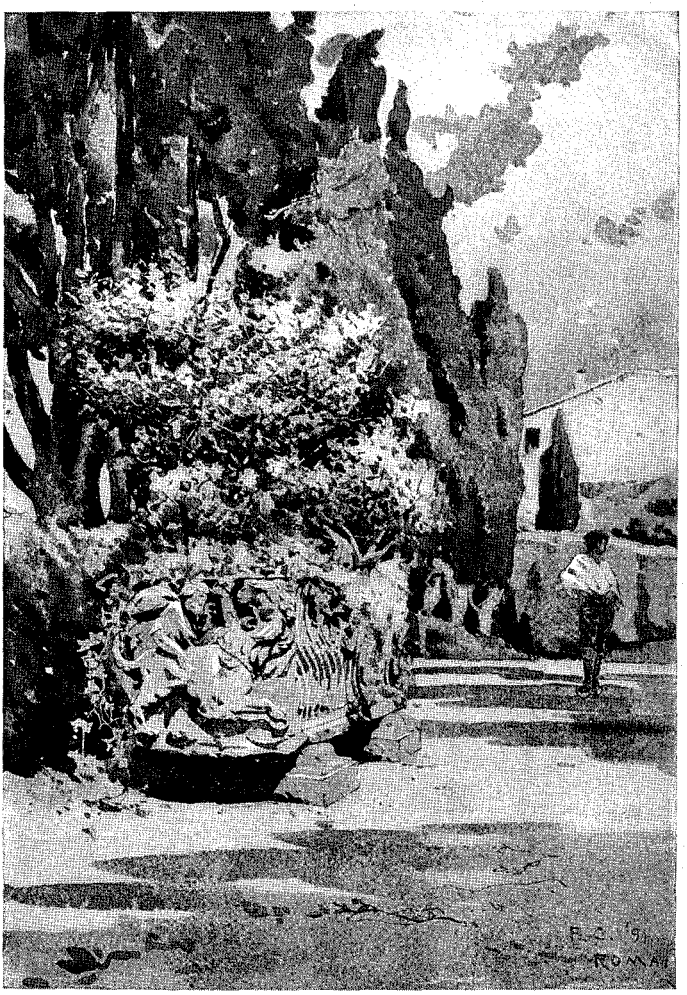
from house to house, and sketch the old, stone, gray tower that looms above the tiled roofs? Because the cool shade is grateful, when August skies are pitiless? That, perhaps, counts for something. If, by chance, you have ever found yourself in one of these sombre *vicoli* when the heavens are clear, and suddenly raised your eyes, you are positively dumfounded by the intensity of the blue, the more especially if there be a bit of sun-lighted white, or ochre, to heighten it. That is the primal sensation, and that the artist's prime duty to accentuate even to exaggeration, since exaggeration is *truer* than the sober correlated truths; for the palette's gamut is limited, and the correlated truths, or a correct annotation of "values," to use the painter's term, would not give a correct idea. Therefore, I pile on the cobalt stronger even near the tower and roof-tops than zenithwards, thus reversing the natural order. The tower is venerable and crumbling. That, too, is an impression which must be rendered; its proportions are harmonious, the fenestration happy, the relative height of the stories agreeable. These qualities must be respected and accurately presented; for upon them the beauty of the tower as a picturesque element depends. Now, were I an architect, instead of a painter, and were it worth my while to draw this same tower, it would be my duty to exaggerate and emphasize other things and to ignore some of the qualities that I, as a painter, have prized most highly. It would be my business, not only to respect the proportions, the horizontal divisions, the exact relations of solids to voids, but it would also be my business to decipher and define the detail of the string-courses, of the capitals and bases of the colonnettes, of the cornice—in short, of the many things that the painter has merely indicated. The latter would emphasize the crumbling ambiguity of the monument by suppressing the decorative detail, while the former would suppress its disintegration, in order to define the detail. And what would the ringing blue of sky avail the architect? It might as well be left blank white, as far as he is concerned professionally. Should he wish to play the painter for the nonce, that is another question. It would do him no harm, and it may be stated parenthetically, might do him much good. Indeed when the architect assumes the rôle of painter



In the Colonna Gardens, Rome.

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in Italy he often does excellent work within certain limitations, seeing that he is a respecter of form, and that Italy is *the* country of form. Perforce a painter must be a classicist. To say that it is not a land of color, too, would be absurd. And yet the harmonies are quiet, at least the most interesting harmonies, except perhaps when the poppies blaze in the spring and early summer time, when for a few short weeks the fields are green. The quiet olive, the sombre ilex, the stately cypress, the arid mountains, the gray ruins, are prime factors in the landscape. Even against the azure of sea or sky they strike a quieter note than New England fields in lush June. But what is the olive if its hoary, writhing skeleton be neglected? Or what would be a cluster of formless ilex-boles? What an ill-drawn cypress, or the glorious range of Apennines without their anatomy? What the sweep of aqueduct without the accurately diminishing arch? What the ravishing gardens of the Renaissance? And yet I have seen these things rendered by the so-called "colorists" or "impressionists." They might as well have been done in New York State. Certainly the portrait of the atmosphere, or the impression of local color, wherever it may be rendered, is worth something, if you will, a great deal—but a formless Italy is almost unthinkable.

I wish you had been with me, my dear R. S., on those halcyon mornings, when, oblivious of mundane worries, I made my studies in the Colonna Gardens on the Quirinal slope, for then you would have understood why I made them. Of what concern to me then was Antiquity or Renaissance? What concern Aurelian's Temple of the Sun? Of what concern the bronze athletes unearthed close by in 1885, or the Palazzo Colonna, or its galleries? To be there sufficed. To stand on the loftiest terrace and look toward St. Peter's was in itself bliss! And then to descend the terraces into the cool mysteries below—the mysteries of orange-grove, of fountains, of moss-garnished statues! In descending you would have passed an ancient sarcophagus, from which sprouts a labyrinth of vegetation, backed by a formal line of aged, august cypresses, a funeral note behind the illumined tomb. And you would have cried "Stop; sketch here!" and you would have suggested the posing of my *contadino*, who carried my traps, just where I posed him, for the note of his white shirt, and to give the scale, and you would have been the first to say: "Don't ignore the details of the sarcophagus. Emphasize it, for its studied formality not only is picturesque, but contrasts most happily with the tangle of the growth above it. And don't forget the sparkling lights and the sharp shadows." And you would have insisted on the accurate rendering of the gnarled cypress-trunks, and the sombre massiveness of the foliage, and the purple tonality of the environing air. And as for the other things? There are no other things, except the date and initials in the corner.

And so it is that these sketches meant much to me then, and mean, if possible, more to me now. They represent accurately vivid impressions and passionate feelings for the time and place. Mark, I say to *me*, since it is quite impossible that I should awaken similar feelings in others, feelings that were never born, and therefore resurrectionless. No photograph could, or ever can do as much; for it cannot give the necessary emphasis, the necessary elimination, the concentration, the fervor, to the exclusion of every non-concurrent accessory. Do not, for a moment, think that I am extolling my personal handiwork to the disadvantages of another craft. I am merely lauding, impersonally, the artist's potentialities. The greater the triumphs of photography over nature, the greater the necessity for the emphasis of the artistic qualities. Photography cannot by its graphic accuracy rout the born artist, who must be just as accurate in the rendering of his soul's images as the sensitive plate in the glassing of nature's facts.

Faithfully,

FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.

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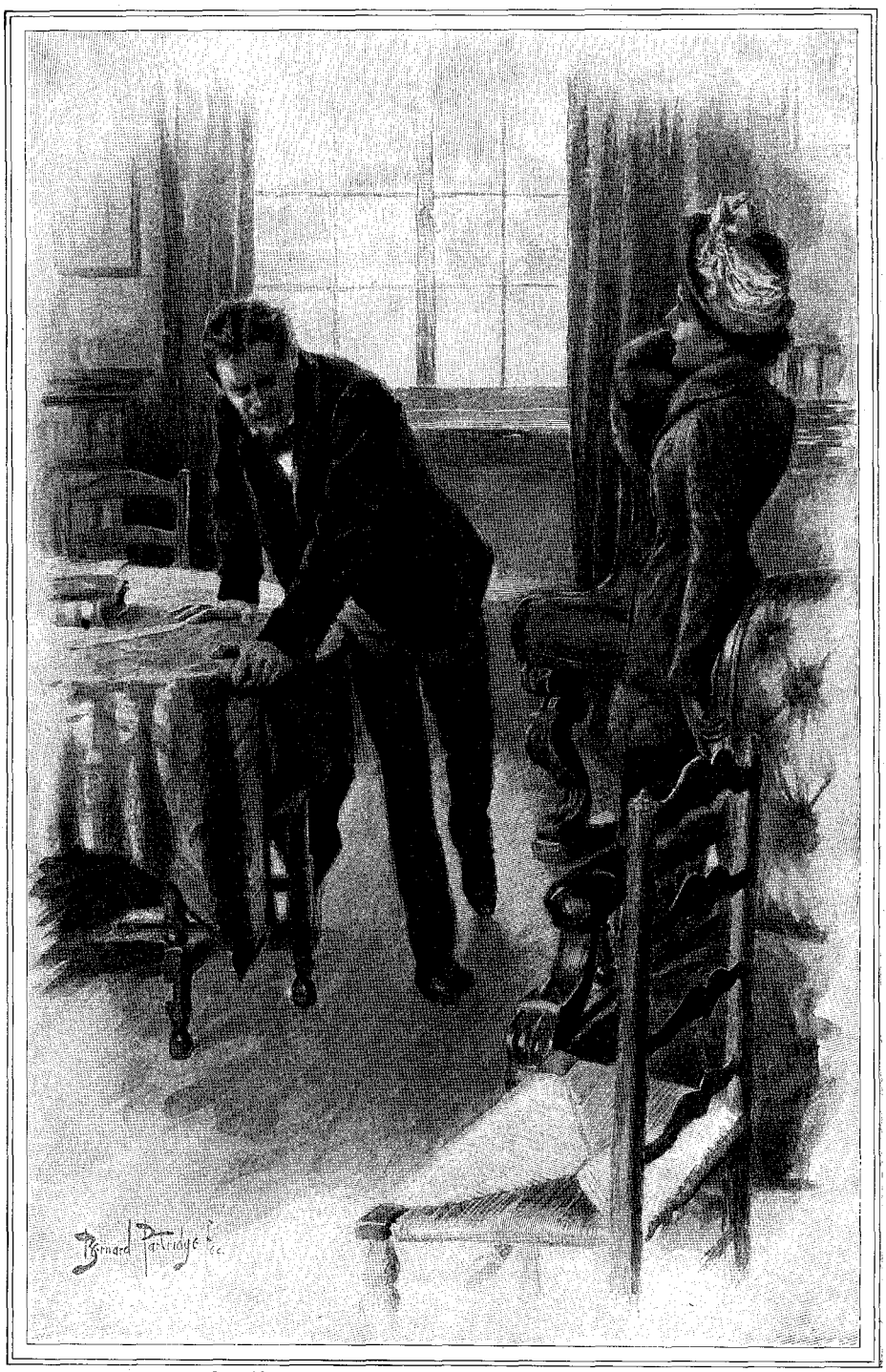

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"AND CLUNG TO IT, HIS TEETH SET."

—"Tommy and Grizel," page 277.

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